



ARTHUR PROBSTHAIN
Oriental Bookseller
6 St. Russell Street



a good abt

2nd

193 f 35

C

A

DIARY IN THE EAST.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WOODFALL AND KINDER,
MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/diaryineastdurin01russ>

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, London

SHIPS OF THE FLEET



A

DIARY IN THE EAST DURING THE TOUR

OF THE
PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

BY
WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
1869.

1201729

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM,

The gracious permission I have received from your Royal Highness to dedicate this Volume to you, causes me to feel regret that it is not more worthy of that great honour; but I trust that the goodness which induced your Royal Highness to confer such a favour on the Work, will lead you to regard with an indulgent eye this Record of the interesting Tour in part of which I accompanied the Prince of Wales.

I am, MADAM, with profound respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Most faithful, obliged, and humble Servant,

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.



DS
HS
R9-

1867
v. 1

TO THE READER.

It will be seen from the concluding paragraph of the Preface, that I intended to include in this work a chapter on the Nile Basin and on the Suez Canal from a scientific point of view, as well as some observations on the Ornithology and Natural History of Egypt, for which I would have been indebted to Professor Owen and others.

The size of the volume has, however, far exceeded my original design, and I am obliged, very unwillingly, to omit the contributions to which the Preface refers.

W. H. RUSSELL.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	1

CHAPTER I.

Departure of the Prince and Princess from London—Paris—At Compiègne—A day's shooting—On board the Freya—Stock- holm—Fredensborg—Arrival at Hamburgh—Departure of the Royal children—Order of the Black Eagle—Arrival at Vienna—Skating at Vienna—Departure of the Ariadne— Reception at Alexandria—Cairo	8
---	---

CHAPTER II.

Modern travelling—The Mont Cenis route—St. Michel—The trout of Mont Cenis—A haze of neuralgia—The friend of Garibaldi—A dirty place—Juvenile labourers—Brindisi— The harbour—Ad Brundusii gloriam—Ionian fishermen— The grégale—“Malta mafeesh!”—Sea talk—The welcome— Alexandria—The Consular tribunals—Reception at Cairo— Our residence	22
--	----

CHAPTER III.

A Cairo déjeûner—Haussmannization of Cairo—The Nile Flotilla— The Arsenal—Visit to the Viceroy—A difficult start— Ophthalmia—The sugar-cane season—In the streets—Looks and words—Boulak—Wild ducks—The Grand Barrage of the Nile—A peaceful scene—An intrenched camp—The inevi- table lunch—The Professor and the ass—In equilibrium— A sunset in Cairo	43
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

	<small>PAGE</small>
Tewfik Pasha—Departure for Ismailia—The Cairo station—M. de Lesseps—Ismailia—Lake Timsah—Port Said—A view from the lighthouse—The town and its resources — Lake Menzaleh — The Desert smiles — Departure from Port Said—Back to Ismailia—Departure for Suez—Sheik Ennedek's tomb—The great dredges—Strange fish—Chalouf—Old and new canals—The great cuttings—Suez in sight— On the Red Sea — Works at Suez — The docks — Port Ibrahim — Troops from India — Arrival in Cairo — General impressions	67

CHAPTER V.

Hekekyan Bey—The Bey's theories—A Cairene interior—Voluntary slavery—The Museum at Boulak—Egyptian philosophy —A false alarm—Egyptian barracks—Egyptian soldiers—The preparations—Kasr-el-Nil—The Royal squadron—The Consular tribunals—The plague of Egypt—The Royal approach—Arrival at the Palace— The Esbekiah Palace — The Cairo Theatre — The Harem boxes— Street Arabs — Smiting the Egyptians—The Mecca pilgrimage—Mahmal and Kisweh—Route to the Citadel—The bazaars—Women in the streets—The crowd—The Citadel—The procession—The revolving head—The chief of the caravan—The procession in the streets — The pilgrims — Egyptian troops — The end — Donkey riding—The new Palace — Dancing dervishes — The Cairo Grisi—Ameahs	97
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

Departure from Cairo—The flotilla—The start—The Nile near Cairo—The quarries—The tourists—Ruins and sights—A false alarm—Our crew and company—The first halt—The bagpipes—The first night—Nile scenery—The warning voices —The hippopotamus—Benisoueff—Hamed—The natives—The bazaar—A school—Voluntary slavery—Infant slavery—The weather—Wind and dust—Feshn—Sheik Fodl—Mummy dogs — Coptic clergymen—Coptic convent—The Church in Egypt—Sport on the river—Minieh—Sugar factory—Sugar manufacture—The tomato merchant—The telegraph in Egypt	138
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

	PAGE
Beni Hassan—The grottoes—The pictures on the walls—Writings on the walls—An incubus—A small incident—Dolce far niente—Birds and beasts—Egyptian poor laws—Labour in vain—Drawing a blank—Land slips—The water-carriers—Birds on the banks—Manfaloot—Sioot—The jereed—The city—Course of the river—No crocodiles—The stuffing box—Pigeons	176

CHAPTER VIII.

Gebel Hareedi—Souhadj—Misneah and Girgeh—Good behaviour Native notions—Italian domestics—Crocodiles—Keneh—An escape—The donkey boys—The Enlèvement—The fantasia—The watchman—An Almeah—Dendera—The ruins—Turks and bees—Coptos—Shooting	199
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Hamed—Hippopotamus Johnny—The discovery—Luxor—Mustapha Aga—Karnak—The procession—Avenue of Sphinxes—Rameses his temple—The learned Lepsius—The great hall—The sanctuary—Exploring—Rest in the ruins—Rameses II.—The obelisk—Night at Luxor.—The tombs of the Kings—A genuine antique—Bab-el-Molook—Osiri's bed—Bruce's tomb—Epiphany's nil admirari—The witching hour—The return—Mummy pits—The decay of ruins—Pharaoh now and then—A night surprise—The illuminations—The halls of dazzling light—The return to the ship	219
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

Leave Thebes—The citizens—The temple—Leave Esnè—Abab-deh Arabs—Temple of Edsou—Hard aground—Our Royal dinner—Ovis ammon—Assouan—The reception—A tragedy on the Nile—The impending separation—River scenes—The start for Philæ—A trying position—Shooting the rapids—The Island of Philæ—Inscriptions—Farewell banquet—Preparations—The separation	252
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

	PAGE
A dilemma—Lady Duff Gordon—The telegraph and the tourists— A slight mistake—Karnak again—Keneh—Nile swimmers— Sand-banks—Fellaheen—Village police—A judgment—Mid- night musketry—Two obstinate animals—Abydus abandoned— A fly-phylactic—Souhadj—Nile emigrants—An order for tur- keys—Teme	275

CHAPTER XII.

Ali Captan—Off and on again—Incidents of Nile travel—A victory—The conquering Mudir—Children of Ishmael—An adventure—Forcing the pass—The storming of Sioot—A Sioot Cerito—An Egyptian special—A Cairo concert—The Citadel—The Egyptian Parliament—The Pyramids—State ball—Alexandria—The Ariadne—Farewell—Alexandria at night	297
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Preparing for pilgrimage—The tourists again—Why do they do it? —Abstract and concrete—The pros and cons—The Russian steamer—Imperial Navigation Company—Where is it?—Port Said—The inner port—Jaffa—Hamed in the gate—Fortifi- cations—The Ramleh convent—Fra Giovanni—Road to Jeru- usalem—The Arabs—Turkish traffic-taker—Church of St. George—Recruits—Jerusalem—The Jaffa Gate—Inside the Holy City—Turks in possession—Hotels at Jerusalem—A Jerusalem guide—Mount of Olives—Gethsemane—Tomb of the Virgin—Shut out—“Rob Roy”—Jordan water—A vision . . .	318
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

The explorations—Lieut. Warren—The road—A new crusade— A suspicious accident—The Haram—Dome of the Rock— Bethlehem—Holy places—Departure from Jerusalem—An enthusiast—Departure from Ramleh—Ramleh mendicants— Bashi Bazouks—Gardens of Jaffa—Streets of Jaffa—The Consular agent	355
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

	PAGE
Departure from Jaffa—Runaway—The slaves' return—A rude joke—Port Said once more—The Khedive's arrival—The popular reception—The restaurant—Borrowed plumes—The Khedive's ball—The Khedive's reforms—Sir Samuel Baker Bey—A suspicious incident	373

CHAPTER XVI.

The voyage to the Second Cataract—Crocodiles in sight— Hyænas—Waiting in vain—A crocodile at last—Abou-Simbel —Wady Halfeh—The desert lunch—The tents—The dere- lict boy—Expectations—Sand-banks again—Arrival at Philae —Departure from Assouan—The Faid Rabanie abandoned— Dance at Mustapha Aga's—Treasure trove—At Sioot—A shipwreck—Minieh—Return to Cairo—Visits in Cairo—Visit to the Khedive—The Boulak Museum—The two Pharaohs— State banquet—The British school—The races—An invitation —The Viceroy's request—The harems—The bazaars— Bairam—The Khedive—The procession—The reception— The Viceregal Harem—The last day	386
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Baksheesh—Departure from Cairo—The Desert—Suez—Chalouf— Serapeum—Ismailia—The city—The pioneers of the canal— Life in the Desert—Port Said—Sand accumulations—Selec- tion of Port Said—The Suez Canal—The workshops—Three hard rolls—Arrival in Alexandria—Transfer to Ariadne—The parting—The Arab boy—Native divers—Farewell to Egypt .	426
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Impressions — Condition of Egypt — Comparisons — Slavery — Pharach's slaves—Ancient ejectments—Sultan and Viceroy— The Firmans—The Firman of 1867—The capitulations—The climate—Life on the Nile—Residence in Cairo—The Nile weather—The Nile of Scripture—Want of water in the Nile .	452
--	-----

	<small>PAGE</small>
The Dardanelles—The big guns—The stone shot—Gallipoli—Constantinople in sight—The Golden Horn—The Grand Vizier—Saleh Bazaar—Dolmabakshi—Visit to the Embassy—The Sultan's band—Our attendants—The least wish an order—Procession to the Mosque—Turkish women—The Sultan—Omar Pasha—The Sweet Waters—Theatre Naoum—Seraglio Point—The Bagdad Kiosk—The Sultan's dinner—The ménú—Visit to the Harem—Church at the Embassy—The Scutari cemetery—Mr. and Mrs. Williams—The bazaars—Missirie—Palace of Beyler Bey—The new Palace—Téhamlidja—Mustapha Fazil Pasha—Halil Bey—Ball at the Embassy—The Tophaneh—The British Memorial Church—Fête at the Theatre Naoum—“L'Africaine”—The Sultan's stables—Banquet at the British Embassy—Aali Pasha's house—The Grand Vizier's daughter—Packing up—The departure—Farewell—The Bosphorus—Royal visits—Turkish prejudices—Cairo and Constantinople—Balls in Islam—The two Courts—Baksheeshia	468

CHAPTER XX.

The Crimea—“There is Sebastopol!”—General de Kotzebue—Programme—The Memorial Chapel—The Russian cemetery—Gortschakoff—The Belbek—The Telegraph Tower—The Alma—Return to Sebastopol—Bourliouk—The climate—Ruins—The Redan—The right attack—Cathcart's Hill—Our camps—The Windmill—Inkerman—The “Schlacht-feld”—October the twenty-sixth—The Malakhoff—The dockyard—Lazareff's monument—The Karaite Patriarch—Departure from Sebastopol—British Head-quarters—“Lord Raglan's Head-quarters”—The house—“Mother Seacole's”—Balaclava—The Light Cavalry charge—M. Plumet—The Phoros Pass—Livadia—The Palace—Morning calls—Imperial châlets—Orianda—Alupka—Departure from the Crimea—Attractions to tourists—The Tartars—The war—The results of the war—“Up-firkin”—An accident—Baksheesh—Mustapha Fazil Pasha—The Sultan's visit—Taher Bey—Departure from the Bosphorus	522
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

	PAGE
Anchored in the Dardanelles—Departure from the Dardanelles— The Ethiopian serenaders—The Piraeus—The Royal meeting —The landing—The King's Palace—The views—Servants— Modern Athens—The Acropolis—State banquet—Theatre of Bacchus—Illuminations—Departure for Corfu—Isthmus of Corinth—Arrival at Corfu—The Queen—Lent—Greek aspira- tions—Brother and sister—The King of the Hellenes—The future—The party leaders—St. Spiridion—The procession— Arrivals and departures—A political difficulty—Govino and Vido—Sporting excursion—M. Valaority—Coropiskopoulos— Quiet hours—Prince Napoleon—Naval inspections—The Prince's visit—The picnic—A delightful day—St. Spiridion again—Frightening the Evil One—The farewell—Illumina- tions—Good-bye to Greece—A man overboard—“He's lost, sir!”—“On ahead! Full speed!”	578

POSTSCRIPT.

Brindisi—The Brindisi route—Pros and cons—Home again	626
--	-----

APPENDIX A.

Seutari Cemetery	633
----------------------------	-----

APPENDIX B.

Memorial Church	644
---------------------------	-----

APPENDIX C.

The Pera Address	649
----------------------------	-----

ERRATA.

- Page 34, line 10 }
,, 35 ,, 13 } for “Tomasio,” read Tommaso.
,, 38 ,, 3 }
,, 54, headline, for “Boulaq,” read Boulak.
,, 199 ” } for “Sonhadj,” read Souhadj.
,, 200 ” and line 22 }
,, 250, line 15, for “pyroteconic,” read pyrotechnic.
,, 97, headline, and line 13 } for “Hekekan,” read Hekekyan.
,, 99, line 24 }*

* * * Oriental words and names, such as “baksheesh” and “Boulak,” admit of great varieties of spelling. The more erudite the writer, the more eccentric to our eyes is his orthography, because he seeks to render the true phonetic value of Arabic, in English, letters.

19

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE made my own journal the basis of the following account of the tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, although I felt some inconvenience would arise from adopting that course. In the first place, I had to obtain from others the materials for the itinerary of the Royal travellers between London and Alexandria, without which the record would not have been complete. Interpolated between that short chapter, which principally contains names and dates, and the narrative of the voyage to the First Cataract, there is a little sketch of the proceedings of the party with which I started from Paris, and of our life in Egypt previous to the coming of the Prince and Princess.

When I left England, to accompany the Duke of Sutherland and his friends, I had no intention of extending my tour beyond the Nile and the Suez

Canal. It had been arranged that we were to await the arrival of the Prince and Princess at Cairo, and attend their Royal Highnesses to the First Cataract in a steamer placed at the Duke's disposal by the Viceroy of Egypt. Beyond that there were no definite plans with respect to our movements.

In the early part of the year the relations between Turkey and Greece were so threatening, that a royal visit to Constantinople or Athens seemed to be impolitic, if not altogether impracticable. If Constantinople could not be approached, of course it would be impossible for the Prince and Princess to visit the Crimea. There is no real political incognito in the case of exalted personages ; and the Baron and Baroness of Renfrew cannot make an excursion from which the Prince and Princess of Wales are debarred. But the cloud which hung over that stormy Icarian Sea, where the Eastern question is riding so uneasily, lifted in spring-time, and the Royal tour expanded as the sky became clearer.

Whilst the Prince and Princess were engaged on their expedition, between the First and Second Cataracts and back, I went on a very hasty pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I have borrowed the account of their excursion from the note-book of a friend. They

made a more rapid descent from the Second Cataract than was anticipated. Consequently I was compelled to leave Palestine after a brief stay, and to return to Cairo, in conformity with a promise I had made to await there His Royal Highness's arrival, in case he desired, or found it convenient to go to the Crimea. I was fortunate enough to arrive at Port Said on the same day as the Viceroy, and I was invited to accompany him in his inspection of the Suez Canal. On reaching Cairo, I received an intimation from the Prince of Wales that he would visit Sebastopol, and an invitation, couched in the most gracious and considerate terms, to form one of his suite on the occasion. From that period up to the date of the arrival of the Royal party in Paris, on their way home, the narrative is founded on my journal.

It will be readily understood, that he who writes an account of a recent Royal progress in foreign countries, has to encounter difficulties which would not lie in his way if he were travelling under ordinary conditions. It must not be inferred that there was anything to complain of, if I say that the guest of a King cannot very well sit down to criticise the arrangements of the Palace in which he was lodged, as if he were writing of his last hotel—

or that there was anything to condemn, if I remark that he cannot indulge in comments on people he met there, a few days after parting from them, as freely as if he had seen them in the street, or had heard of them by popular report. From a height, one sees more, but he does not make out the details so well as on the plain ; and if his horizon be wide, his steps are limited. But, at the same time, he can observe objects on the summit, which are scarcely visible to those beneath.

If the advantages of visiting strange countries be recognized in the case of private persons, these, whatever they may be, should certainly be largely developed when the stranger is one whose knowledge of foreign lands, acquaintance with distinguished men, and intimacy with different Courts, will be turned to account some day when he is the ruler of a vast empire which possesses interests all over the world. Although the direct control of the king be constitutionally reduced to a minimum by our system of ministerial action and responsibility, the influence of the monarch, always considerable, is augmented in proportion to his personal ability and energy ; and in many affairs he has, perhaps, a larger and more direct share of management than is generally supposed.

It is of benefit to the country that the true value of political questions and the actual characters of foreign statesmen should be known to the man who is destined to take such an important part as a judicious and strenuous king can always assume, without unconstitutional encroachments, in guiding our administration of foreign affairs. The Prince of Wales has just visited every Court in Europe, except that of Russia, with which he is already acquainted, and those of Italy and Portugal, which are, perhaps, reserved for a future occasion. Spain is courtless. There is not a statesman or politician of note, from Copenhagen to Cairo, with whom he has not conversed, and of whose views on most great questions he is not informed. Their armies, navies, social institutions, religious systems, educational establishments—he has seen something of these wherever he has gone, to his own great profit, and no doubt to the ultimate use of the State.

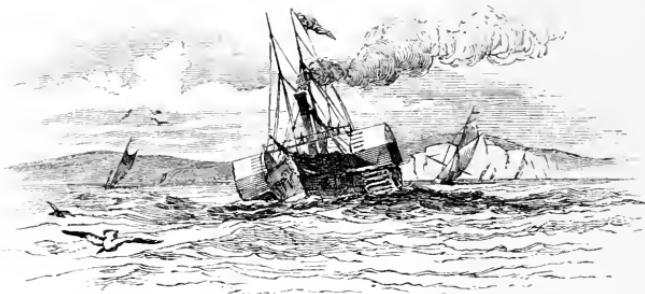
In the course of our *Odyssey* there occurred many incidents, there were seen many men, manners, and cities. Some of the men are so near to us—others were beheld under such peculiar circumstances—the manners and cities are so familiar—that it would not be justifiable to transcribe passages relating to

them from a private memorandum-book; but, on the whole, the narrative of our daily life will be given without restraint, though I am aware that there is nothing in many of the scenes, or in the course of the tour itself, to warrant minute details, and that it is in the travellers themselves, and in the circumstances surrounding them, rather than in their travels, that whatever interest there is in these pages will be found to centre.

I alone am responsible for any expression of opinion and indication of feeling which may be found in the following pages, and in no instance are they to be attributed to those whose sentiments would be entitled to the highest consideration. If I have written with perfect freedom, I have endeavoured to avoid injury to just susceptibilities. I hope my readers will pardon any deviations from the subject indicated in the title, which may arise from the introduction of personal incidents and recollections. My recurrence to the aid of friends I feel sure does not need an apology.

To Professor Owen my thanks are due for a chapter on the Nile Basin and on the Suez Canal, from a scientific point of view; to the knowledge and notes of some I confess my obligations in all matters relating to ornithology and natural history;

to the accomplished pencils of others I owe the best of the illustrations; and to all my companions, from the highest, I am indebted for unvarying kindness, for a long series of pleasant hours, and for grateful reminiscences of many happy days.



CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS FROM LONDON.—PARIS.—THE HUNT AT COMPIÈGNE.—COPENHAGEN.—STOCKHOLM.—BERLIN.—VIENNA.—DEPARTURE FROM TRIESTE.—ARRIVAL IN CAIRO.

NOVEMBER 17TH, 1868.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three eldest children, attended by Lady Carmarthen, General Sir W. Knollys, Lt.-Col. Keppel, and Dr. Minter, R.N., left Marlborough House, on their way to the Continent. They travelled by the 8.30 p.m. mail train from Charing Cross Station; and after a rapid passage across the Channel in the Maid of Kent steamer, reached the Hôtel Bristol, Paris, a little before 9 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of November.

On 20th November the Prince and Princess went to Compiègne, on a visit to the Emperor and Empress. They left Paris at 10 o'clock A.M. in the Imperial train, and reached Compiègne shortly after 11 o'clock. The Emperor was waiting at the station, and conducted his guests in open carriages through the town to the Palace.

A déjeûner was served soon after their arrival, and then their Royal Highnesses drove to the Rendezvous de la Chasse, about four miles off in the forest, for a stag hunt. Horses were provided for the Prince of Wales and his equerry. The Emperor did not ride. About a mile distant the hounds were waiting, and His Royal Highness having ridden to the spot, they were turned off.

To ride through the forest was impossible : it was necessary to go by one of the numerous allées, in which the forest abounds, in the direction in which the hounds were running. Shortly after the commencement of the hunt, a curious accident happened to the Prince of Wales. As he was galloping along one of the drives, a stag rushed across and knocked him and his horse completely over. He got up again at once, and, though slightly bruised and shaken, remounted and continued on horseback till it got too late to pursue any longer.

The stag was not killed till some time after dark. The curée took place, in the courtyard of the Palace, after dinner.

On 21st November the Emperor gave the Prince a day's shooting, the game chiefly pheasants and rabbits. There were ten guns out. The shooting party consisted of the Emperor, the Prince of Wales, Marshal Bazaine, the Duc d'Albe, the Comte de Moltke, the Comte Mercy Argen-teau, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Comte Bedinur, General Sir W. Knollys, and Lieut.-Col. Keppel. His Royal Highness bagged 270 head; Lord Lansdowne came next, with 260 head, and the Emperor third, with 239 head.

After the day's shooting was over, the Prince and Princess returned to Paris, the Emperor and Empress accompanying them to the station at Compiègne.

Thursday, November 26th, 1868.—The Prince and Princess left Paris at 5 P.M., viâ Namur and Liege, and reached Cologne at 5 A.M. on the morning of the 27th. They left Cologne in the evening at 7.15, and reached Hohendorf soon after 7 on the morning of the 28th. The passage across the Elbe was effected in a steam ferry, and a slow train thence brought their Royal

Highnesses to Lübeck in about two and a half hours. At Lübeck they embarked on board the Danish Government steamer Freya, and after a sea passage of about eight and a half hours from Travemunde, reached Korsoer in the course of the night.

Sunday, November 29th.—Soon after 9 A.M. the Crown Prince of Denmark came on board the Freya to welcome the Prince and Princess. At 9.30 they landed, and were loudly cheered by the assembled crowd. They proceeded by special train to Fredensborg, viâ Copenhagen, where they were met by the King and Prince Waldemar. The Queen and Princess Thyra were waiting at the station of Fredensborg, and thence the party drove to the Slot. The Princess of Wales was greatly cheered by the people.

Tuesday, December 1st.—The birthday of the Princess of Wales. At 1.15 P.M. the ladies and gentlemen in waiting and several friends, assembled in the large saloon of the Palace, and offered their felicitations. In the evening there was a large dinner-party, to which Sir C. Wyke, the British Minister, and his attachés were invited. The King proposed in Danish the health of the Princess, saying it was six years since he had had the pleasure

of having her with him on her birthday ; and that when he looked back upon the anxious time of her severe illness of the previous year, he could not be sufficiently grateful to Almighty God for being able to have her now sitting by his side almost completely recovered.

On December 2nd, and on several subsequent occasions, the Prince of Wales went out shooting. On these occasions the peasants sent their carriages, holding three persons, besides the driver, and drawn generally by a pair of excellent cobs, to take His Majesty's guests to the shooting-ground. In former days they were compelled to do so, but now the King always pays for the carriages he requires.

Tuesday, December 15th.—The Prince of Wales left Fredensborg, by special train, at 11 A.M. for Stockholm. The Crown Prince of Denmark accompanied him as far as Helsingborg across the Sound, which place they reached after a rapid passage of twenty minutes. The Prince proceeded as far as Jonköping, where he slept.

Wednesday, December 16th.—The Prince left Jonköping at 6.45 A.M., and reached Stockholm at 7.15 P.M. The King of Sweden met the Prince at the railway station, and conducted him to the Palace. The Prince remained at Stockholm till

Tuesday, December 22nd, during which time he was made a Freemason, and was present at a ball at the Palace, and at one given by Prince Oscar of Sweden.

On the morning of the 22nd December, the Prince left Stockholm at 6 o'clock, and was accompanied by the King to the first station. He reached Helsingborg at 3.30 on the morning of the 23rd, whence a special steamer and train brought him back to Fredensborg by 6 A.M., in twenty-four hours after leaving Stockholm.

Monday, December 28th.—The Danish Court moved to Copenhagen from Fredensborg, and on 5th January, 1869, the Prince and Princess were present at a full-dress state ball at the Christianborg Palace.

January 15th.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the infant Princes, and with Lady Carmarthen, Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, Sir W. Knollys, Lieut.-Col. Keppel, Lieut.-Col. Teesdale, Capt. Arthur Ellis, Lord Carington, the Hon. O. Montagu, and Dr. Minter, R.N., in attendance, left Copenhagen at 8.30 P.M. At the railway station the Foreign Ministers and various officers of Court, in full uniform, were waiting to bid adieu to their Royal Highnesses, who quitted the hospitable Court and city, where they had received such genuine kindness and heartfelt

attention, with great regret. To one of them there was, of course, a special and natural reason for sorrow. All, without exception, entertained a lively sense of the warmth of the right royal welcome. The King and Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince, Sir Charles Wyke, Mr. Strachey, and Mr. Macdonald, accompanied the Prince and Princess to Korsoer. Countess Reventflow, Admiral Irminger, Captain Lund, and Captain Bardenfelt, were of the suite.

It was midnight when the party reached the port and embarked on board the Freya despatch-boat, Commander M'Dougall. The King and Queen of Denmark then took leave of their daughter and of the Prince, and the steamer, proceeding at once to sea, lay on her course for Lübeck, which she reached in ten hours, and where Mr. Moore, the English Minister for the Hanse Towns, was in attendance. A special train conveyed the Royal party to Hamburgh at 1.30 p.m. The weather was cold, the thermometer marking five degrees of Reaumur. The party, forty-two in all, were put up at the Hôtel Victoria, where a dinner was given in the evening to the Duke and Duchess of Glücksburg, the Princess Louise, and Prince Julius of Glücksburg.

On the following day the first token of the long

journey before the Prince and Princess was given by the departure of the Royal children, who, in charge of Lady Carmarthen, Sir William Knollys, and Lieut.-Col. Keppel, left the hotel at 7.30 in the morning, on their way to England.

The same day, soon after noon, the Royal travellers left Hamburgh, and arrived at Berlin at 7 o'clock at night. They were met at the station by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Prussia, Prince Henry of Hesse Darmstadt, Lord Augustus Loftus, Mr. Petre, Lord Brabazon, Mr. Frank Lascelles, and Mr. O'Connor, attached to Her Britannic Majesty's Legation, and Mrs. Petre, Lady Brabazon, and Mrs. Frank Lascelles. The weather was bitterly cold, Reaumur marking eight degrees of frost.

On the following day (the 18th of January being one of the two days in the year on which it can be held) a Chapter of the Order of the Black Eagle was convened, and the Prince of Wales was invested with the Collar. At 2.30 a procession was formed at the Old Schloss, Heralds, Pages, Officers of State, the nineteen Knights Grand Cross entering in the following order :—General Von Roon (1), Baron Von Moltke (2), Count Von Redern (3), Count Von Bismarck (4), General Vencker (5), Count Von Waldersee (6), Count Von Werderer (7), General Von

Bresenniay (8), Prince Adolph Hohenlohe (9), the Chancellor, Field Marshal, Count Von Wrangel (10), Prince Albert of Prussia's Son (11), the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (12), Prince August of Wurtemberg (13), Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia (14), Prince Alexander of Prussia (15), Prince Adelbert (16), Prince Albert of Prussia (17), the Crown Prince (18), the King (19). All Knights wore their robes and collars; the King alone remained covered. He wore his helmet, and, standing on the throne in the Rittersaal, after a short address, proceeded to invest the Prince, who was introduced by the Crown Prince and Prince Albert, when he had taken the necessary oaths, with the Collar. The whole ceremony was exceedingly imposing, and the brilliant decorations in the hall and the display of old plate very striking.

An early dinner at the Royal Palace permitted the company to proceed afterwards to the Opera House, where they witnessed the ballet of "Sardanapalus."

The weather was so cold that every opportunity was given to indulge in the amusement of skating, and on the 19th and 20th there were very pretty exhibitions at the Thiergarten.

On the night of the 20th January, the Royal travellers left Berlin by the ordinary night express

train, the Crown Prince and Princess, together with their household, the British Embassy, and many of the Ministers, accompanying them to the station.

Ten degrees of frost, and a country whitened with snow, made them sensible of one of the few advantages which the English climate possesses over that of the dry plateaux of Northern and Central Europe.

It was 8 o'clock at night when the train reached Vienna. At the station, the Emperor, in full uniform, the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Archduchess Thérèse, Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg, the Princess Clémentine, the Princess Amalie, Prince William of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg, Prince Hohenlohe, Lord Bloomfield, the British Ambassador, with the members of the Embassy, the Danish Minister, and many others, were in waiting, and received the Royal travellers, who were driven to the Burg, where the Empress, attended by the Princess Thurn-Taxis and the Countess Hunyady, welcomed them, and shortly afterwards they were left to the enjoyment of repose in the fine old Castle. The rooms are almost countless, of great size, the floors of exquisite parquet. In one there is a series of the largest and finest mosaics in the world, which formerly belonged to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The cold next day increased to nearly fifteen

degrees, and a sharp wind gave an edge to its intensity. Visits, grand dinners, and the theatre, occupied the party during their sojourn at Vienna. Skating, too, had a share in the disposition of the time; and all the civilities and courtesies in which the Court of Vienna excel were lavished upon the Royal party, and tended to render their stay exceedingly delightful.

The Prince and Princess paid visits to the King and Queen of Hanover in their retirement at Hietzing, near Vienna.

On the 27th January the Prince and Princess left the Burg. The train, which started at 7 o'clock, having passed the Sömmerring in all the glories of bright sunshine, arrived at Trieste at 7.30 p.m. The Prince and Princess and suite embarked on board H.M.S. *Psyche* (Commander Sir F. Blackwood), and went off in her to H.M.S. *Ariadne* (Captain F. Campbell),* which burnt blue lights and rockets.

Two hours after midnight a terrible fire broke out in the town of Trieste, and all the Royal party were aroused to come up on deck, and look at the raging of the flames, which destroyed a long line of warehouses.

* Captain F. Campbell, A.D.C. to the Queen, was sent out from London to take command of the ship, in consequence of the lamented illness of Captain Colin Campbell, who was obliged to remain at Malta.

The Ariadne got ready for sea, weighed at 9 A.M. on the morning of the 28th January, and proceeded on her way to Alexandria; but her progress was not very rapid. Next day was squally and misty, with a southerly wind right ahead; the speed fell off from eight to six, and then to five knots. On the following day, the speed increased to nine knots, but the wind was still adverse, and the weather cloudy. The next day (Sunday), with a calm sea, and lighter breezes, the Ariadne made good way, passing the Albanian coast, with its ranges of snow-capped mountains, Zante, and Navarino. Mr. Onslow, the chaplain, read service at 11 o'clock. Every hour brought an increase in the temperature; and the usual enjoyments on board ship in fine weather came into play. There were singing and hornpipe dancing, electro-biology and mesmerism, on lawful days, between decks.

At 9 o'clock on the evening of the 2nd of February, the Ariadne arrived off Alexandria, fired a gun, sent up rockets, burnt blue and red lights; but it was too late to try the inner passage to the harbour, which is only safe by daylight.

At 7 o'clock next morning, February 3rd, the Prince and Princess, with their suite, were in rea-

diness to land. Colonel Stanton, H.B.M. Consul-General, came off from the *Psyche*, accompanied by Sir Samuel Baker, and paid his respects to their Royal Highnesses. The *Ariadne* steamed into the harbour at 8 o'clock, A.M., all the Egyptian and foreign men-of-war saluting, manning the yards, and dressing ship. The French and Danish Consuls-General, the captain and officers of the French frigate, Mourad Pasha, Abd-el-Kader Bey (attached to the Royal party during their stay), the Governor of Alexandria, &c., repaired on board. At 11.30 o'clock the Prince and Princess left the *Ariadne*, in the state barge, and repaired to the landing-place, where they were received by Mehemet Tewfik Pasha and Sheeref Pasha, and a great crowd of officials, all in uniform. The Prince of Wales was in his uniform of General, and his suite were also attired in the dress of their rank.

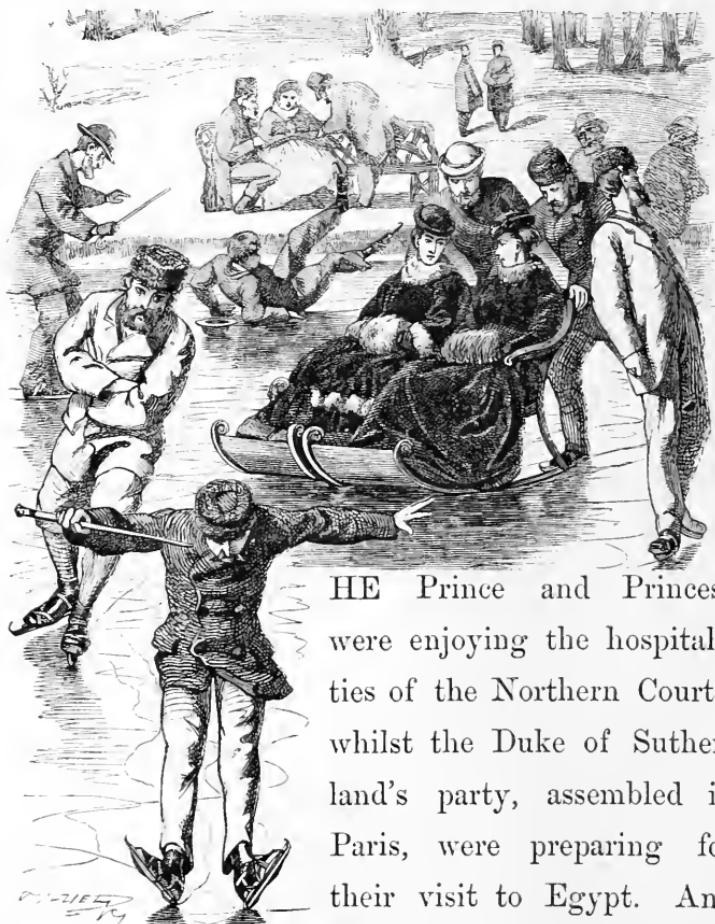
At a quarter past 5 o'clock they arrived at Cairo, at the Kasr El Nil.

So far, the account of the Royal tour has been carried by other hands. Having now seen the Prince and Princess safely into Cairo, I will go back a few days to my own party, which was anxiously awaiting their arrival in the Egyptian

capital, and will give some description of our doings on the way to it and in it, and of an excursion on the Suez Canal, which was made in the interval whilst we were expecting the Prince and Princess of Wales.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S PARTY
FROM PARIS.—ST. MICHEL.—MONT CENIS.—TURIN.
—BRINDISI.—ALEXANDRIA.—CAIRO.—OUR PALACE.



HE Prince and Princess were enjoying the hospitalities of the Northern Courts, whilst the Duke of Sutherland's party, assembled in Paris, were preparing for their visit to Egypt. And Paris is the worst place in the world to start

from after a short stay, for it is the least pleasant to leave—that is, as long as one has money in his purse and friends around him. But at 8.40 on the night of 14th January we departed for Brindisi, over Mont Cenis. We were six in all, not including the faithful Alister (the Duke's piper), and the domestics. Our travelling impediments were reduced to the smallest size and least weight consistent with comfort. A saloon carriage—a director or two in attendance—plenty of room—civil and attentive guards, who kept the doors against all comers—and great powers of sleeping, and of contenting ourselves when waking, made the long route seem short, though nothing could render it always warm.

Now-a-days men travel by villages and towns very much as in old times they went past milestones; nay, they are even less noticed, unless the traveller have some interest in them. People go and come like shadows, in the night and the day. The face we are longing to know more about lightens up as the train halts at some station, is embraced by Monsieur as its owner alights, and vanishes for parts unknown in the interior. And if you take an interest in the face, what chance is there of you knowing anything about it? There! As you

are musing or staring, the whistle sounds and you move off, and in ten minutes are five miles away, while the face is going off by some poplar-lined road to Boissy le Sec or Château Belle-fille. In the old days you might hold a long conversation on the subject ere the horses were put to, and learn a family history. But these are not the only differences between now and then, and it would be a big book which would hold them all. The greatest interest of the through-route traveller in cities and stations is now connected with his animal wants. "Macon at — A.M. Capital buffet!" "Ten minutes at Culoz." "Try those little game pies, and avoid the coffee and wine!" And so on.

I do not know whether I would advise any one unpressed by violent hurry in travelling to take the Mont Cenis route for choice in winter. It is very picturesque, very grand, very cold, and not very comfortable. And if for us it was so, what may it not be for ordinary passengers, who must not expect directors in attendance, special trains, saloon carriages, ordered banquets, and accommodation bespoken by telegram from the superior authorities? In fact, opening a new route across the Alps is very much like making a new line on the American continent. In the latter case you have to

carry inns, accommodation, and necessaries of life along with you. In the former, you must slowly break through the crust of old-established civilization and the hardened forms of torpid life which have prevailed for centuries—break them down, as it were, with the buffer of the engine. Old diligences still linger lovingly here at the stations and at the termini of the adventurous young lines which climb mountains, pierce through rocks, cross torrents, and descend swiftly down Alpine slopes into the far-reaching plains. The stalactite innkeepers do not understand it at all. They do not see why people should be in such haste. They cannot quite meet the wants of passengers who desire reserved bedrooms and special accommodation. But they are gradually warming up to the great fact that people who need these things must pay for them. St. Michel, where the party arrived in the afternoon of February 15th, is certainly not a tempting place for a traveller to live in—at least, for more than a day or two. The situation, indeed, is picturesque. Buried in one of these Alpine valleys, which eat into the mountain barriers, as if seeking to find a passage—surrounded by fir-clad steeps and rugged mountain spurs, growing pile upon pile into the snow-covered summits—it is shut out for many

hours from the rays of the blessed sun in its shivering depths. A one-streeted, many-laned, crooked-housed, rugged-paved place, with a Savoyard population, regulated by the usual proportion of booted gendarmerie, a small traffic carried by enormous barrels on attenuated carts, two gaunt inns, wine shops, and the various magazines which supply the wants of a southern French town introduced into an Alpine village—these, seen under the influences of bitter wind, clouds of granite-like snow whirling through street and passage and window-frame, were not very likely to lead to warm appreciation of the advantages of the situation of St. Michel. But, when the night came, indeed, and the whole party assembled in a large cavernous room, lit by cresset lamps, and sat down to a most excellent dinner, the interior of the Hôtel de la Poste we found could give better cheer than would have been anticipated. St. Michel has its master-pieces of cookery. On the top of Mont Cenis there is a lake which, even in winter time, yields store of famous trout. They grow, feeding the Lord knows how, to the weight of eight or ten pounds. Pale-skinned, feebly-speckled, large-headed, unpromising on the outside as St. Michel itself,

they are, beneath the scaly surface, worthy of the table of kings. And then, too, there is a very clever dish of Savoyard origin, which, with the trout, is quite enough for any man's dinner. But, ascending from the plain to such an altitude, and meeting so great a change of temperature, indisposed more than one of the party. "Miserable pain surprised" me. How the night passed, or the next day, or the day after, I scarcely remember. I was aware of many kind attentions from friends; of being animated by feeble hostility towards beneficent persons who inquired from time to time how I felt; of gazing, through a haze of suffering, at beautiful landscapes; of looking through vales of agony into vast ravines bedecked with rocks and precipices and tumbling torrents; of passing through dark tunnels; of making great descents through covered ways. I have a sort of a cloudy idea of a reception at Susa, where Count Arrivabene met the Duke, and a misty notion of a change of carriages, and of an arrival towards nightfall in Turin, and of a grand procession, up lighted passages and corridors in the Hôtel de l'Europe, and of an induction into a right royal suite of apartments, and of a mystic visit to the opera. But neuralgia was over it all. The recollection of the journey is now like that

which one has of a protracted nightmare. Early next morning—yes,—there *was* a bill. And all I am glad to say is that it rarely happens to us to have the privilege of sharing in payment of such a document; but then dukes, with gold mines, and companions, who would have gold mines if willing could do it, are not to be had at Turin every day.

January 18th.—It was close on 11 o'clock A.M., when the train reached Brindisi. We had taken some twenty-eight hours to make the run from Turin. What famous places had been passed night and day by our rattling chariot wheels—Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Rimini! What fair fat fields, enriched by many battles! What world-renowned sites, dear to antiquary, artist, and man of letters!—to us now mere notches on the finger-post of the time-table. Through our route yesterday it rained heavily, and there were few workers in the fields, and but small gatherings at the stations. But still it was known that an English duke was somewhere about; and the name he bears is dear to many Italians, who believe that the friend of Garibaldi must be the friend of their great idea. At Turin, indeed, when some of our party went to the opera, it was supposed the Prince of Wales was present incognito. The audience saw

a fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon with flaxen moustache in the box presented by the municipality to the Duke for the night, and they took it for granted it was His Royal Highness; and no doubt, in spite of certain modest retirements on his part, it gave our friend a pleasurable thrill. “I was taken for the king,” says Müller in the play, “and hang me if I didn’t feel like one!” At Brindisi, however, there were no doubtful honours awaiting the travellers or their chief. And, indeed, how could we escape them? The vessel would not sail till 9 p.m. There was a great reception. There were municipal bodies, and *sotto prefettos*, and magistrates, and civic and port personages awaiting to welcome “il duca di Sutherland, l’amico di Garibaldi.” And they took possession. We were carried off to the hotel, of which I shall say nothing, because it is only a makeshift—the old original tavern, which contented Brindisians for ages past. There is a new hotel in posse on the quay—a heap of sand and rubbish and a pile of timber mark the spot. But till it is built, let passengers provide store of food, unless they are content with what they can get—it will be surprising if they are—and let them come prepared for a sojourn in one of the dirtiest places I ever saw. The whole nature of the people must be changed,

their habits and customs completely purified and altered, ere the streets of Brindisi can cease to be an offence to civilized human beings. Will “Brindisi fara da se?” It would be so much the better for the agricultural interest near at hand if she would. It will not do to discount the future. Do, dear *sotto prefetto*, think of this! Passengers will not face present discomforts sustained by the hope of comforts hereafter; and men, and even women, are usually very exacting when they arrive after a long journey by sea or land. Horace—no! not one word of the Iter ad Brundusium this time; nor of Virgil’s house, nor of Roman arches and remains, nor of historical reminiscences! After a light repast at the Inn, we set out in two boats to visit the port; and landing at the works on the north-western side of the harbour, beheld a very busy scene—men, boys, and children at work in the quarries of lava-like rock, preparing blocks for transport by the rough rail, to continue the jetty or breakwater which is to complete the harbour. Ragged as Horace’s edile, bright-eyed, sallow-skinned, merry enough they seemed, although the taskmasters over the little ones were harsh of voice and prompt of cane. Once, indeed, a young one of the party was so roused by the sight of a

sound whack on a blubbering boy's back that he was urgent to execute Eton justice on the authority, and was only deterred by force majeure. As we were "in charge" of local magnates by sea and land, we had to do all the works minutely, and to ask many questions and collect much information. So we travelled on one of the trucks to the end of the jetty, and saw the blocks thrown into the sea, which plashed up eagerly to meet and swallow them, and admired the sinewy frames and handsome faces of some of the labourers, who sang in chorus and cheered themselves in rude rhymes as they toiled. Then, embarking, we inspected the Citadel or Castle on the island,—a most interesting memorial of the old Spanish rule. It contains an internal harbour for boats and galleys, surrounded by the walls of the Castle. There were a few soldiers in the place, a chapel, and some monuments, much desolation and decay, and a good deal of dirt. On the crumbling parapet, seawards, there was a newly made gabion-nade, with traverses; and a few guns ready to be mounted, some freshly repaired furnaces, and small heaps of shot and shell, indicated a purpose of defence should any Austrian vessel have ventured to attack the newly created station. For the Brindisians had "a scare" in 1866. One of the ironclads from the

fleet, after Lissa, might have come down and done just as it pleased, notwithstanding these defences ; and no doubt, if the war had lasted, and Trieste had had its way, such a compliment might have been paid. “It’s a splendid harbour!” exclaimed one of our Italian friends. “Some fine day the British fleet might anchor in it.”

“That is a long way off,” replied an ancient mariner, in a laced cap.—“One frigate was in here some time back, and could scarcely get out again.”

“It is easy to approach in all winds,” continued the first.

“Except when the wind is strong from the south, or north, or west,” said the other.

“Why, a sailing ship can tack in with the wind from any quarter ; three-fourths of all the points of the compass, any way.”

“If she does not run ashore,” quoth the sailor.

“Oh ! you are an Austrian Lloyd’s man, and you are prejudiced.”

And no doubt he was—a little. For the harbour is better than he made it out, and in the future it is to be all that can be desired, if the plans be carried out—land-locked, with splendid moorings and quays, and deep channels, and good lights. So good luck to the Future. The Italian Government, however, must

stretch out a hand to meet it. The funds granted towards the works are nearly exhausted, and the annual vote should be increased.

In the evening the Duke and his friends were entertained at dinner by the Municipality in the Inn, and were introduced to the wines of the country, which were better than might have been expected ; and made and heard speeches, *ad Brundusii gloriam*. The wonderful properties of the Italian tongue were set forth in a remarkable manner by our excellent friend Count Arrivabene, who acted as interpreter ; for a few abrupt sentences in English expanded from his lips into rolling orations, which roused burgomasters and sub-prefects to the highest enthusiasm, and inspired them with great admiration for the eloquence of their guests, the benevolence of their sentiments, and the magnificence of their promises. And so we went out into the street in a blaze of glory, and repaired on board the steamer which lay alongside the jetty. There Captain Vecchini, best of mariners, received us, and, after a warm leavetaking of our warm-hearted and hospitable Brindisians, we prepared for our voyage. There were no other passengers ; the ship was all our own. On such an occasion the selfishness of human nature is sure to come out. “ How jolly !

We are the only people on board!" Poor Company! If it were always so, the Brindisi route must soon close up; but it is seldom indeed such advantages are to be obtained by a party of friends at the expense of the Societa Anonima; and I am glad of it, now I am on shore. There seems every reason for the line to prosper. Marseilles and Trieste may flourish too. The world is big enough for all three, and increase of appetite will grow by what it feeds on.

At 9 o'clock P.M., Il Principe Tomasio steamed out of Brindisi Harbour for Alexandria. We went swiftly during the night, and the Captain took the vessel through the inner passage, between the islands and Albania, of which we could see the snow-capped mountains, and the black-looking coast near at hand, when morning broke. Passing the Ionian Islands in a short chopping sea, next morning we saw a few Greek boats scudding towards shore. "It is different times with them now the English are gone," quoth Captain Vecchini. "They used to have fine times of it, catching fish, and supplying the tables of those lords at great prices. Now, they get little or nothing for what they catch. They regret you, when it is too late, and find they cannot live upon the glory of belonging to the Hellenes."

January is scarcely the best time for navigating the Adriatic.

Our good Captain could not always keep near land, and, once out at sea, the grégale was upon us in all its fury, to the great despair of the Captain, who desired to show how the Prince Thomas could make a good passage. Next day, it was still the grégale which blew, and the seas came swishing overboard, and running down-stairs and playing about in the cabin. We passed Cerigo and Cerigotto, and the Cape of the Morea scowling through drifting sheets of foam. The Principe Tomasio can roll under such circumstances, and we were all knocked about, and as miserable as could be. F. M. suggested a vigorous policy. Candia was under our lee, but it was fenced round by jealous corsairs. F. M. advised that we should run the blockade of the Turk, and take shelter in any port which lay handy. Whereat the Captain told terrible tales of Turkish cruisers, of their reckless firing at everybody, and of his own captivity once—for the Prince Thomas had been overhauled and detained, although she was, he said, far outside the line of blockade. “Who knows what a Turk will do when he has got cannon? The only chance we should have

would be that they are all lying snug under cover somewhere. Otherwise the first warning they would give us—the brigands!—would be a round shot; though they seldom hit anything they fire at.” Captain Vecchini had evidently no good opinion of Turkish, nor, for the matter of that, of Egyptian sailors either. “How long do you think they would keep at sea, if they had no European engineers? How long would they last at all, only they have money to buy and pay with? They get robbed, of course they do.” And then he tells the famous anecdote of the Egyptian captain who was ordered to take his ship to Malta for repairs, and who returned to Alexandria with the statement that there was no such place as that tight little island. “Malta mafeesh!” he reported. “There is no such place. Malta’s gone!” And all the time the Captain was on board a steamer built by Palmer, with Glasgow-made engines, and Scotch engineer.

But that our party was in a condition of unstable equilibrium, the voyage might have been enjoyed; for the table was excellent and well served, every one willing to please, capital stewards, and all the means of making life pleasant—if the sea would but keep quiet! The Captain was held in constant conversation. “Ask the Captain, please, if he

thinks the wind will go down." "What does the Captain—ask him—think about Garibaldi?" That one subject lasted for hours. Then we diverged to the Papal Government, the affairs of Ancona, and the bravery of one of our Brindisian friends, who, as soon as peace was proclaimed, challenged an Italian general for a blow given in active service, and kept a promise he made to shoot him through the hand which inflicted the insult. Austria, the Emperor of France, the price of tobacco and of land, and the future of Italy! Oftentimes the querists taxed the powers of their poor interpreter beyond his resources. It is astonishing how little one knows of a language when he is tried in intricate subjects—especially about navigation!

One more night—one more day—a night again—the wind moderating—the party recovering—that is, the suffering members.

The last day of all became sunny and nearly calm, though the shoals of flying fish could still spring from the top of a rolling wave as vantage for their flight, and the stability of cups and glasses was not to be confided in.

On the 23rd of January we anchored in Alexandria a little before noon, having maintained our

speed of ten knots an hour on the run. Even now I shall not be deterred from asserting that Il Principe Tomasio is a capital boat, though I know I hurt susceptibilities. All will agree that Captain Vecchini is a capital sailor. As a worthy British officer from India wrote in the ship's book : "I am sure the Captain is a regular brick, although my ignorance of the lingo he used prevented my having much talk with him." A Government boat with eight oars came alongside, and an Egyptian official boarding us, presented the Duke with an autograph letter of the Viceroy, bidding him and his party welcome, and full of pretty compliments. Ali Risa, the officer in question, speaks English, French, German, Italian, Arabic, Persian, and his native language, Turkish. He took charge of the Duke and his friends ; and, I may fairly say, from that hour, he never lost sight of us till our departure from Egypt. There was also the consular dragoman, who must be as well known as Pompey's Pillar or Cleopatra's Needle, to lend his voice, his staff of office, the splendour of his laced attire, and the terror of his curved scimitar, to the landing, which was performed with a serenity such as is seldom attendant on the proceeding in Alexandria. How many

thousands of tempers are lost there annually? Who can withstand the temptation to incur the loss offered by porters, donkey boys, beggars, touters, and Egyptian cabmen? Now, they moved in a revolving circle around us, afraid to come within reach, but unable to overcome the force of habit; just like jackals wheeling round a carcase which a lion is guarding. Some Europeans like an excuse for the excitement of assault and battery. It pleases them to indulge in their weakness of “hitting a nigger” with impunity. And nowhere are there such excuses as in this ancient town—ancient, yet very modern.

The population is a very cloaca gentium. It does not flow. It stagnates, and precipitates a villainous deposit. No city in the world contains such a heterogeneous inflow of various races and rascalities. In self-defence, the respectable inhabitants, of whom there are many, are obliged to draw a broad and deep line outside the fortress of their own circle, and good society in Alexandria is difficult of access. The stories one hears of the doings of our Christian friends from some of themselves are nearly inconceivable. No wonder that the Viceroy is anxious to obtain some sort of control over the immigration which finds it worth while to resort

to his dominions, but refuses to obey the laws of the land, or to be subject to the rule of the authorities. I am not now prepared to say that it would be quite safe to sweep away the Consular Courts absolutely and offhand. Sound guarantees are needed for the administration of justice between Egyptians and Europeans. But it is obviously impossible that the present system can go on if Egypt is to prosper. No country can tolerate, within its centres of trade and commerce, some dozen and more of distinct national existences, with separate and independent jurisdictions, frustrating justice, and offering strenuous opposition to improvement, refusing to contribute to municipal funds, or in any way to aid the state by their purses, no matter how well filled they may be.

A special train was in readiness to take the party to Cairo ; but after so much fatigue, Ali Risa, who has a profound respect for creature comforts, considered rest and refreshment absolutely essential, and a banquet was ready, spread by the adroit hands of M. Joseph at the Hôtel de l'Europe. We had a drive through the town, visited the Needle and Pompey's Pillar, and at last, with a great following of native and European servants in the Viceroy's employment, started on our journey,

arriving at Kafr e' Zyat in a couple of hours, where another banquet was laid out, and so on to Cairo, which we reached about 10 o'clock P.M.

At the Station carriages and cavasses, and the animated lanterns which precede private vehicles in Cairo—men carrying iron frames on long poles, from which burning tar, coals, and strips of pine throw a bright yellow light on the roadway—were in readiness. In a few minutes the carriages, driving in succession through a gateway into a narrow courtyard, deposited the party at the gate of the Palace. A double line of servants in black received and showed them upstairs. The rooms were a blaze of light. Ali Risa insisted that supper was a matter of the first necessity, and, late as it was, we had to repair to the dinner saloon, where there was another great meal, to which some meritorious persons of the party did ample justice.

The Palace consisted of a large central hall and two corridors, or smaller halls, on the ground floor, the one leading to it from the front entrance, the other leading to the garden at the back, and to the out-offices. Off the first, there were four large rooms, in which the servants lodged. The dinner saloon and other rooms were off the inner passage. From this hall a marble staircase, supported on four

pillars of the same material, ran to the upper floor, on which, to the right, was a spacious and handsome drawing-room, on each side of which were two large bedrooms, one occupied by the Duke of Sutherland, the other by his son. On the left hand a similar large room, which was not used for any state purpose, served to give access to four bedrooms, which were occupied by Colonel Marshall, Major Alison, Mr. Sumner, and myself. The drawing-room was richly furnished. Satin- and damask-covered ottomans, sofas, and easy chairs lined the walls; rich carpeting was spread on the floor; and the windows were hung with the most massive embroidered silken curtains. But it was curious to see how recklessly nails were driven into the walls, how windows were cracked, how doors were left without paint, and what ruinous legs and backs were united with frameworks of fine stuff, which had no doubt cost sums that would have astonished Holland or Gillow.

CHAPTER III.

THE BUZZARDS.—NEW CAIRO.—THE ARSENAL.—THE KASR-EL-NIL.—THE GREAT BARRAGE.—THE NILE.—THE PROFESSOR IN EQUILIBRIUM.

January 23rd.—There is a peculiar sound in the air, coming in through the jalousies of the open window. It announces the East at once—an Oriental people, without cares about sewage or rates for the Victoria Main Drain. It is the shrill whistle of the innumerable buzzards—a quavering, not unmusical, note, repeated for the livelong day on all sides, as they flap over house-top and garden. Listen to the cries which come from the street outside the Palace wall, the voices of people always in each other's way, and raised in incessant warning! Veiled women, strings of camels and asses, covered with loads of a certain pulse, on which all the cattle are feasting freely, preparing for the heats of summer—men on donkeys, smoking pipes as they ride—men on foot, with bundles of sugar-cane under their arms; men and women in open carriages and

buggies—all jostling, bumping, and shouting in the dusty road! The Egyptian, who is more liberal and civilized than the Turk, is to all appearance far more Oriental and Mahometan. Reflections cut short by a tub of water, deliciously cold, also by troubles connected with mosquito bites. The sleeping miscreants being detected as they reposed, bloated and helpless, on the curtains, inside which they had secreted themselves, met their death. Ali Risa came charged with messages from the Viceroy, who desired to see the Duke at 1 o'clock. Then, after undress levées from room to room, the company assembled for breakfast in the saloon downstairs. The table was covered with fruit and flowers, and plate, and delicate decanters, and fine glass and china, all marked with the Viceroy's cipher, "I. P." The attendants—Italians mostly—polyglot, dressed in black, and wearing the fez or tarboosh. The cooking excellent; oysters and fish from Alexandria, European dishes, French and German wines, Eastern pilaffs, and tiny eggs, and many sweets. After breakfast we went upstairs to the drawing-room, and pipe-bearers and coffee-bearers entered in succession, the latter bearing trays on which stood, in diamond- and ruby-studded holders of immense value, cups of real coffee; the others with long-stemmed pipes, having vast amber

mouthpieces, blazing with precious stones, in one hand, and a metal dish to receive the pipe-bowl in the other. When an Egyptian takes a pipe, he raises his hand to his forehead, as a token of thanks. The bearer inclines the pipe-stem, so that the bowl shall rest easily on the stand, as the mouthpiece is held to the lips, and then puts his hand on his stomach, as a salutation, and retires backwards. The bearer of the coffee-tray carries on his left shoulder a velvet cloth or cover, ornamented with golden bordering, in which are set many precious stones. These gentlemen were Turks or Arabs, Europeans not being worthy or capable of such important charges. When these pipes and coffees had been puffed and drunk, we descended to the court, where carriages, driven by coachmen in the gold-laced livery of the Viceroy, were in readiness, and took a turn through the city, each vehicle preceded by a running footman, in richly laced vest and wide white shirt-sleeves, loose white drawers, cut off a little above the knee, and leaving the legs bare, who maintained an eternal cry to the passers-by to get out of the way. Cairo is undergoing, in its way, a process of Haussmannization. Whole quarters have been pulled down, and new houses and new streets perplex the traveller who remembers the ancient places, where he was wont

to walk in fear and trembling through the mazes of the decayed honeycomb of a city. There is a fine open space in front of Shepheard's Hotel, and the New Hotel beyond. Here the Viceroy appears divided between his desire to form a park and his wish to get money for building sites ; for the sake of the city let us hope the first may prevail.

Our first visit was made to the river, to inspect the boats which had been prepared for the expedition up the Nile, those for the Royal party having been fitted out under the superintendence of Colonel Stanton and Sir Samuel Baker. The vessel set apart for the Duke and his friends was the Viceroy's favourite steamer, *The Pride of the Two Seas*, and the fastest craft on the river. She is about the size of a Dover packet, and draws four and a half feet of water. The accommodation below, set forth in rosewood and gold, consisted of a long saloon, at one end of which was a bath-room, and a small cabin appropriated to A. S. (by himself) little provident of the results of its proximity to the boiler ; at the other end two cabins, which were told off to the Marquis of Stafford and to myself ; and then beyond, a V-shaped divan, on the sofas of which the Duke and Colonel Marshall made their beds.

By-and-by I will describe how we were lodged, and give an account of the little flotilla.

Whilst we were at the river-side, we came across what is called the Arsenal. There were some field-pieces and gun-carriages to justify the name, but the main object to attract the attention of the intelligent foreigner, is a vast collection of Fowler's steam ploughs, Appold's pumps, agricultural engines, and various costly apparatus of the kind, lying in dislocated rusty heaps all over the enclosure. *Cosas d'Egitto!* Ordered by Said Pasha, or some other ruler—found to be in advance of the age—the cart before the horse—and so left to the dust and rust. At a rough guess, there was some £30,000 worth of machinery there. What it cost Egypt, who can say? I was going to add that rust, owing to the dryness of the air, was not of rapid formation in Cairo; but it actually rained a little this afternoon, and, a few days before our arrival, a deluge fell on and astonished the city.

At 1 o'clock we drove to the Kasr-el-Nil, or Nile Castle, and visited the Viceroy. The Palace, which stands over the water's edge, is full of mirrors, chandeliers, rich carpets, and damask and satin furniture. It is not large, and, indeed, may almost be described as being cosy. The view from the windows, out over the

ever-flowing stream, margined by the forest-like masts of the native boats, and the pyramids of Ghizeh rising above them towards the west, is animated and interesting. The reception of the Duke's party was of a most friendly character, and the Khedive was exceedingly gracious to all, for he retains a lively recollection of the efforts made by the Duke of Sutherland to show him attention when he was in England. He expressed the great pleasure he experienced at the coming to Egypt of the Prince and Princess of Wales. He particularly desired that the party should visit the Barrage of the Nile, the works of which he is about to urge forward, in the hope of effecting the irrigation of a great district below Cairo. The visit lasted about half an hour, and was graced with the pipe and coffee of honour.

In the evening we went to the Theatre. The company (French), retained at a great expense by the Viceroy for the Prince of Wales—remarkably fat women and lean men—rendered two of the flimsy little pieces of the Palais Royal, which seem so attractive to the Cairenes. Not that the house was very full, although the Viceroy was present, for, as a rule, the natives are not yet civilized enough to appreciate French farces.

January 24th.—The early business of the day over, our courtyard resounded with the cries of the attendants as they summoned the carriages to drive to the steamer in which we were to visit the Barrage of the Nile. The start was not so easily effected, for the turn into the crowded street through the gateway is narrow, and our gold-laced master of the whip took a sharp angle, and had to draw up his horses in the gateway to avoid demolition of the hind wheels. He could not back, for the carriage would have come against the gate. It was amusing to see the derangement caused to the attendants by this little catastrophe. Whilst they were chattering over it, the Europeans, to the discomposure of Ali Risa, got down and lifted the carriage wheels, so as to clear the dangerous portal; and then, heralded by our running footmen in laced jackets and bare legs and feet, we cleft our way through the throng of the busy street very much as a steamer goes through a shoal of herrings. The shrill cries of the herald to “Clear the way!—take care!” act on the mass of people—on the veiled women and swarming children—like an instinct. They do not look to see what is coming, but gather up to the side of the street, and merely glance at

the passing vehicles without curiosity or surprise—without even that half-resentful, half-pleased look which lights up the face of a European who has just escaped being run over.

The streets of Cairo have often been described—that is, painters in words and in colour have made innumerable efforts to convey the impressions produced on the eye by the combinations in architecture, in animal and human life, which are in their entirety quite beyond reproduction, and defy adequate representation on paper or canvas. To add one more to the list of failures in that way, is not a legitimate ambition, though, where so many masters have not succeeded, it would not be discreditable to achieve another fiasco. To my mind there is one great drawback to the pleasure with which the eye would otherwise rest on such an animated scene as every thoroughfare in Cairo affords to the stranger. It is that the population have such a limited allowance of eyes among them. I doubt if there is a good sound pair to be found among every three persons—men, women, and children. Aged and young, it is all the same. The prevalence of ophthalmia, produced, perhaps, humanly speaking, by dust, dirt, and flies, is most destructive to the comeliness of the race; but,

somehow or other, the women of the better class of lower orders are, as far as one can judge, free from the worst ravages of this plague, and gaze on the stranger with a fair share of the organs of vision above their masked cheeks. The eyes afflicted by the disease are surrounded by bleared lids, and are either half-closed or diminished in size, so that the pupil, dull and whitened with opaque spots, is like that of a half-boiled fish. The basané tint of the Egyptian skin is often blurred with the marks of disease, and the hue would give one the idea that the ablutions of the race do not extend above the neck. But the crowds who may be seen washing in the river, show that they are clean or religious. The poor children crawl about in the streets and the doorways like neglected kittens, each the centre of a swarm of flies, which have their main points of attraction in the eyelids of the little miserables. What do they care for that? Has not every one of them a piece of sugar-cane a couple of feet long, and perpetually renewed, to chew and suck at? This is sugar-cane season—men, women, and children are at it in all directions. People walk about with bundles of cane six feet long under their arms, and eat it as it were unconsciously. A poor wretch is he who has not a couple of yards

au consommation ; and all along the paths people sit in the midst of patches of masticated pulp, and munch the live-long day. In the fields near and inside the city, they are busy cutting it, and loading asses and camels with the mounds of the sweet porous canes. One is at a loss to think what they will all do when sugar-cane time is over. Any way, the practice does not hurt their teeth, which, if we are to judge from what we see, are the whitest, cleanest, and soundest part of their body.

At the present time Cairo is full of pilgrims about to start on their pilgrimage to Mecca, and either it is fancy or fact that the devout people are not fair to look upon. Assuredly they are a long way from godliness, if cleanliness be a mark of approximation to the beauty of Mahometan holiness. Such picturesque, scowling, monoptical old vagabonds look up at the infidels with an unpleasant light in the only visual ray directed against our persons ! They are smoking in doorways, or at the shop fronts, or are slouching in their grandly draped figures (no matter how poor the texture of the robe, it is sure to be well put on)—sombre, grave, if not sad or fierce looking. Sometimes, oh ! horror !—cometh one in a huge pair of horn

spectacles, incongruous with beard and turban. But be it noted, by the way, that the Egyptian hereabouts is not grandly bearded like some of our Indian friends—Sikhs for example; or like Asiatic Turks and Syrians. At times a blind,



vindictive, but sincere, Mahometan, led by a boy, approaches, cursing in good set terms all infidels in general, and your Highness in particular, in that your domestic has driven him against the wall,

which is not always the place of honour in the East. I am not quite sure that the ladies, as being more pious than the men, are not also more unkindly in look; but it is hard to judge from a veiled face.

The carriages drove through the gateway of the Palace, which is also a barrack, and the sentries, at the sight of the viceregal livery and runners, seemed in doubt whether to turn out the guard or not, but gave the guard the benefit of it.

We passed on board the steamer, and were soon running down the Nile. The wind was exceedingly strong, and by no means warm. But a terrible fate sits behind the wanderer in distant lands, and impels him to do all sorts of unpleasant things to himself. The steamer shot by the Arsenal, where repose in inglorious peace the implements, which a Viceroy imported without the workmen, and found too late he could not work. The lower part of Cairo is not often seen by strangers now, as the rail has put the old route by water from Alexandria long time out of date. But it is worthy of a visit, if it be only for a view of the tumble-down picturesque old houses, hanging over the water, ready to fall into it on the least provocation, and the long lines of

the native boats, with their crews of diverse looks and sorts, and enormous yards, some more than a hundred feet long, drawn up by the shore, or bowling along with the wind, or beating across the river. There are also many kiosks and palaces to be seen, steam pumps for irrigating the land, side by side with the patriarchal water-wheel and double bucket. Much to be admired at is the pertinacity with which people spend their money in building walls of masonry, jetties, and quays, by the banks of the wily and unconquerable old Nile, who bores into and splits and searches them out in their inner places, and rifts them up and topples them over. The ruins abound nevertheless, like most warnings and awful examples—fruitless of good. Palace succeeds palace. They are only two storeys high, flat-roofed, with Venetian blinds to the windows, and very plain outside, being generally washed in grey, blue, and white; but each has its mirrors, chandeliers, carpets, and furniture. Apparently there is no idea of repairing or doing up one of these residences. When a great man's house becomes shabby, he builds him another.

It was most interesting and exciting to watch the incredible multitudes of wild duck which rose from the water on the approach of the steamer.

They did not mind the native sail-boats coming within a hundred yards, but paddled off from all comers to that distance, and were quite wary enough to test skill and patience. Among them were occasionally flocks of geese, which kept by the shores, some few flights of teal, flocks of pintail and crested widgeon. One lovely sheldrake on a bank quite invited a long shot; but we were not out for sporting; “and let the sportsman note,” as old Izaak Walton says, that this latter end of January is a trifle too late for Upper Nile shooting. The duck are now going North, and are congregating in the waters, between Alexandria and Cairo, where there is still excellent snipe shooting, as many as a hundred couple between breakfast and dusk being possible in some places to a good shot.

In an hour and a half or so we came in sight of the Grand Barrage, which far exceeded the conception we had formed of it. The project of Linant Bey, a Frenchman in the Egyptian service, was to construct two great dams across the two branches of the Nile, which divides here, and forms a large island, so as to keep up the level of the waters to a height which would permit canals cut at the sides to irrigate the country after the Nile had sunk below the high-water mark; in other words,

to maintain a constant water-head for the purposes of fertilizing many thousands of acres. To form an idea of such an undertaking, we must fancy what it would be to throw a barrier across the Thames at Greenwich, in the height of a full tide running down, with this exception, that the bottom of the Thames would afford much greater facility for laying the foundations, for the Nile bed is for many feet only soft mud. The appearance of the whole structure is so very light and graceful, that the spectator is apt to overlook the difficulty and the greatness of the work itself. The Barrage is architecturally very beautiful, with a noble front and a grand general effect, produced by a line of castellated towers which mark the site of each of the sluice-gates. There are also two lofty crenellated towers in the centre of the dam, to correspond with towers over the gateway at each end. The towers on the right-hand side are constructed with small sentry-box-like chambers inside; but they were not used as sentry-boxes, though there was a guard of soldiers at each end of the dam. As far as I could count, there are sixty-two arches in the Barrage. They are made of carved stone, and rise to a height of some forty or fifty feet above the river. A considerable number of the sluices were

down, and the Nile was raised six feet above the level; but in the middle, where the flood-gates were open, the water was rushing through with immense rapidity, and in great volume. They do not venture to put down all the gates, because the pressure of such a vast mass of water would, it is feared, bear down the whole Barrage before it. But would that be the case if the intended canals were ready to carry off the upraised waters? There is at present only one canal, which irrigates a portion of country of most fertile character, and of great importance in consequence of its vicinity to Cairo, on the right bank. Why this canal is insufficient to carry off the water, or whether it be really so, could not be exactly ascertained, as the communication between the Egyptian officers in charge of the works and ourselves was not always easily established. But it seems to be the rule to declare that the Barrage has not done its work—that it is a complete failure; or, to use the words of Mr. Murray, that “the works have ended in being a very useless impediment in the river.” There is a lock and sluices at the side of the river, on the right bank, which permit the navigation to be carried on without any considerable impediment. Now, in Mr. Fowler’s opinion—which is that most men of com-

mon sense would come to without examining the question from an engineering point of view and with special knowledge of the subject—the Barrage must be regarded as a great work not yet completed, or in a state of imperfect development, not as a failure at all. When the Viceroy's financial position will permit the execution of the large schemes which he contemplates for the improvement of the country, there is reason to think the original design will not fall short of the full measure of good which it was calculated it would effect.

The boat was made fast to the side of the quay of the first of the Dams, where a group of Egyptian officials connected with the Ponts et Chaussées awaited us, and behind them a crowd of syces, with horses, apparently belonging to a cavalry regiment. As there was an exceedingly cold wind, the party preferred to walk along the Barrage, which is broad, and well protected by a cement or chunam floor, over which animals and light traffic can pass easily. The Egyptian officers proceeded to show the construction of the sluices, which are formed of double cones of hollow iron, in a semicircular form, working on radii of rods fixed to a central axis at each side of the sluice-gate. These double cones increase in size from

the lower part of the curve to the top, and the lowest, which are the largest, fill with water as they descend into the bed prepared for them in the masonry at the bottom of the sluices. The labour of two men at the crank raised one very slowly against the great pressure of the water from its bed; when the gate was lowered, it was easy to understand the advantage of the curved surface in pressing obliquely against, instead of directly opposing, the current. At the other side of the Dam, near the end of the causeway, a series of strong earthworks, facing the south and west, was visible. These works are evidently meant as a *tête-de-pont*, and a small amount of labour would soon make them fit for use in war-time. On the right of the causeway leading to the Dam, there is a large native village, in which the soldiers engaged in guarding the bridge were quartered. Here were the usual groups of veiled women and half-naked children, and fellahs, sugar-cane in hand and mouth. There is probably a toll levied on the traffic, carriers and passengers, over the Barrage, for several uneasy-looking people started up at our approach as if to demand their fees. But the Viceroy's friends do not pay for anything, and we passed on, and dawdled about whilst the engineer-

ing details underwent elaborate description and discussion.

Two girls, closely veiled, were walking by the river-side near us. An old Egyptian rushed out of the guard-house, and shouted to them; the young ladies at once turned and shuffled along at a trot into a place of safety. What harm did the ancient man of Egypt suppose we could do to the ladies whom he warned off so peremptorily? We were not all so fair to look upon that he thought their peace of mind was in danger, and they only showed us their eyes through a slit in a black mask with a piece of reed jealously barring the bridge of their dear noses. But so it was, and we were obliged to be content with the aspect of the village from afar, and with observing the manners of certain respectable Moslems, who came one after another to the lock-head, spread their carpets on the stones, and devoutly said their prayers and bowed their heads to the ground, standing and kneeling alternately.

It was a pleasant and peaceful scene; the swallows wheeled around us boldly; the large pied kingfisher flopped into the stream close at hand, and the little ox-eyed dotterel ran along the banks in constant activity. Far away, the tops of the

Pyramids rose above the belt of date palms which barred the horizon, and the tall lateen sails of the river-boats glided as if free to steer their course over field and meadow. But there is not much time for strangers in the land to take their ease. Poor victims! if they come so far to see, why see they must ; just as in some country houses visitors are persecuted by daily programmes founded on the horrible hypothesis that they must all and each be always doing something and going somewhere, travellers are presumed to be dissatisfied if they are ever left in peace. Away back again, over the Barrage to the right bank of the Nile, where our steeds await us, and then in a procession, some preferring the safety offered by a seat on the back of the placid donkey, others on hard-bitted junketing nags, we canter along a narrow and dusty road across the Delta to the other great Barrage which forms the dam across the Damietta branch of the Nile. It resembles the work over the Rosetta branch in most respects, but it is in a more secure condition ; perhaps some day, not far distant, thanks to the new water-works, it will turn out of vast utility. Just now, however, the object of the works around it seems to be intended for war rather than for peace. We were in the midst of

a very considerable military position, in the nature of an intrenched camp, with a wet ditch and strong parapets, on which are already mounted some of the armament. An enemy marching on Cairo must either mask these works, or take the chance of leaving a powerful corps in his rear. It is quite obvious that the city is immensely corroborated by the existence of the works covering the heads of the Dams, and by the intrenchments, within which an army of 20,000 men could be well covered. Some of our party attempted to mount the parapet, to get a view of the surrounding country, but they were ordered down by the sentries. There were hundreds of workmen engaged in deepening and widening the bed of the canal which is to irrigate the Delta, and will, it is to be hoped, prove a permanent blessing to the country—for it is a blessing to have crops five or six times a year, is it not?—a blessing to somebody far away, if not to the growers. What other favours of Heaven may follow who can say?

As in all excursions, as long as we were the Vice-roy's guests, there was a lunch to be eaten. We were conducted to a pleasant little kiosk in a garden full of trees, where a repast was spread with the usual profusion—champagne, hock, claret, bur-

gundy, sherry, seltzer water, caviare, curries, pâté de foie gras, hot and cold dishes of fish, flesh, and poultry, salads, dessert ad infinitum — coffee and pipes to follow. The gardener sent in bunches of flowers, and the table was loaded with mandarin oranges, apples, and exotic fruits.

A circumstance not in any way connected with the dessert distinguished our return. The Egyptian ass is a very useful animal—all asses are useful in their way; but in no country in the world is donkey power so largely employed as in the land of the Nile. No matter what horses, carriages, and chargers may be in waiting, there is sure to be a succursale of the humble creature which bears so much of Egyptian life on its back. So in this present case, our locomotive powers were in due course augmented by the accession of a number of the asses of the land; and on one of these a learned and valued Professor, who can clothe a valley of dry bones with flesh, and open their old skeleton secrets with the keys of science, sat himself down, and prepared to trot off gaily, amid the noise of the captains and the shoutings. But the animal was of a morose disposition—jealous of the paces of the high horse; bent on teaching the Professor a lesson of its own

on the force of the laws of gravitation. It became evident, from a certain oscillating motion, in which the Professor's seat on the saddle was the centre and his head the arc of part of a circle, that the lesson was likely to come off, along with the *corpus delicti*, very soon. Genius is fertile in resources, and so is the donkey boy. The former, in the person of the Professor, called on the latter, and the latter called to his fellows, and in a few seconds our friend appeared with a satrap on each side. He sat his donkey, as it were on a throne, proudly and securely, his legs pendulous and sweeping the ground, his arms cast round the neck of the two children of Ishmael, one on each side, who preserved his equilibrium as if he were Europa herself. And thus he gained the end of his land journey, and alighted amidst the congratulations of his friends—and who with him and near him are not?—on his own feet, and at the end of his journey. After a pleasant ride back to the steamer, with many salaams to the officials, we proceeded on our way towards Cairo.

There was a glorious sunset to welcome us, just as there had been a rainbow of transcendent brightness and beauty to herald our downward journey. As its rays brought out the Gizeh Pyra-

mids boldly and sharply, and turned the hue of the palm trees into deep ebon on our right, they struck the landscape on the left with many-coloured fingers ; and house, and field, and tree responded to the touch, and warmed into an outburst of gorgeous splendour, framed by the waters of the river, on which were reflected the lower part of the picture, amid a mass of slender spars and lofty sails.

It was nearly dusk when we reached the city, and it needed many cries to prevent our chariot making a Juggernaut-like track through the narrow streets. In the fields on either side, among the water-courses and sugar-canies, the watch-fires flickered in the centre of the family groups encamped there for the night, with horses, camels, asses, and goats around them,

CHAPTER IV.

THE WEATHER.—VISITS.—THE SUEZ CANAL.—ISMAILIA.

—PORT SAID.—SUEZ.—CAIRO.

January 25th.—To an invalid, who expected to find an agreeable warm morning to greet him on his awakening, the weather at 8 A.M. would have been disappointing. There was neither fog nor frost, nor raw east wind; but though the air was pure and light, there was a sharpness in it, which suggested the use of a warm coat or a brisk walk. As the road before the Palace, which, by the way, is also the thoroughfare to the fashionable drive, is not in first-rate condition, an army of children, boys and girls, has been turned on to cut down the hillocks and fill up the hollows. It was painful to watch the little creatures, toddling about with baskets of earth on their heads, and bags of the same held against their stomachs with both hands,

while task-masters, rod in hand, stood by to stimulate their energies. Still they seemed merry enough, and if they did not execute very much work, they probably gave full value for the few piastres they received for their labour.

After breakfast, Tewfik Pasha, the eldest son of the Viceroy, accompanied by Mourad Pasha, came to the Palace to return the Duke of Sutherland's visit, and the rest of the party were presented to him. He is seventeen years of age, of middle stature, slight, good-looking, with an agreeable smile and fine dark eyes. He was dressed plainly in the Turkish-cut frock-coat, with the eternal fez or tarboosh on his head, and a star on his breast. Pipes were brought in, but His Highness only held the amber to his lips, and did not smoke. The conversation was short, and the incident not very remarkable; but an interest attaches to the young gentleman, as he is heir-apparent to the Viceregal throne under the new dispensation, which overturns the ancient law, and fixes the succession in the elder line, excluding the Viceroy's brother, Mustafa Fazil Pasha, and creating, it is said, much uneasiness in the minds of the Faithful. That the change must be salutary in its general effect on the Viceroyalty cannot be doubted; for of all the mis-

fortunes, in regard to its rulers, to which a country like Egypt can be subject, none, perhaps, are more formidable than intrigues and disturbances connected with a disputed succession. It is feared, however, by those who see the advantages of the change, that in the event of the Viceroy's death, a little pressure, and a great deal of other influence, may procure a new firman from Constantinople.

According to arrangement, the party started for the Suez Canal in the afternoon. There was first a small difficulty to be got over. They were the Viceroy's guests, but M. de Lesseps is King of the Canal, and he had invited Mr. Fowler and Professor Owen to join in the excursion. Although His Highness has a couple of summer residences along the route, he could not give the party the same facilities for seeing the Canal. If they did not accept the hospitality of M. de Lesseps, they would have had to camp out, sending tents and horses and food to various stations; not to say a word of the harassing of governors and deputy-governors, and the trouble about boats and steamers all along the line. The Viceroy gave orders that a special train was to be at the Duke's disposal, and thus the two parties were comfortably amalgamated.

The scene at the station was very strange to a new-come Europe man. A train was about starting, and the open cars were thronged by a very vociferous — nay, screaming — swarm of Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, and Arabs, who struggled for places with the utmost apparent ferocity, but submitted at once to the law of the stronger. This was frequently administered by the servants of the railway, through the simple agency of a thick stick. Wonderful was the strange noise which rang out of the skulls of most respectable-looking persons on the application of this cogent bye-law ; and admirable the submissiveness and peace produced by the second or third decision of the court ! There was as much shouting on the platform as in the carriages. Certain of the latter were shut in and latticed closely, being reserved for women of rank, simple enough in their tastes and food, judging by the supplies of dates, oranges, and water, handed in through the windows by their sable attendants. The women sat crouched in groups by themselves, and did not always leave the men the squabble-making and controversy. Sundry stolid religieux, bound for Mecca, with all their goods in a bundle the size of a hat-box, and with a water-bottle and some dried beans as their sole viaticum, regarded the confusion as a

part of the sufferings to which the pilgrimage is subject. It is surely a thorn in the flesh of the staid stay-at-home Moslem, that they should be obliged by their faith to undertake such a distasteful journey as soon as they can afford it, after paying all just debts, and providing for their wives and families.

At the station, M. de Lesseps, who was accompanied by Count Waldstein, M. Voisin, M. Le Clercq, &c., met the party, and the special train got off at 2.45 P.M. for Ismailia. The route of the new line, which bisects a triangle of land between the Nile and the old rail, affords a daytime passenger an excellent opportunity of seeing the best part of a fertile and well-watered district. M. de Lesseps was of course irresistible. He proves as conquering when he deals with mind as he has done in his conflict with matter; and as the train rattled unevenly towards Ismailia, he made the Desert smile with his fanciful, and perhaps well-founded, dissertations on the land of Goshen, the route of the ancient Israelites, the wandering of the Tribes, and his treatment of similar topics which the locality was likely to suggest.

It is impossible to do justice to Ismailia now. Wait till we come to it somewhat later, when the

Paris of the desert was dressed out to welcome the Viceroy and the Prince and Princess. And then it will not be easy to give the least idea of the strange effect of this toy city in the wilderness. The French made, in a few months, a little Paris at Kamiesh, in the Crimea. They established right-angled streets and police; whereas at Balaclava and Kadikoi, as at Donnybrook, higgledy-piggledy, tempered by the Provost Marshal, was established. Kamiesh is a Tadmor, fourteen years old, in ruins. What may Ismailia become? There is no germ in it of long life, perhaps. But it is a pretty butterfly. And may it live a thousand years! It was evening—6 o'clock—when the train reached the station. There were horses and carriages, with broad wheel-tires, to travel over the sands, and a whole host of French gentlemen connected with the Canal, who came to welcome M. de Lesseps and his guests. In a few minutes we were all settling down in various chalets, to prepare for dinner. In front of my window there was a boulevard parallel to a sandy beach, against which waves were breaking with a gentle rustle, and a lighthouse near at hand cast its rays, paled by the moon, over the water. “What is that? Is it a sea, or is it a fresh-water lake?”

"Neither, Monsieur. It is Lake Timsah, which they tell me is Arabic for a crocodile. I remember when all you see was quite dry, but it is now thirty feet, aye! and forty deep, in places. It is filled from the Mediterranean, and the water is salter than that of the sea itself, but it is full of fish. It was made by M. de Lesseps."

At dinner there were some forty persons present, among them two officers of a French frigate, which has been carefully exploring the Red Sea, and has found out an excellent channel free from reefs, rocks, or shoals, from Suez to Aden.

Next morning, early—too early for most of us—we were awakened, and descended to a light meal of coffee and bread, and as 7 o'clock struck, we were on our way to *La Mathilde*, a little steamer, which was to take the party to Port Said on the Mediterranean. It was a Canal day indeed! Never were men so plied with questions. There were M. de Lesseps, M. Voisin (who is a Bey, by the bye), and M. Guichard, and M. de la Roche, and M. Le Clercq, and sundry others, to each of whom was attached a sedulous Britisher, bent on informing his mind and finding out some weak point in the Canal, and full of doubts and suspicions. The perseverance of these gentlemen

was not, however, too much for the temper and tact of the French officials. Mr. Fowler began to admit that the engineers knew their business, and that they had accomplished a great deal—nay, that the Canal was “a very considerable work.” In the evening—an hour before sunset—spires and masts were visible above the level banks, and beyond them the sea.

The masts and the spires marked the site of Port Said.

Two large full-rigged ships in the inner basin were dressed out in flags in honour of the strangers. The vessels belonged to Russia and Great Britain, and were laden with coal from England, which can be got at Port Said for 44 francs a ton. This “caused to reflect” one of our party, at all events, whose bill for three days’ chauffage in his room, at a very good, but rather exalted, hotel in Paris, was equal to what he would have paid for one and a half ton of coal here! There were, in addition to the ships, one large bark, twelve brigs and schooners, and a fleet of small craft, feluccas, &c., giving a great show of activity and life to the port. As the *Mathilde* entered the inner basin and glided onwards towards the outward harbour, which lies between the two great

arms of masonry extending into the sea, there was full opportunity to contemplate and admire the extraordinary progress of this singular enterprise.

Having run down past the Western Pier, the steamer turned and made for the shore end of the Eastern Pier. Here we landed and inspected the vast—for they are vast—preparations for making the blocks of artificial stone for the piers. M. de Lesseps pointed out to Professor Owen a shell imbedded in one of the blocks, and exclaimed, “There, Professor! There’s a curious fossil! Can you make out the epoch of the formation?”

“Oh, yes!” replied the Professor. “It’s what may be called a very recent formation indeed. I know it, though I have not seen it before. It’s la formation Lessepsienne.”

Embarking in boats, we were landed at the other side of the Port. Here there was a Lighthouse to be visited, which casts its rays out to sea, to guide the voyager to this port, as yet unmarked in many charts, yet destined, perhaps, to a great future in the commerce of the two worlds. It was well worth while to climb the tortuous staircase and look down from the lantern gallery on the newly created town, which has

sprung up as if some great conqueror had ordered an Alexandria to be founded anew. To the north lay the long arms of the port, thrown out lovingly to catch the coy commercial beauty which seemed so little likely to spring from the foam. The sad sea-shore extended east and west, marking its limits on the belt of sand which separates the Mediterranean from marshy salt lagoons, and the placid waters of Lake Menzaleh, by a line of breaking foam. Below, the town of Port Said, spacious and sandy streeted, enclosing the basins in which float the ships which have found out a new emporium, and the canal, like a broad street, thinning away between its banks, southward, into a thread. The wind blew sharply from surly Europe, and we descended with alacrity to find shelter in the comfortable residence of the Chief of the Section, where we enjoyed all that hungry and weary men could expect in far better known and more luxurious cities. After dinner the moonlight tempted us to visit the City. Miraculous are the efforts that Port Said has made to assert itself as a civilized place. Dominoes, billiards, beer, cigars, and music can be had by those who want them! It was observable, however, that certain men with bludgeons were not dispensed with as guardians of the night; and the Oriental character

of the streets was sustained by the dogs, which gambolled and growled in the moonlight, unvexed of infidels. In a little café which we entered, there were two groups of men, drinking beer, playing dominoes, and smoking cigarettes, of such quaint attire and ruffianly aspect that they would have made a reputation for a London ballet-master. With a moonlight strong as day blazing in on us, we retired to sleep, deeply impressed by the greatness of the work we had seen, and not at all sorry that the duty of seeing so much of it had been successfully terminated.

January 27th.—The wind was blowing strongly from the west over a cold grey sea, scarcely lighted yet by the faint light from the clouds in the far east when we were roused from sleep. “M’sieu de Lesseps!”—(for M. de Lesseps is partout here)—“il faut éveiller ces Messieurs.” And, Messieurs rose accordingly, each in his own frame of mind, as the steps and taps and voices of his awakener aroused him to a sense of his situation and duties. My window looked out on the side of the “city,” next Lake Menzaleh, facing the south-west. There lay a great expanse of dark slime, which might be taken for a lake dotted with sand-banks, the seeming banks being really patches of water, on which the dawn cast a strange reflection. This stretched away

to the horizon, and as the light grew stronger the early cranes and flamingoes became visible stalking about in search of unlucky crustaceans out too late at night or up too soon in the morning. Near at hand and bordering the lake a belt of sand extended between the houses of the town, and this was spotted by groups of dogs, or by isolated figures of pious Moslems waiting for the first ray of sun to begin their prayers. Draped figures passed, hurrying from the Arab quarter towards the workshops, wrapped up in their bournous to keep them from the biting wind; for the air nipped keenly. The sun did not shine out, but the bell of the principal workshop announced the hour at which all in Port Said who had work to do—and who had not?—must get up. Straggling down at intervals, each member of the party came to his breakfast of *café au lait*, bread and diminutive eggs; and those who came last found that their predecessors had acted on the principle of “first come first served,” and had remembered the great precept of “*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera.*”

Before 7 o'clock some enthusiasts were already improving their minds and their French by a walk on the western jetty. Our charming temporary residence faced the sea, and gave us a view of the

roller-like waves beating against the long line of the jetty, and of sheets of foam flying over it. In the garden at the rear, the marvellous effects of fresh water on the Desert soil were visible in the groups of bananas, of rose lauriers, and flowering plants neatly disposed in bordered plots, and fed by small rigoles from the central reservoir of water, furnished by pipes all the way from Ismailia. The trees and plants were moderately healthy looking—some, indeed, fine and vigorous—but the leaves of the banana are easily torn by high wind, and have nothing of the trim conservatory air about them. From the tall chimneys of the factories volumes of smoke mingled with the dust, and the clang of machinery and hammers rose above the moan of the waves on the beach. The shops were open as we marched through the fine soft sand which rises to the instep towards the ateliers and chantiers. There is the “Grand Café de France.” Menazet, Coiffeur, who sells “postiches pour dames,” is shaving an early and an ugly customer of unknown nationality. Billiards and dominoes are yet asleep, but various persons, who might have just left off playing at them, are not; and what with the dogs romping in the streets, and groups of Arabs crouched about the sheds and in the front of stalls of provi-

sions, Port Said has a busy air; though seawards there is only to be seen a solitary steamer plongeur depositing its load of sand far outside the jetties.

As it was desirable to get in good time to Ismailia, we were obliged to forego visiting the Hospital, the Church, the Cemetery, and the Arab village. The latter lies to the west of Port Said, and contains about 3,000 souls, to which large accessions are being steadily made.

It was 8 o'clock when we got on board *La Mathilde*, which lay alongside the jetty with her steam up; and having bade good-bye to our friends, we set out on our way to Suez. It strikes me that the name of Port Said was a mistake. To most Europeans the words give the idea of a mere "port," a place for landing and embarking goods. The name is due to the desire of M. de Lesseps to pay a compliment to the late Viceroy, who was such a patron of the enterprise. It will not be easy to change it now, and persons who do not find Port Said in Guide-Books or time-tables, will be astonished to hear that nearly 100 sail of foreign vessels came into the harbour last year, and that this very day, when we leave, three steamers—one of the Russian Company, one of the *Messagéries Impériales*, and one of the

Austrian Lloyd's — will arrive to land and receive goods and passengers.

The return voyage to Ismailia along the Canal presented no unusual incidents. For ever the same annular sand-hills bound the banks, dotted by Arabs and fellahs, who find it pleasant walking by the side of the water, and cream-coloured mounds which hide the desert at each side — the same succession of dredging machines and their attendant flats and boats. We had proof of the speed of the lateen-rigged Arab boats in smooth water. Two of them kept ahead of *La Mathilde* for more than five miles, though the steamer was making thirteen kilometres an hour. The Arab steersmen enjoyed the contest with sombre delight. Each tried to jockey the other and take his wind in the most approved fashion; but when the steamer, panting and puffing, overtook first one and then the other, it was too much for the feelings of the helmsmen; and they turned their backs, in order not to behold the victory of the infidel contrivance over the plain sailing and homely agency of the wind. And so to Lake Timsah and Ismailia once more.

Thursday, January 28th.—Not quite so early a start as usual this morning. There was an excellent

breakfast to fortify us against the day's fatigue, and at 8 o'clock we were on our way to the La Mathilde, which was lying at the little jetty of Ismailia. What is that we see on board? A tartan plaid cloak, and a smart little riding-habit! Look again, there is still another riding-hat, and another cloak. And listen! There is the ringing of silvery laughter. M. de Lesseps has filled the Desert, not with flowers and with pleasant watercourses only.

The Mathilde dived her bow at once into the bright briny waters of Lake Timsah. It is not possible by words or painting to give an accurate impression of the newly created sea which has found out its ancient bed. It is in parts three-and-a-half miles broad; but longitudinally the expanse is broken by numerous islands and sandbanks. Grebes plunged deep at our approach, flocks of wild duck fluttered along the surface and squattered down at a safe distance; the boats of Greek fishermen were busy near the shore, and the smoke of the bateaux plongeurs streaked the sky. The surrounding Desert, hillocks of sand, dotted with tamarisks, spread to the horizon. As we drew farther away, Ismailia stood well out against the background, and formed a fine object in the strange landscape. The tall factory chimney, the white

verandahed houses, the front of the street facing the lake, gave the idea of a fashionable sea-side watering place.

The Fresh - Water Canal runs close by. At times we see the sails of the boats which are using it as a highway to Cairo rising above the desert level. We now enter the cuttings from the Lake. The Canal here is dredged to six metres deep, and is twenty-two metres broad at the bottom. Huge banks of very light sand rise high on either side. There is, no doubt, some danger in this; but the Desert is covered with tufts of low brushwood, and it is hoped that some growth of arenarian grasses, such as there is on the Dunes, may be established, to check the flying clouds. As yet we are assured no positive injury has been experienced from them. We pass a once dilapidated tomb—now renovated by the pious care of French engineers—which marks the resting-place of Sheik Ennedek, of whom I regret to own I can say nothing except that he was a holy man, and that his memory is much venerated. Even now it is not a very imposing structure, as it might be easily mistaken for a whitewashed molehill or a primitive oven; and as it stands alone in the Desert, a little way above Toussoum, it is not likely Sheik Ennedek will

ever have occasion to anathematize the disturber of his ancient bones. In half an hour the party came to the end of the Canal southwards from Lake Timsah. The cutting here is very deep—some seventy feet apparently; and the water floated a large dredging machine, which was biting busily away into the bank before it, and casting the earth and sand into the barges, which were to carry it away and deposit it in Lake Timsah. There were many of these barges on their way to the lake, as we came down the Canal. The sight of this machine, working its hardest, was very interesting. The way it is brought to bear on the bed of the Canal is not novel to engineers, but to ordinary mortals it seemed most ingenious. The earth and sand at the end of a section are first cut down and carted away by men, camels, asses, and mules, till a flat surface, the breadth of the canal, is left, a few inches above the water. The dredge is brought up to this, her anchors are carried inland and firmly fixed, the machinery is set to work, and speedily the edges of the buckets, tooth-like, bite in and fill their stomachs with the earth. As we landed from *La Mathilde*, a proof of the immense energy of fishes in seeking new pasture, and of their enterprise in exploration, was afforded to us. A couple

of Greek or Italian sailors were casting a net close to the dredge, within a few feet of the fast-yielding bank. At every throw the net came up with a fair haul of fish. They varied from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 3lb. each, and consisted of five distinct species—one, a large-eyed, very deep fish, with broad scales, like our sea carp; another like a sea bream; and two which looked like varieties of grey mullet. Professor Owen did not see them, I think, and I am not able to assign their true character. These fish had groped their way from Lake Timsah, and as that lake was filled from the Mediterranean, very soon there will be between the fishes of that sea and of the Red Sea a meeting, after many roving years, of those that had been long estranged, which may prove most distressing to future geologists. Who knows what M. de Lesseps may have to answer for on that head? A visit to the fish markets at Alexandria and Suez enables one to appreciate the vast difference between the denizens of the seas of the middle earth and those which swarm in tropical waters around their coral reefs. It is evident the fish of the Canal will make acquaintance with strange bed-fellows on the spawning grounds. Maybe the shark, now a visitor to the Nile, and a visitor, *parcus et infrequens*, to

the waters of Alexandria, will take a turn up and down the Maritime Canal ere long.

At Serapeum the preparations for turning the bed of the Bitter Lakes into a series of inland seas were going on with activity. The principal object of the engineers is to construct a dam-head to arrest the flow of the waters from the Mediterranean through Lake Timsah, and to form an enormous reservoir from which the overflow will be discharged into the Lakes. Careful investigations have led to the conclusion that it will need about five months to fill the enormous area of the Bitter Lakes, so as not to damage the works, or impede the progress of the labourers in the other parts of the Canal. It is a vast enterprise to let the waters of two oceans into a basin upwards of 100,000 acres in extent.

The party mounted horses and made for Chalouf, to which we came after a pleasant canter over the Desert. The station consists of a few houses of wood, and workshops, erected on a small plateau of sand. Here there have been some very curious remains dug up—sharks' teeth (one of which Professor Owen carried off with glee), wood-work apparently belonging to an ancient sluice in the Canal of Pharaoh Necos, some hieroglyphicized tablets, and a part of a monolithic image. It may be noted that

a traveller will find the sign-board at any rate of a “*Hôtel du Canal Maritime*” there. It was 1.30 P.M. when we halted, and after lunch we mounted our horses once more, and rode to the station of the Suez railway, where we bade farewell to the fair ladies, whom we most likely were never to see again, and watched them flying at full speed over the Desert back to Ismailia, till they were hid by the intervening sand-hills. The party crossed the old canal of Pharaoh Necos (Darius’ Canal), which has been filled with fresh water, and a special carriage and engine took us on towards Suez.

Sails and boats were visible on our left, where the Fresh-Water Canal and the Maritime Canal run almost parallel to the railroad. To complete the civilized air of the place, once sacred to solitude, sand, simooms, and Bedouins, telegraph posts and wires flank our course. Once more, after a run of half an hour, we left the railroad, and, mounting a fresh set of horses, proceeded along the line of the Canal works to Suez. They presented a very striking picture. The work here is very much like that in the northern sections, when the Canal was first begun. Salt blocks, and earth, and sand, and stone are being cut away, by the incessant exertion of upwards of 7,000 men. The course of

the Canal is marked out in sections, separated by dams of various thicknesses and heights. As we rode along the bank, formed of the earth excavated by these hybrid multitudes, we beheld such a scene of activity as Egypt never saw since the days of the Pyramids. A Londoner may form some idea of it by a peep into a great cutting of the Metropolitan Railway—if he fancies it ten times as broad and five times as deep, and fills it in his mind's eye with camels, asses, and half-naked Gentiles from all the swarming multitudes of the East. At intervals, on the banks, are fixed steam-engines, which drag up laden carts on one line of rail to discharge their contents over the rapidly increasing embankment at each side, whilst the empty carts are let down on another line of rails by a chain, so that the two lines are worked simultaneously. The soil is of a mixed character. Sometimes there is a section of clay, like that of the Lower Nile bed—sometimes calcareous limestone—sometimes sand; the amount of infiltration between the beds necessitates the use of engines to pump out the intensely salt water. The native workmen often sleep in the recesses, or in holes cut in the side, of the banks they have made, covered with loose planks. At every hundred paces or so there is a rude cabin made of nailed deal

boards, in which the European, whatever he may be—Frenchman, Italian, or Greek—has his domicile. For seven or eight miles we rode along the bank of this curious highway, crossing culverts, riding under water ducts, where the steam-engines were pumping out water or letting down trucks, and continually intercepting lines of asses and camels passing up and down the incline between the top of the bank and the bottom of the Canal. At last, far away, the high mountains over Suez came in sight, and presently we beheld the masts of ships in the road, and the houses of Suez itself. A few minutes more, and we see at the end of the vast trench the great arm of an elevator, which must be afloat. Again a few minutes, and there lies a filled canal before us. We dismount and leave our horses to the syces. There is a steamer waiting at the dam-head. We embark. A few kilometres more, and there comes another dam in view. We land here, and walk along the bank of the Canal, not yet filled, but deeply cut and scooped out, and alive with labourers. From the top of the bank a wide expanse of sand, now and then submerged by the sea, stretches away to Suez on our right. On the left, across the Canal, a sad fawn-coloured desert spreads over to the hills which rise above

the undulating lowlands of Arabia. It was almost with a sense of awe we looked at the Red Sea far away, waiting so tranquilly to be let in to its old domains. Our walk is terminated by another dam, at the far side of which there was a canal filled with water, on which several elevators were busily engaged. Here two steam-launches awaited us. We embark once more. This time we are at the end of our journey.

“Messieurs ! nous flottons maintenant sur les eaux de la Mer Rouge!” The sun had set in a blood-red arch over “the Plain of the Wandering” ere we embarked, and our course down the Canal was only lighted by the lanterns in the vessels. But the lights of Suez could now and then be seen astern of us, on our starboard side. The steamers were fast, and in less than an hour we had turned the end of the long jetty which runs into the sea and marks the course of the canal, and passing the Arab dows and native boats which lay along the course of the newly-formed pier on the western side of the entrance, landed at the Hotel Pier. What a change in Suez since I saw it in 1858! When the canal works began, there were only 3,000 people in the town. There are now 20,000, and the greater part of the increase has taken place in

the last year and a half. The last time I was here one Egyptian sloop of war, a sailing vessel, a few Arab dows, and one Peninsular and Oriental steamer, were in port. There were visible, by the light of the setting sun this evening, five large steamers belonging to the Messagéries Impériales, two French frigates, a French corvette, a French gunboat, one Egyptian passenger-ship for pilgrims to Jeddah, five Egyptian men-of-war, and H.M.'s transport *Jumna*, with troops from Bombay. Ali Bey was waiting to receive us, for we were once more the guests of the Viceroy. The dinner was worthy of one of the best hotels of Europe, the wines excellent, and when the banquet was over we were informed that there was—in Suez, mind—an excellent *café chantant*, where French artistes were delighting a polyglot fez-capped public with the latest Parisian songs à la Thérèse.

January 29th.—The early part of the day was devoted to an examination of the Suez Canal Company. Indian passengers of a few years ago will remember the great spread of sands just awash at low tide, between the hotel pier and the roadstead where the Peninsular and Oriental steamers were wont to anchor. Well, there is now cast over this a line of railway, not yet open, but nearly ready

for traffic, which will take goods and passengers to and from the docks in course of construction. There is also a causeway extending almost parallel with the railroad to the establishment where the Suez Canal Company has formed a basin for its floating matériel, with extensive offices. Here, among other curious things, may be seen heaps of wooden fragments of ships, about which M. de Lesseps has his own theory. As they have been carried up by the dredges, from places not far apart, it is just possible they may be the wrecks of the caravels which were sunk in a famous sea-fight off Suez, some 400 years ago, when the Portuguese, rounding the Cape, found their way up here, and were encountered by the Venetian galleys and the fleet of their Turkish allies.

The Bassin de l'Arsenal is well worth a visit. A dry dock, upwards of 400 feet long, has been made by order of the Egyptian Government. This dock is but a part of Port Ibrahim, but the works on the basin are apparently suspended. It was suggested by the Messageries Impériales; and the Vice-roy, who desired to have the means of repairing the vessels he keeps in the Red Sea, gave them permission to make a contract for the execution. They employed M. Dussaud, whose name is well

known in connection with the great undertakings at Cherbourg, at Marseilles, and at Smyrna. The manner in which the dock has been executed does credit to the firm. There was now a large Egyptian vessel in it, and Captain Pickard, of the *Jumna*, told us he had taken her in and found the dock of great use. Whilst the party were going over the works, they were joined by Djemali Pasha, the Egyptian admiral, a smart little man in new uniform, the effect of which was somewhat impaired by his drawers falling down over his shoes. But for his fez he might have passed muster for a European flag-flier. With him were some Arab officers and sailors, one of whom eyed me with great suspicion as I was entering little notes in my drawing-book. At last his feelings were too strong for him; he stole behind the Admiral, pulled his coat-tail, and directed his attention to my proceedings. The Admiral looked, shrugged his shoulders, and went on with an expression of face which seemed to say, “I can’t help it if they blow up the whole port!”

If the Suez Canal Company were the national representatives of France, the Government of the Viceroy might find ground for apprehension. The extremity of the extended railway, the mercantile

terminus, the embouchures of the Canal, will be in the hands of the Company. The entrances to Port Ibrahim will be free towards the sea, but towards the north-east they will be in connection with the naval establishment, as it may be called, of the Suez Canal Company. It is perfectly sure, however, that not only cannot the Suez Canal Company go to war with any one, but that war would be one of the most terrible disasters that could befall the shareholders.

Having inspected the basins and docks, the party embarked in a little steamer and ran out to the Jumna, which was filled with drafts of the 77th, 88th, 38th Regiments, &c., and some artillery from India. The ship was as clean as a transport can be with 700 men on board; but the pale faces of the men, and the wan white children, told their tale of barrack life in India. There was scarcely a ruddy cheek, and many a very white one, among the whole of the poor fellows. As we were on the main deck, a little girl ran out of a group of playfellows to a hospital orderly, and exclaimed in triumph, “Oh! I’ve seen the dead man! I’ve seen the dead man!” The Red Sea exacts heavy tolls from the homeward bound.

There was just time on our return to shore to

take another run through the bazaars, which still present a good picture of Oriental life. The old back streets are wonderfully tumble-down and picturesque, but the main thoroughfares are Judaized, and Chinese pictures and Paris photographs are to be had, which it would be much better not to have.

At half-past 2 the party left Suez by special train, and arrived in their quarters at the Palace on the Schoubra Road, Cairo, soon after 8 o'clock.

Everything just as they left it; rooms, servants, lights, banquets. Ali Risa went off to the Viceroy, to render an account of the trip. The excursion had afforded amusement and instruction to every one of the party, varying, indeed, in kind. Mr. Fowler was full of engineering facts and interesting details. Professor Owen had added, if that were possible, to the stores of his scientific knowledge. He had beheld with rapture the impress of a bare foot upon the desert sand, which he said filled him with particular emotion, as it gave him an idea how the marks read now with such interest were made millions of years ago in primeval Sandstone. Each entertained a different shade of belief, respecting the work itself; and if the sanguine regarded the Canal as a *fait accompli* for the 15th

of October, others postponed the date, and believed it would take much more time and money ere the triumph was achieved. But all were impressed by the magnitude of the undertaking, and admitted that it had attained a development for which they were not prepared. In acknowledging the candour and courtesy of their late companions, there was a natural regret that, from various causes, our countrymen had been led to look on the enterprise with a feeling stronger than coldness, and that to France, or at least to Frenchmen, would belong the great renown which must follow from the completion of the Canal that promises to do so much for the civilized world.

CHAPTER V.

HEKEKAN BEY.—THE MUSEUM AT BOULAK.—KASR-EL-NIL.—THE CONSULAR TRIBUNALS.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IN CAIRO.

FOR some days, whilst waiting the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Cairo, we had nothing to do, except visit places of interest. We knew the Ariadne had left Trieste on the 27th, and that she was contending with the waves of the Adriatic.

The delay afforded opportunity to make purchases, to inspect bazaars and mosques, and to partake of the hospitalities which the Viceroy was bent upon dispensing.

Dining with Count Waldstein, one night, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Hekekan Bey, an Armenian gentleman resident in Cairo, whose name is mentioned in almost every book or letter written about that city. Formerly in the service of the Viceroy, he has retired in his old age, yet green and vigorous, to pursue his researches after the mystic meaning of the old Egyptian

monuments, and to cultivate his critical faculties in the pursuit of the true character of civilization, the religious, philosophical, and metaphysical formulæ, of which so many traces lie around him in the land of his adoption. One of the old régime, he is not, perhaps, so favourably impressed with the somewhat violent efforts of the Government to civilize the Egyptians of to-day, as he might be. A Christian, and a freemason, and a mathematician, he is a profound believer in the immense extent and profundity of ancient Egyptian knowledge. To hear him speak, one would believe that, in astronomy, the Egyptians of the time of Pharaoh were, at least, as well versed as the Astronomer Royal. His conversation was, to us all, singularly interesting, instructive, and novel. Speaking English with the greatest purity and ease (and, indeed, what language does he not speak?) the graceful old Armenian was wont to sit for hours telling us of adventures amongst the Arabs of the desert, when he was out surveying for the Government in times gone by, or propounding with the utmost animation his astounding theories concerning the nature of Egyptian monuments, to which he attributed the deepest significance to be understood only by the instructed.

I was much interested by a visit which I paid my friend one day at his house. It was close to our so-called palace, surrounded by a lofty wall, enclosing a courtyard in front and a large garden in the rear. At the gateway slumbered an ancient janitor, who pointed to the courtyard and called out lazily to one of the servants within, when I asked for his master. Three of the Bey's horses, half-buried in the green pulse which is now given in enormous quantities to cattle to prepare them for the summer droughts, stood at one side of the hall-door in the court. A dromedary, beautifully caparisoned, was in another corner, with its attendant by its head. Some goats were feeding in another place close to a great Syrian house-dog, and a couple of syces, with their heads covered, were sleeping in the shade of a tree. I passed through the hall to an inner court, where an Arab met me. He led me upstairs to the library, where the venerable Bey sat, at a desk covered with piles of manuscript in inscrutable characters, feeding on books.

About this Arab there is a little story. He is a real child of the desert. When quite a boy, his leg was broken by a fall from a camel. Hekekan Bey set the limb, and won the man's affection so thoroughly that he renounced his nomad life, and

is now a staid domestic in the house. After a while he went off to the desert, and there married a woman of his tribe. But nothing would induce her to abandon her people. Periodically she comes to Cairo and visits her husband, and after a few days she returns to the desert. Although full of gratitude to the Bey for his kindness to her husband, she has never yet let him see her face. She sits veiled in his presence; and only to the ladies of his household does she uncover.

I was presented to the wife of the Bey, and to the wife of his son. The latter speaks French with fluency; but I could only carry on conversation with the elder lady by the assistance of the Bey, who occasionally had to translate some lively invective against his studies and pursuits from Syrian into English. Coffee was brought in by a young negress. Slavery is prohibited in Egypt; but, nevertheless, there are in the houses of nearly every Egyptian, who can afford to pay for them, natives of Nubia, Abyssinia, and the Soudan, in a condition which may be called voluntary slavery. They could, we are told, go to the police-stations and claim their liberty. But they do not. Some doubting philosophers maintain that the abolition of slavery is more a form of speech than a fact.

Any way, this black handmaid would not leave her home for the world. Where, indeed, could she be so well off as in the house of this considerate master, who never could regard a human creature as a chattel?

One of the most pleasant excursions during our stay in Cairo, was to the Museum of Antiquities at Boulak, a suburb on the Nile, which is regarded as the port of Cairo. Every one who is interested in Egyptian antiquities has heard, at all events, of Mariette Bey; but only those who have seen this admirable collection can appreciate the immense services he has rendered to antiquaries and to historians, as only those who have conversed with him can appreciate his felicity of illustration, variety of knowledge, and vivacity of expression.

The preparations for the Royal reception received some impetus or development every day. The Palace in which their Royal Highnesses and suite were to lodge became more brilliant with chandeliers and mirrors, and damask hangings. Bedsteads of solid silver, mirrors set in costly frames, luxurious ottomans, were poured into the place. Dozens of gardeners were employed to force the vegetation of some flowers in the patch of sandy soil between the walls of the Palace and the railing that

separates it from the street. The new theatre, or circus, was pushed rapidly forward, men toiling night and day. Fresh coats of paint, and more gilding, were laid on the boats of the Royal flotilla. A menagerie arrived. A troop of dancers. Cooks were summoned from Alexandria. Stores of provisions laid in sufficient, one would think, for a journey after Livingstone himself.

Every morning the first question asked was, “Any news of the Prince and Princess?”

Ali Bey, reflecting the Viceregal emotions, became uneasy. I saw him one morning, in company with another Bey, sitting in our garden under a tree, consoling himself with a pipe and coffee whilst the breakfast was getting ready. “These things,” said he, “are in the hands of God; *He* must know the Prince has now been 144 hours at sea.” It is not an all-pervading belief in the actual presiding influence of the Almighty which makes every Oriental speak in some such fashion; it is a habit of expression with many. The reprobate cobbler, who never gives the smallest thought to the injunctions of the Koran, has an inscription over his door from the sacred volume invoking the protection of God, and begins his day’s work, or idleness, with a pious ejaculation from the same source.

On 2nd February, returning from an excursion through the town, and a visit to Mr. Ivanovich's remarkable collection of curiosities and antiquities, the Duke received a dispatch from Colonel Stanton, to announce that the Ariadne was just crossing the Bar. The Viceroy was in readiness in his Palace; guards were paraded; all the personages of the Court were in full uniform; cooks were busy preparing the feast, when a later telegram announced it was an error. It was the Psyche, which had been taken for the Ariadne—the Soul for the Flesh—not an uncommon mistake.

“What can have become of the Prince and Princess?”

A theory was gaining ground that the Prince and Princess had put into Corfu. All the official world in Cairo was in a ferment.

I say “official world,” because the circle over which such an event exercises any influence in Egypt is small indeed. Hundreds, nay, thousands of people in Cairo, know nothing about the coming visit. To the apathy of an Oriental race, in all matters except religion, must be added an immense ignorance.

Wednesday, February 3rd. — At last they are coming! There is no doubt about it this time. The Viceroy has received a telegram to report

that the Ariadne is coming in hand - over - hand towards Alexandria, with Prince and Princess on board all well.

The Court was once more stirred to its depths. The Viceroy's household was at once roused to the fullest activity.

I have already described the palace of Kasr-el-Nil. It forms but a portion of a series of large buildings occupied by soldiers. As in most cities, the Barrack is not far from the Palace. It would teach the builders of such edifices as some home barracks a lesson in some respects, if they could see the amount of light and air, and at the same time protection from sun and heat, which is afforded in these barracks, by the arrangement of spacious balconies and verandahs. The Viceroy has but to look out of a window, and he will see, on one side, his soldiers, horse and foot, drilling and manœuvring, beneath the shade of the trees, in the broad parade-ground, and, on the other, the boat-covered Nile, its banks teeming with people and vegetation.

The Zouaves of the Guard, with a troop of Lancers, were drawn up in the court, facing the palace. The men appeared too big for the small active white horses, by which they were standing at ease; but there was no fault to find in other respects

with their personnel. They wear a red fez, blue jacket with yellow facings, loose scarlet trousers and boots, and are armed with a sabre, a lance with green and purple flag, and a revolver carried in the holster. Their horses were not well groomed, and their accoutrements were so ill cleaned as to draw an exclamation, not laudatory, from our colonel. Still there is an immense improvement, according to European notions, in the army, since I last saw it ten years ago. In the inner court we found a regiment of infantry drawn up in columns of companies, which might have been mistaken at a little distance for the Zouaves of the Imperial Guard. A closer view would show that the men were taller, and that they were more stiff in bearing. A severe-looking captain was busy adjusting his line, by pressing back protrusive breasts with the flat of his sword, and he threw down one objectionable chin with a smart tap thereon. The officers, but for the fez, would pass muster for those of the army of our gallant allies; gold-lace epaulettes, dark-blue frock coats, small waists, baggy red trousers, patent leather boots—"a sudden look they would beguile." France affords the chosen model of the army of the Vice-roy and Said Pasha spared no pains and expense

to approximate as closely as he could to his well-beloved beau ideal. The men are still armed with muzzle-loading rifles, with cumbrous sights and bright barrels. Just as with us, so here, the soldier, when he has nothing to do, is best pleased to look at a parade ; and the balconies of the spacious quadrangle were filled with the men of another battalion gazing at their fellows.

By the wall of the Palace over the river, where the boats of the Royal flotilla were moored, a crowd of English collected about 4 o'clock. Nor, indeed, were the Americans, who, next to our own people, are the most numerous visitors to Egypt, absent.

The railway sends off a branch to the Palace, and the platform abuts upon the garden, so that a passenger can walk from his carriage to the porch.

Six open carriages, with coachmen, grooms, and outriders, in English liveries, were drawn up in the inner court. As the Viceroy is anxious to patronize both forms of civilization, he has also French fourgons, Normandy horses, French postillions, turned out in the unimpeachable style of M. Fleury's dictatorship under the Second Empire. English horses, carriages, liveries, and servants, for His Highness's personal use, are due, mainly, to the influence of Mr. Smart. A guard of honour, with

standards, was in attendance on the railway platform ; knots of wonderfully brilliant staff officers, of equerries, and aides-de-camp, formed around the entrance to the Palace ; and the great officers of state, in grande tenue, thronged the hall and the passages. It was a very pretty scene, full of colour and light, quickened by the rays of a bright sun, which did not deprive the air of a keenness natives and strangers agree in finding rather trying. The Nile, crisped by a fresh breeze ; a regatta-like fleet of lateen-rigged boats, beating, or running up and down ; the shores lined with palm trees, shaking their tufted crests in the wind ; the irregular outlines of houses, over which appear the tops of the Pyramids,—these formed the background to the picture. In the immediate front the colonnades of the barracks, crowded with soldiers, the lines of troops under arms, officers, and the gaily-dressed crowds of ladies, forming a framework, to the front.

On the arrival of our party, we were shown into the hall, and were summoned to the Viceroy's presence. He was most anxious to know if everything had been done for the accommodation of his expected visitors ; and after a time, His Highness led us into the courtyard, and descending the steps to the Nile, proceeded to conduct us over the

steamers, and the dahabeahs, in which the Royal party were to make the excursion up the river.

No expense had been spared to render the craft, inside and out, worthy of those whom the Viceroy desired to honour. Double - pile carpets to walk upon ; gilt-legged damask-covered chairs to sit upon ; luxurious satin couches to recline upon ; mirrors and brilliant panels to gaze upon ; devices such as Cleopatra never dreamt of, were prepared for the comfort of the Prince and Princess. It was puzzling to decide whether they ought to live on board the steamer, which was intended for their reception by day, or on board the dahabeah which was fitted up for their accommodation by night.

After we had admired everything sufficiently, the Viceroy returned to the Palace, and I had the honour of a conversation in his private reception room. The question of the tribunals mainly exercised him—that question which rises and meets one at every turn in Egypt, and of which I have heard so much since my arrival, and of which most people know so little. “There are sixteen distinct nations living in Egypt,” said the Viceroy, “and each nation is independent of my Courts, and forms a distinct government of its own. They administer sixteen distinct forms of justice, or, as it

often happens, of injustice. How is a country to be governed, how are my subjects to respect the law, when they see foreigners who have every privilege, whilst they are exempt from every service, enjoying a separate jurisdiction, and, although often opposing each other, agreeing invariably in resistance to the authorities of the country in which they live? I ask nothing more than the formation of a court of European judges, to be appointed by the Great Powers, and to be paid by me, who, sitting with Egyptian judges, shall conduct the trial of offences, according to a code accepted by foreigners and by Egyptians alike."

His Highness evidently feels more deeply upon this matter than upon all or any other affecting Egypt.

"Notwithstanding these tribunals," he proceeded, "Egypt has prospered enormously. But we want colonists. I do not mean labourers, for no European could undergo the toil of the fellah who is obliged to work with his body in the sun, and his feet in the water, day after day, for many months; but intelligent artizans, workmen of various sorts, and skilled mechanics, to whom my Government would offer large advantages, liberal pay, and grants of land. There is no fear of any fanatical opposition to their

settlement. We in Egypt are really liberal, and admit the existence of religious differences amongst us. We do not insist upon the profession of any faith as an essential condition of public service. Let a man be honest and capable, and I care not whether he be Armenian, Catholic, or Mussulman ; but before colonization is possible, the question of the Consular tribunals must be settled."

Among the causes assigned by the Viceroy for some little check to the progress of Egypt recently, was the epizootie. Strange to hear the Pharaoh of to-day speaking of the cattle plague in terms that might have been used by the King who would not let the people of Israel go ! The murrain which destroyed oxen, camels, sheep, and goats, did not affect the buffalo. A learned Egyptian, in talking of this, insinuated that the cattle of the children of Israel which were exempted from the plague were buffaloes ; but there appears to be no warranty for this interpretation of the miracle.

From time to time there came in officers with little scraps of paper to the Viceroy, and, handing them to him with a low reverence, they stood till His Highness had read. These were telegrams reporting the progress of the Prince and Princess. "They are now an hour from Alexandria."—"They

have had lunch."—"They are coming on again."—"They have passed such a station." As the train came nearer, the Viceroy was more at ease; for the fear of accident, little likely as it was, could not quite be dismissed from his mind.

It was now near 5 o'clock. The last telegram came in: "The Royal train is approaching Cairo."

"And now I must go and put on my uniform." He had been wearing that very un-Oriental garb which is in favour among Oriental personages, the Quaker-cut single-breasted black frock coat.

In a few moments more we heard the whistle of the engine, the officers calling the troops to attention in Arabic, the band on the platform striking up "God save the Queen," which degenerated, or was elevated, into that quaint air which serves as the Egyptian national hymn,—wild, martial, and not unmusical.

The Viceroy passed through the garden from his Palace, followed by a great crowd of his officers of state, of the army, of the navy, and of his suite. He wore a blue frock coat, which was a mass of gold lace—that rich Egyptian lace, more golden and splendid than similar manufacture in any place I have been in—the riband of the Order of the Bath, and star of diamonds; a curved scimitar, the hilt of which

seemed a great concrete of diamonds; and the universal fez, which it is impossible to ornament, and which mars the effect of uniform, however magnificent. He arrived on the platform just as the American carriage, in which were the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite, slowly drew alongside. There was a real cheer from the English as the Prince and Princess appeared. The Viceroy, stepping forward, welcomed them in the most cordial manner, and led the way with the Princess of Wales upon his arm, the Prince, who wore his full uniform as a general officer, being a little in advance.

There was a brief delay inside the Palace ere the royal travellers reappeared. The Prince of Wales, coming out first, stepped into a handsome open carriage with two pair of fine English greys, and took his seat with his back to the horses. The Princess of Wales, leaning on the arm of the Viceroy, was next handed in. Then came a little difficulty. The Viceroy would insist upon the Prince changing places. The Prince demurred. But who could resist the Viceroy in Egypt? And so, after this interchange of courtesies, the Royal party drove off, with the Viceroy facing his guests, who sat in the place of honour. Tewfik Pasha handed Mrs. Grey into

the next carriage ; and the members of the suite went off in order in the equipages provided for them, the escort of Lancers having wheeled in after the first carriage and covered the others with the dust, which arises on the least provocation in Cairo. The reception given to their Royal Highnesses was enthusiastic. Waving handkerchiefs, upraised hats, and cheers, marked the welcome of the response of the English and European spectators ; but when the cortége emerged from the Palace gates, and passed out along the dusty road towards the new Palace, they met only the half-scared look of the crowd which, swept away for a moment by the cavalcade against the walls, fell out into the streets again, and watched with a sort of languid curiosity the cloud which marked the progress of the party towards their new home—for home it was, so far as the Viceroy could make it so. There was a guard of honour at the gates of the Esbekiah Palace, there were aides-de-camp in waiting, and the crowd of deferential servants in the hall. The Viceroy led his guests in, showed them over the rooms, and then retired. It was almost like living in public to be in rooms where numberless mirrors turned one man into a crowd. Four-posters of

silver, marble fountains, furniture clotted with precious metals, immense chandeliers, and gigantic looking-glasses in prodigious saloons, failed to give the air which only can be realized in the palaces of an ancient civilization, where pictures and objects of art, and books, and a hundred little evidences of taste, have been accumulated for generations. One gentleman of the suite had to sleep in an apartment very like an unfinished metropolitan church, with a marble floor, and a most costly fountain of the same material, which in its mercy, however, had given up playing.

After dinner there was a performance at the theatre, to which the Prince and Princess and suite went. The Viceroy received them at the opera-house, and sat with them during the performance. It was not a theatre paré, but all the officers of state were present, and the house was tolerably well filled. In the pit there was an audience, most of them wearing the fez, a few the Coptic turban, others dressed in European fashion; no ladies. The boxes presented little to distinguish them, but for the intrusion of the inevitable tarboosh, and the quaint head-dress and faces of the negro servitors. Four boxes were set apart for the suite. Directly opposite the Prince and Princess were two large

boxes, next the stage, in front of which was a lattice-work, from top to bottom, close and fine—so close, indeed, as to render it impossible for a searching opera-glass to pierce its mysteries. These boxes were not empty, for a certain variation of colour in the background, and a play of bright hues inside, showed that the ladies of the harem, nearly invisible to the outer world, were inside seeing everything. Was it because a gap at the lattice-work allowed a curious stranger to get a glimpse of a face within, that an envious mat was suddenly thrust into it by a black-faced, beardless gentleman in attendance? It is said that the Viceroy is meditating a great coup. That lattice-work is some day to disappear, and the ladies of the court are to sit unveiled in the presence of the people. But that day, from all I can hear, must be long distant. The pieces—"Le Serment d'Horace" and "Contributions Indirectes"—imported from the Palais Royal, seemed not unsuited to the Cairo audience. They took the points, laughed at the jokes, applauded the morceaux when the Viceroy deigned to nod; and if there was a little broadness of tone in dialogue and acting, there was certainly nothing of the wantonness of undress which we see at home in Christmas pantomime.

mimes. The theatre is about the size of the Haymarket. There is a café attached to it, a restaurant, a bouquetière, bills of the play, and a saloon where smokers congregate between the acts. And when you go out into the street, there is the fellah lying on the bare earth, wrapped in his cloak, and the wild dogs baying the moon, and the police calling out the Arab watchwords of the night.

The contrast is striking to a stranger, because he is looking out for such anomalies. Perhaps if he were passing through the purlieus of Drury Lane or Covent Garden after the performance of play or opera, he would, on examination, discover a more discordant, significant, and terrible antithesis. The fellah is not a freeborn Briton with innumerable proud privileges—he is to the manner born, and can sleep where and how he lists, without fear of vagrant laws, police cells, or magistrates. When I was conversing with the Viceroy to-day, I took the liberty of expressing the regret with which I saw children of tender years employed mending the streets of Cairo, in charge of task-masters. His Highness regretted it too; but he had his retort.

“ You have also in London, my dear, your little Arabs—*vos Arabes de la rue*. I have seen them.

I am quite sure they are far more to be pitied than the little ones of whom you speak, each of whom has some one to care for it, and who is at least not a criminal, nor likely to become a pest to society."

The "smiting" which was in vogue long ago in the land, is a habit which does not, however, appear so shocking to us, perhaps, as it must be to other foreigners. There is much more use of the hand in England, and among Anglo-Saxon populations —of the argument called a "blow"—than on the Continent. To strike one who displeases us is a natural expedient, only to be restrained by fear or coerced by law—either of public opinion or of police. But in Egypt it would seem as if no one dreamt of resisting the application of it on the part of a superior, or of obtaining redress. Whoever can hit, cuff, or kick, does it freely. Sir Anthony Absolute's mode of ruling a household, and its results, may be seen any day in the streets. There was a curious illustration of this rule the other morning near Shepheard's Hotel. Two men had a dispute over some matter of sale, and from words one of them, the larger and stronger, resorted to a sounding box on the eye of his antagonist. The latter put his hand to his face, looked round with one glaring

orb at the crowd which had been collected by the controversy, and singling out a laughing donkey-boy, administered to him a tremendous cuff on the side of the head. A few yards away there sat a child of eight or nine years of age against the wall of a house, innocently sucking a piece of sugar-cane. The donkey-boy at once charged him, and kicked him in the ribs. The little fellow looked up, uttered a cry of rage, and seizing a large paving-stone which lay close at hand, flung it—at the donkey-boy?—oh, certainly not! but at a poor street dog, which lay asleep close at hand. The dog immediately went off howling, and no doubt bit a small puppy to ease its mind; and what revenge the puppy took is beyond my knowledge, but no doubt he did something vindictive in his turn.

February 4th.—A bright sun and cold wind. The Royal party were up early, and drove in carriages through the bazaar to the Citadel, to see the departure of the pilgrims with the Holy Carpet to Mecca.

Of the thousands of Europeans who visit Cairo, there are few who have the fortune to behold the spectacle, which may be described in many books to me unknown, but which can never be adequately described in any book at all. The sight is called

"the departure of the Pilgrims for Meeea." That is a misnomer. It is in reality a procession of sheiks and holy men and the sacred Mahmal and Kisweh, escorted by irregular cavalry and guns, which leaves the city to go out to the real pilgrims encamped on the plain outside Cairo. The Mahmal is a wooden canopy covered with gold brocade and silk, which is symbolical of the litter of Sheger-ed-Deen, the wife of the Sultan Es-Saleh-Nebn-ed-Deen, on her journey to Mecca. The Kisweh is the covering which is put over the Raabeh, in the Temple at Mecca. Several days ago the pilgrims set out from Cairo, and encamped on the Abbasaya. What rites and ceremonies they may have been since performing, inside and out, I know not; but last night all sightseers were warned that the ceremonial was to come off soon after 9 o'clock. At that hour the Viceroy's carriages were in waiting at the Prince's Palace, and a guard of honour, with a trumpet band, was drawn up in the open space between the building and the street. There were very few people attracted by the show of horses and guards; but the crowds which gathered in the narrow streets through which the procession was to pass, gave proof of the enormous population of this swarming city. The Prince, Princess, and suite,

attended by the Duke of Sutherland and his party, set out about 10 o'clock, and drove to the open space beneath the Citadel, famous as the scene of the demolition of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali. They were preceded by horsemen, and by the running footmen who are the heralds of every carriage in Cairo—by night pillars of fire; by day bounding with feet that never tire before the horses, crying out incessantly in Arabic, freely translated, “Mind your toes!” or, “Look out, there!” To a man of cruel or arbitrary disposition the office must be enviable, for it gives, apparently, a right to the bearer to smite whatever and whomever he pleases. The number of unoffending men, and camels, and asses punished in Cairo every day by smart raps of a long cane, for doing nothing at all but being alive, by these officials, must amount to many hundreds; and they all bear it with equal mind and body. The route from the Prince’s Palace to the Citadel lies through a part of the town which is, perhaps, the most striking and interesting of all Cairo. Familiar as the city is to European travellers, there is about its streets an ingredient of what may be understood, though not defined, by the word “Orientalism,” which is ever suggesting new ideas, or reviving old ones. A good deal of

interest, no doubt, is due to the belief which unconsciously underlies the spectator's wonder that he is looking at people who are in thought, dress, and habits very much what they were many centuries ago, and who, all alive, are yet as dead as if they were mummified for all the purposes of this progressive, practical, prosaic half-century. The streets wind in and out at discretion, through a mass of houses, mosques, and bazaars, very much as mites march through a cheese. The word "street" gives no conception of the lane which scarcely ever yields a view of 100 yards in front or behind, and which at times seems to end abruptly in the cordial greeting of two houses at opposite sides. There is quite enough to detain the stranger for a pleasant ten minutes—for every ten paces if he likes—to loiter and be jostled by asses and shoved aside by the crowd, or scared by growling, fierce-toothed camels. There are the shops, with their varied stores and still more varied owners and customers, the incorrigible, persecuting, stick-disregarding donkey-boys, who never desist from importunate solicitation to mount "Champagne Charley," "Lord John Russell," "Palmerston," or some other famous quadruped with long ears and indomitable back-bone. Over the shops rises the

lattice-windowed frontage of the houses, sometimes projecting from the drawing-room floor upwards on frail beams, sometimes coyly retiring, seldom guilty of a real perpendicular. While all below is life, and noise, and activity, from the first floor upwards there is silence in the house. Now and then a child may be caught sight of at the lattice, or a draped face gleams out of a pair of inquiring eyes on the world below; but mostly there is a blank in the Egyptian quarter. To-day this was changed, and all womankind was enjoying its rare holyday, and enjoying it more, perhaps, too, than its sisterhood in England would if it were all going off to the poll, headed by Miss Becker and Mr. Mill, to record its vote for some political Apollo Belvedere. The women, clad in sweeping robes, which in their combination form such tempting, yet distracting subjects, for the artist who loves to paint masses of coloured drapery, sat with their children chattering in every safe recess in the streets. They gazed out of the latticed windows, through the sluice-like open traps, and through the open casements, crowded the flat roofs, swarmed on the mosque-tops, and clustered in the doorways. If eyes can be an index to the character of the rest of the face, many of the ladies must have been very beautiful; but

some showed the ravages of ophthalmia, which the artifice of blackened eyebrows only made more evident. The men and boys of the different nations and faiths which have their representatives here—Arabs, Jews, Copts, Syrians, Egyptians, Turks, Franks, Nubians, Albanians, Anatolians, Greeks, Persians, Circassians, “barbarians,” and dwellers in *partibus infidelium*, dressed each after his kind, lined the streets and sat in the bazaar shops, and on the shifting kaleidoscopic multitude, over which the fine dust rose from the tread of many feet, there came down, through the chinks in the latticed screen which covers in the street, rays of sunshine which produced the most striking and charming effects. Through this scene imagine camels plodding along with ponderous loads of green vetches, asses hidden under mounds of vegetables and tares for fodder, or laden with important portions of a small family; horses and ponies, and their riders; mules and dromedaries, with their turbaned or veiled burdens; and then, pressing through the throng, an advance guard of native outriders, followed by a host of running footmen, in front of an open carriage with prancing horses, driven by an unmistakable British coachman,—and fancy the expression of delight and surprise on the fair face, dear to so

many millions of people in islands far away. Now and then, when a refractory camel blocked the path, or a dog gave warning of some small personal grief, or the carriage was caught at a narrow corner by stray dromedaries with far-extending platforms on their backs, the Princess evinced a transient anxiety. The good humour of the people, their civility and temper, as carriage after carriage came crushing and squeezing them out of the roadway into shop-fronts and side lanes — nay, even the placidity of holy men and dervishes of renown, whose donkeys and camels were cuffed, and whose venerable persons were shoved unceremoniously aside—were much to be commended. At last the cortége emerged into the open space below the Citadel. Here, round the sides of a large extent of cleared ground, were drawn up the troops of the line, Lancers and Zouaves of the Guard, and the 400 irregular cavalry which were to guard the pilgrims and escort the treasure annually sent to the sheiks of the Arab tribes and to Mecca. Behind this line were congregated crowds of people. They were on the citadel walls, on the flat roofs, and on the sides of the mosques, wherever they could see; and above them all shone a bright sun in a sky of heavenly blue. As the Prince and Princess of

Wales came in sight, the troops presented arms along the lines, the irregular cavalry tapped their little saucer-like drums, and the bands saluted with the Zouave “As tu vu la casquette, &c., de Père Bugeaud,” now familiar to so many Britishers. The carriages drove up to a raised dais, draped with curtains of scarlet and gold, and provided with chairs, where the Viceroy’s eldest son, Tewfik Pasha, surrounded by the officers of State in full uniform, received them. Seats were provided for the Consular body and their friends and the principal residents and visitors. Indeed, a white face, a bad hat and shabby travelling clothes, seem to be a passport here to every place. The Prince made the acquaintance of the little Pasha, the Viceroy’s youngest son, who was beautiful in scarlet stockings, scarlet and gold knickerbockers, and a cream-coloured jacket slashed with gold lace. The superior officers, mounted on their richly caparisoned Arabs, sat in front of the dais. After a time the head of the procession emerged from under an archway at the opposite side of the esplanade. It was preceded by men with sticks to keep away the crowd, who certainly “kept their sticks going” in a way which would astonish a line of beaters in a home covert. Then came men and boys chanting and shouting

in front of the camels, one of which bore the Mahmal. Some sustained lofty saddles and saddle bags, decorated with orange branches and short flag-staffs with banners ; others carried holy hadjees or sheiks. One was honoured by a peculiar, if not agreeable load—a very sainted personage, whose great merit it was and is, to keep turning his head round on his neck, as if it were fixed on a universal joint, all the way to Mecca. This man, very crass and unctuous, was bare headed ; his grizzled, dirty-looking locks, divided in the centre, being his only covering from the blazing sun of Arabia. His body was stripped down to the waist, and gave evidence that, in spite of his head turnings, the holy man put on flesh wonderfully. His eyelids were half closed, his fat face had an utter want of expression, quite suitable to the head it belonged to, which went round and round at every jog of the much more intelligent-looking camel which he bestrode. Year after year this saint has turned his empty head, and seems none the worse —nay, all the better for it ; though thousands of his fellow-pilgrims, who do not turn their heads, perish miserably in the pilgrimage. When the holy camel of the Kisweh came to the dais, the Pasha was handed one of the holy cords, and kissed it, and

then the chief sheik took it and kissed it, and the procession of camels, of singing men and shouting boys, defiled twice in a circle in front of the dais, while the guns of the citadel thundered out a salute, and then marched away towards the city to take part in the greater procession. Now, dashing at full speed from the end of the esplanade, came a solitary horseman holding a long quivering lance, which he poised across his saddle, and now and then thrust right and left. This was the leader of the irregular horsemen, "the Lord of the Land," a great chief in Egypt this day. He threw his horse on his haunches with a cruel bit, wheeled round, wielding but not throwing his lance, and careless of the multitude, which now broke into the enclosed space and pressed round the dais. It is the habit to give money annually at this festival, and frightful fighting and confusion ensued; but in consideration for the Princess it was not observed. The results of a scramble might be guessed from the scene which occurred when the police and the cavalry had to clear the way through the "people" in a way which would have done Superintendent Walker good to see. Sticks? I should think so. Bludgeons! Whips! It rained blows on the heads and shoulders

of King Mob, who has a very hard time of it. How no skull was cracked was a marvel to those who opine the Egyptian cranium is not solid. But no corpses were left on the ground, and the carriages drove off to see the procession. The route lay now through narrow lanes and streets in which there was scarcely a sign of life. Here and there a workman, more industrious or less religious than his fellows, sat cross-legged beside a heap of cakes or sweetmeats, and a few inhabitants wondering at the sight of the passing carriages. After a time, however, we came out into the crowded thoroughfare, and, with greater difficulty than before, the little cortége made its way through the people to the house provided for the accommodation of the Prince and Princess. Passing through an open porte-cochère, where the Prince and Princess were received by gentlemen in waiting, the party ascended a steep staircase which led to two large rooms furnished with carpets and divans, the open windows of which looked on the street. Far as the eye could reach, up and down, and on either side, it was crowded in the same way as the part of the city which I have already tried to describe.

Pipes and coffee were brought in by the servants, and unaccustomed lips made some slight experi-

ment on the massive amber mouthpieces. But a hum and bustle in the crowd summoned the party to the windows. Round a turn in the street there came in view an irregular multitude, preceded by horsemen tapping small saucer-like drums, and by men on foot with sticks and balls slung to cords like those used by jugglers at home, who cleared the way for a very motley, picturesque, and eccentric procession of footmen, marching abreast—four, or five, or six in front. The turbans worn by each section of orthodox sects were of the same colour. Banners—green, and white, and yellow, inscribed with texts from the Koran—every few yards, were borne in pairs, suspended from lofty poles with gilt tops. There were many hundreds of these banners, which are stored up carefully by the sheiks when the ceremony is over. Between the banner-bearers came men and boys uttering shrill cries, or chanting in unison, with a certain sort of monotonous sweetness, verses from the Koran. Others marched to the sound of flageolets and drums. Occasionally there appeared some singular, if not revolting, object. Now men, stripped to the waist, holding, by hilt and point, a curved sword, which they pressed against their naked stomachs. The edges were blunt. But the point was not always so, since

an indiscreet sabreur who forgot that fact cut his fingers, to his evident discomfiture. Now, men holding by the tail writhing serpents, three or four feet long, which darted out their forked tongues at the bare legs of the shrinking crowd. Anon, it was a shirtless man, who leapt about, brandishing two unsheathed swords across his neck and belly. Now a group of boys slinging balls of metal, like cup and ball, or burning incense in braziers. Again venerable men on asses and mules, inveterate old pilgrims in long-robed dresses, descendants of the Prophet, in green turbans. Men with big drums, cripples and mendicants who live on piety and exceeding uncleanliness of person, men singing and beating cymbals, and tambourines. The strains of martial music announced the approach of the Egyptian troops. They were preceded by the officer in command and his staff, well mounted, and by a picturesque avant-garde of pioneers, with bearskins like those of the Old Guard, white leather aprons, and great axes *en règle*. The first battalion which marched past were tall, well-set-up, fine young men, dressed in fez, light blue jackets, vests with yellow facings, scarlet trousers and gaiters à la Zouave — whose uniform the Egyptians say was borrowed from their army.

They kept time to a man, and, altogether, looked as if they could meet any troops that could be brought against them on equal terms, if officered properly. Breechloaders are not come to them yet.

Three battalions, each headed by its trumpets playing the Zouave pas, went by, and after them the cavalry, with green and purple-flagged lances, swords, and pistols, headed by a band which was described by a young gentleman fresh from England as "a caution to rattlesnakes." Their horses, full of life, were small, active, unshod, ill-cleaned. Their dress, a fez, blue jackets and yellow facings, yellow-striped blue vest, and red trousers. Next came the General of Cairo, with a very showy staff, in front of whom rode a few horsemen with breech-loading revolving carbines. Another detachment of infantry followed. And then the holy camels and the man with the revolving head went by, and after them, flowed on a crowd with banners and devices and dervishes, just like the first. Then the irregular cavalry, beating their tom-toms, mounted on all sorts of horses, armed with many kinds of weapons, having pistols stuck everywhere over them, guns of all kinds in their hands and slung over their backs, and pendant from their saddles. A specimen

of every firearm made for the last 150 years could assuredly have been collected from among their armament. Their music was terrible, and the wild troopers must have been a thorn in the flesh to small boys, as it was their sport to pluck off the fezzes and skull caps of the unwary, and fling them among the crowd or under the hoofs of their shoeless horses. Next, as the end of all things, a field battery of six rifled bronze guns, with two mules to each gun, followed by another tumultuous crowd and mounted men; and at last the tail of the procession, which if long drawn out was by no means always linked sweetness, disappeared round an angle of the street, which was at once filled by the people who had previously lined it. After the procession passed, the Prince and Princess returned to the Palace; and later in the day the Princess drove out quietly with Mrs. Grey through the bazaar, and did a little original shopping. The Prince drove to the Viceregal Palace, visited the Viceroy, and had pipes and coffee, and thence went to the Nile, to inspect the Alexandra dahabeah and the flotilla prepared for the Royal party.

In the course of the afternoon, and somewhat to the discomfiture of refined courtiers, who do not think donkey riding compatible with dignity, some

of the party proceeded in a long train through the bazaars in that fashion, to the great delight of the donkey boys, who soon learned the rank of the distinguished personages who had honoured them with their patronage.



A visit to the Duke of Sutherland's Palace was included in the excursion by the Prince and Princess and suite, and there again pipes and coffee were for the third time presented to them. In the evening “La Grande Duchesse” was represented for the first time in Cairo, and was exceedingly appreciated by the native part of the audience.

February 5th.—At 12 o'clock the Royal party, with the Duke of Sutherland and friends, visited

the New Palace of the Viceroy at Gizeh, on the left bank of the Nile.

The object of building a new palace must be best known to him who is master of so many. Here, certainly, he has succeeded in obtaining one of the most beautiful residences that king or emperor can desire. The palace is not yet finished, but has already cost more than £250,000. It is not alone sumptuous halls, immense saloons, decorated in the most exquisite manner in imitation of the Alhambra, nor gorgeous mirrors, nor chandeliers, nor furniture covered with beaten gold that renders it so. The floors of the rooms are composed of different coloured marbles. The taste and fancy of Europe have been lavished on the architecture of the Moor. It stands in the midst of gardens, set in by a framework of date-palms; one wanders through groves of exotics, and alleys bordered by oriental plants, watered continuously by noble fountains. There is a menagerie of wild beasts close at hand, and cranes, and saruses, and flamingoes stalk about the avenues.

Outside there is a kiosk and a harem, corresponding in richness and finish with the main building. The party proceeded through the bazaar, and thence went to see performances of the dancing dervishes.

Here is one of the holy men ! He does not dance, but spins round like a humming-top. There are some twenty of them, tapering away from the tallest who is in the centre, and the whirling of each has an orbit, so that every man slowly describes an ellipse. There is supposed by the savans to be some astronomical truth typified in the dance—the motions of the



sun and planets—but the dervishes did not look at all philosophical, and they certainly were not indifferent to terrestrial matters in the way of backsheesh. The crowd regarded the performance without enthusiasm ; but I never saw a bishop of any church who looked at all equal to doing the like of it.

The Princess of Wales and Mrs. Grey, in the afternoon, visited the harem of the Viceroy, where they were received by the Valideh, and were pre-

sented to the ladies of the establishment. The Princess was the object of great attention on the part of the ladies during the three hours she remained there, and returned with many pleasant anecdotes.

A donkey ride along the Schoubra Road helped to get over a portion of the day; and after dinner the Royal party went to the theatre, where "*La Belle Hélène*" was performed. Menelaus was certainly to be congratulated on the departure of his faithless spouse, and I am sure Paris bounded nimbly out of his bark when the curtain fell.

There is little else to be done in the evening in Cairo. There are no parties or balls; no receptions which ladies can attend. The Viceroy, however, being desirous of showing His Royal Highness an exhibition of the native dancing and singing, with which the upper classes are entertained in their own houses, invited him and his suite to the Kasr-el-Nil after the play.

We had the opportunity of hearing the Cairo Grisi, a woman of about forty years of age, neither fat, nor fair to look upon, who sang at fitful intervals, to the accompaniment of six chosen musicians. The music put one much in mind of that in Upper India. The lady's voice was somewhat cracked; but there were quaint odd notes, in

which still lingered traces of the melody which she possessed in her youth. Her principal attraction now, however, is said to be her wit and liveliness. She talked to the Viceroy without the smallest gêne; and in a keen encounter of wit between her and Sir Samuel Baker in Arabic, it was said by proficients that the Englishman had the worst of it. There were six women dancers, who performed singly and in pairs.

The Egyptian dance has often been described. Some varieties of it, executed by these ladies, were stated—on what authority I know not—to date from the time of the Pharaohs. Others were content with putting them down roughly at 2,000 years old; to suit the antiquity of the performances, the ladies, with two exceptions, were ancient and mummified.

The gentlemen were seated on divans round the room, and it was considered a mark of attention on the part of the Almeah, or Dancing Girl, to select some particular person whom she fancied to be worthy of her consideration, and to dance specially before him.

It was rather a relief, on the whole, when the Viceroy led the way with the Prince down to supper, from which we did not return to Cairo till half-past 2 in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FROM CAIRO.—THE FLOTILLA.—A FALSE ALARM.—THE FIRST HALT.—THE FIRST NIGHT.—BENISOUEFF.—FESHN.—SHEIK FODL.—THE CHURCH IN EGYPT.—MINIEH.

February 6th.—The entertainment given by the Viceroy last night led to rather a late breakfast; but the Royal party were ready to start at an earlier hour than we expected. At 12 o'clock the Prince of Wales and his suite drove to the Citadel to visit the Viceroy's son, where they had pipes and coffee.

It is the etiquette of the East, that one who is visited by a great personage, should immediately return the compliment; and no sooner had the Prince got back to his palace, than the Pasha made his appearance with his suite, and paid his parting compliments to His Royal Highness; for this was the day of the departure of the two parties from Cairo.

There were beys, and aides, and cavasses flying about in all directions; and a gathering of many officials round the doors of the Prince's palace. There is always a little bustle attendant on the starting of a large party; and our small palace was pretty lively from 10 till 1 o'clock, when all the boxes, portmanteaus, bags, and gun-cases were safely loaded on trucks and sent down to Kasr - el - Nil, where the steamers were moored. The Duke of Sutherland and party went to the railway station to meet Lord Albert Gower and Sir H. Pelly, who were coming from Alexandria, quite unconscious of their fate. They were touring about and had telegraphed to announce their arrival at Alexandria; and it was resolved that they should be taken up the Nile, the very moment they arrived. It is seldom a man is called on to execute such a sudden journey in continuation of a route which was intended to end for the time at a railway terminus.

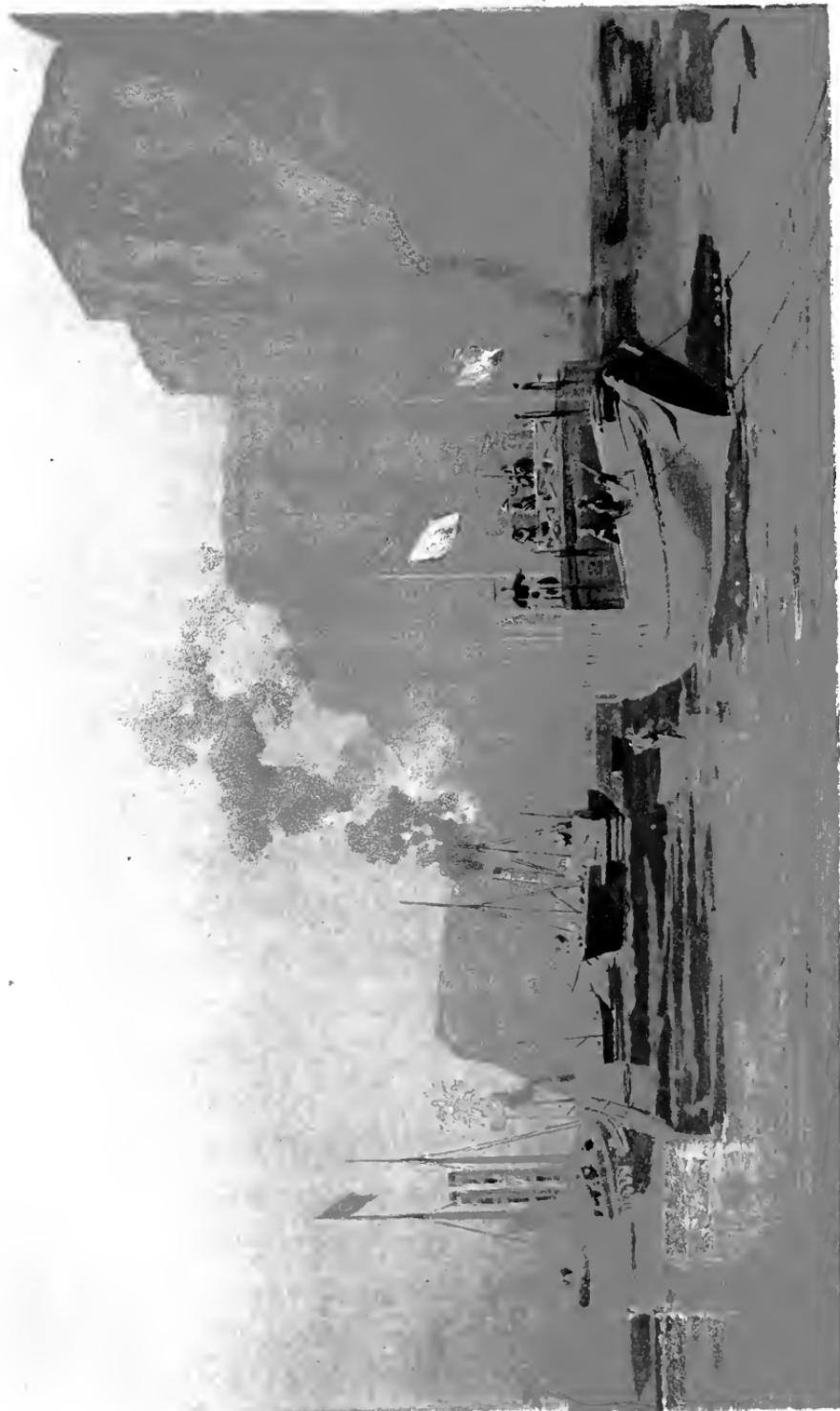
Soon after 1.30 o'clock the Prince and the Princess, in plain travelling clothes, suited to the climate, started in an open carriage, the suite following in others, and drove at a rapid rate to Kasr-el-Nil. There were very few of the natives who appeared to know or to care for their departure. Not even a scurry of Egyptian outriders, or gentlemen in waiting in

their peculiar costume—black jacket, embroidered vest, with sash, black knickerbockers, black embroidered leggings—and a guard of cavasses riding at full speed, and warning all to get out of the way, created much excitement among the people; and when the cortége got out on the mound-marked road, leading through fields of sugar-cane and tares, to



the bank of the river, the peasants, working at their leisure, in the fields, and the fellah men and women, scarcely raised their heads to give a speculating glance at the cloud of dust which whirled along the causeway. At the entrance to the castle-yard, the guard turned out in their white summer fatigue-jackets, knickerbockers, and gaiters, and saluted.





Vincent Fifeck, Baya San Lazaro

THE ROYAL FLOTILLA

The Palace itself was all silent; the jalousies closed as if the Viceroy did not like to see his guests' departure; and there were not fifty people in all, including the stray soldiery in the court at the Nile wall, to see the start of the flotilla. The Duke of Sutherland and his party were already on board *The Ornament of Two Seas*.

The Prince and Princess and Mrs. Grey occupied the *Alexandra dahabeah*, which was towed by the Royal steamer. There was also a kitchen steamer attached to it.

Lieut.-Col. Teesdale, Captain Ellis, Mr. Montagu, Dr. Minter, Lord Carington, Sir Samuel Baker, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Mr. Brierly were accommodated on board the steamer, in which the Royal party daily assembled for breakfast and dinner.

Another steamer was provided for Mourad Pasha and Colonel Stanton, on board of which Major Alison, who belonged to the Duke of Sutherland's party, was provided with a berth. Mr. Fowler and Professor Owen, who had been invited by the Duke to accompany him, finding that the room on board the fourth steamer was rather limited, were wont to take refuge in the evening on board Colonel Stanton's boat.

A lighter, containing stores, was towed by the kitchen steamer; another lighter, with four horses, and a riding-donkey for the Princess, was towed by the steamer assigned to Colonel Stanton.

His Royal Highness has got Mr. Baker, a clever naturalist and taxidermist, on board. His punt is well adapted for the sport to be had on the river, and is in charge of Webster, who was with Lord Londesborough on the Nile some years ago, when he made up his famous tale of 10,000 head of birds in one season.

Talk of the doings of djins and afreets! What did they know of champagne and soda-water and French patés? One of them could not have got a bottle of brandy to save his life—the genii who lived in the vessel in the sea surely could not have obtained his freedom had it depended on producing a flask of Curaçao. Well, on board the store boat, for fear of one going athirst on the voyage, there was, it is said, a supply of 3,000 bottles of champagne, 20,000 bottles of soda-water, 4,000 bottles of claret; and so on as to sherry, and ale, and liqueurs of all sorts.

About 2 o'clock the start was effected, and a very pretty sight it was. First the Prince's steamer moved off, with the Royal Standard and Ottoman flag flying; next the Alexandra dahabeah, or sleeping-boat;

then, the steamer on board of which were Colonel Stanton, Professor Owen, Mr. Fowler, and Major Alison; next the cooking steamer; then the Duke of Sutherland's steamer, and a boat serving as a tender to the little flotilla, each in turn towing a barge full of provisions. There was a good deal of shouting; but on the whole not much to complain of. I am not going to try my hand at a Nile picture. Mr. Murray, by the aid of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, has indicated every object of interest on the banks of the river after leaving Boulak. The photographer and the colourist (if a painter submits to be so called) must do the rest; for it is but a useless repetition of words, conveying no just impression to the mind of the reader, to write of mosques and palaces and ruins on the banks; of waving date-palms; of water-wheels at work; of green fields; of fellah women, with covered heads and bodies and bare legs, by the river side; of men, only to be distinguished from women by their turbaned heads; of minarets in the distance; of lateen-rigged boats, with stumpy masts and enormous yards; of Arab crews and cargoes—mounds of chopped straw piled on deck, heaps of water-jars, coops of noisy fowl, gobbling turkey-cocks; one might go on enumerating such things for ever, as we paddle up the great water-way

which is the artery of life and commerce for five millions of people clustered along its course.

The last sight of interest was the great mosque of Sultan Hassan, in Cairo—far away—which came in view at a bend of the river, and shone out gloriously in the rays of the setting sun, giving fair reason to question the judgment of the critics who have complained of the slenderness of the two graceful minarets, which, to our eyes, were exquisite in proportion and effect.

The worst of a steamboat, in one respect, is, that it always enables one to go on,—and on he goes accordingly; whereas, in the sailing vessel, odious as delays may be, there is much involuntary sight-seeing to be done when the wind is foul. No doubt we passed many interesting places — the quarries, for example, whence, for thousands of years, magnesian limestone has been cut for monuments, palaces, and cities, and where a man may wander in the galleries hewn into the mountain for a day without coming to an end of them. The Nile is so low that the various layers of successive years' inundations may be traced, like strata in rocks.

“The proper study of mankind is man,” particularly if you have good lorgnettes and telescopes.

I would be ashamed to say how much more we were interested in watching the progress of the Royal yacht, and in observing those on board of her, than in scrutinizing the sites of famous places on both sides of the river above Cairo. "There is the Princess! You can just see her in the saloon on deck!" The mounds of old Babylon, and the mosque built over the "Footprint of the Prophet," were on one side; on our right towered the Pyramids of Gizeh, and as the steamers cleft their way against the turbid stream, there rose in sight the Pyramids of Abooseer, Sakkara, and Dashoor: but they could be seen at any time, whilst it was not so certain when we could get a glimpse of the Prince on the Nile, in the abandon of shooting-jacket, knickerbockers, and felt hat. If such were the feelings of the party, what might not be pardoned to Mr. Cook's Tourists, who were in full cry up the river after the Prince and Princess? Some of our companions had come from Brindisi with the British caravan, and gave accounts which did not tend to make us desire a closer acquaintance. Respectable people—worthy—intelligent—whatever you please; but all thrown off their balances by the prospect of running the Prince and Princess of Wales to earth in a Pyramid, of driving them to bay in the Desert, of

hunting them into the recesses of a ruin—enraptured at the idea of being able possibly to deliver “an address” in the temple of Karnak, or of gazing at their ease on the Royal couple, enclosed in their toils on the Island of Philæ. The quarries of El Mahsarah and Toora, worked twenty centuries and more before the Christian era, which furnished the materials of the Gizeh pyramids, and the Temples of Thebes and Memphis, were on our left hand, and we were obliged to take, on hearsay, that there were, in the galleries of these mothers of many cities, marks, as legible as if they were cut yesterday, of the kings who ordered the works. Far away over the opposite bank, you can note the mounds of rubbish which are all that remain of what was once “imperial Memphis.” “I can see the Prince! he is just forward there, speaking to Baker!” There is certainly some subtle sort of pleasure in looking at Royalty through a powerful glass. You are a long way off, and you cannot be considered intrusive. And so you stare—I beg your pardon, sir, or madam, if I wrong you!—very much with the sort of satisfaction a stalker experiences, at a calm, contemplative, all-over look from the top of some heathery knoll at an Imperial or Royal head, unconscious of the inspection. We pass the sulphur springs of

Helwan, where it is conjectured Amenophis sent lepers and other incurables to live apart from the rest of Egypt. Manetho says he did the thing, but does not mention the name of the place—that is, Sir Gardner Wilkinson declares Manetho makes the statement. I confess I have not consulted the passage in which the extract from Manetho is recorded, and that I am as unlearned respecting Manetho as was the worthy gentleman in the “*Vicar of Wakefield*,” who quoted him and Sanconiathon. But recent researches have enhanced the value of the ancient priest’s chronicles, and Egyptologists bless the fortunate chance which, in the writings of another, saved his lists from destruction. Just now, as mound after mound denote the graves in which whole cities lie buried—Aphroditopolis, the city of Acanthus, the temple of Osiris—there is an alarm “The tourists are coming!”

A cloud of smoke rises from a steamer astern, but after a time it is made out that she is a local merchant craft bound to one of the sugar factories, and peace of mind is restored. The signal for dinner flies along the line, and Ali Risa, who presides, is proudly conscious that there is no difference made in the menu by the change of scene, and that our Spanish cook and Italian domestics, trans-

ferred from the palace, are resolved to make The Ornament of the Two Seas a rival of the dwelling on the Schoubra Road.

Our steamer does not present much to talk about. There is the usual grave, keen-eyed, dark-faced old Arab reis, in white turban and flowing robes, at the wheel—a handsome old fellow, who is relieved by another—his very ditto, only a shade graver, and better-looking ; our captain, a blue-eyed, rather feeble-faced Turk, who is afraid “to go ahead,” and has not quite recovered the effect of the Ramadan ; the crew of marines, in greyish coats, blue trousers, and fez, all the worse for wear, taking measure of the new-comers ; in the bow, the butchers arraying the fore-rigging with carcases of poultry and sheep ; astern, our excellent Italian servants, our old staff at the Palace, cheerfully chatting as they prepare for *il pranso*. Some of our good sailors, taking in turn a flat cushion on the quarter-deck, say their prayers, and shame us all by their open-air courage of devotion. The evening became cold by the time we had got twenty miles up the river, and our steamer, faster and lighter than the Prince’s boat, which was, moreover, towing the dahabeah, went on ahead, and lost sight of the flotilla in a bend of the river. The Prince ran aground soon

after we left him, and others did the same, so that they made very slow work of it. At dusk, we sidled up to the bank of the river on the right, near a village called Kafsr (or "village") Iabt, or Ayabt. The Prince's boat, and attendant steamers, came up and clawed the bank alongside later in the evening. It is easy work to moor a vessel, as a stake driven into the soft rich earth is sufficient to hold the warp of a large ship. A plank is thrown out to the steep bank, and steps are cut up to the top by the sailors. At each plank sits or stands a swarthy Egyptian, holding a pole, atop of which is an iron frame-work holding a mass of blazing pine and coals, which throws a bright light on the landing-place, and lights up the hulls and white funnels of the vessels and the dusky waters. The line of these beacons, and the lanterns slung from the mizen-rigging, formed an effective illumination, but did not attract the natives out of the mud-heaps called villages. After dinner, the party were invited to go on board the Prince's boat, and scrambled along the bank to the gangway. If there were any wandering fellahs about, they must have heard the tinkle of the piano, touched by a fair and practised hand, and the refrain of songs, and clamour of

choruses, not unfamiliar in England. What the theories of the hypothetical auditors may have been respecting the strains, who can determine?

But I can assure you, when deep called unto deep—when Alister, beating the deck proudly with his foot, made the date groves resonant with “the sweetest notes ear ever heard” (on the pipes, be it understood), and summoned Peter Robertson to generous, but not successful, emulation, on bag and slender reed—when “Farewell to Lochaber” was borne on the evening air from The Ornament of the Two Seas to be re-echoed from the Prince’s ship by eldrich slogan—they must have been stout aborigines who stood unmoved, and the feelings of the guardians of our watch-fires on the bank must have been too deep for words. It is no fault of Peter Robertson that he cannot play the pipes as well as Alister, who has a gift that way, and who was born past master in the fearful and mystic art; for he can touch heart and feet, and set both beating together. But Peter is great in the forest and on the “hull,” and it is not given to all to excel on the bagpipes and in the chase. By persevering efforts, which the fellahs and I would prefer to have developed at first in some lonely glen, rather than in our immediate vicinity, he may dominate the tender and

pathetical power of the instrument, from which now rush martial sounds and war's alarms, as though Æolus had loosed his windy caverns in anger. Hamed, Hadji Ali, Achmet Captan, Ali Captan, the Reis—in the plural; I cannot say Reises—and the crews, agreed that it was capital music altogether, and that they had never heard the like of it before.

We shook down pretty comfortably at night. There is a cabin astern, with a long sofa on both sides, which gave resting-place to the Duke and Colonel Marshall. Two small cabins, between it and the dining saloon, were occupied by the Marquis of Stafford and myself. The cushions round the dining saloon afforded sumptuous beds for Lord Albert Gower and Sir Henry Pelly, and at the end of the companion ladder outside Mr. Sumner held high state in the largest cabin, which was only unfortunate in its vicinity to the boilers and to the bath-room—an apartment with a zinc hip bath, which, filled with Nile water, was in much request, and the object of considerable intrigue, foul play, and manœuvring before breakfast.

Sunday, February 7th.—The morning was dull and the sun overcast—the wind cold for the country and the time of year. The fleet got under weigh

soon after daybreak, and pressed on against the current of the Nile, now hugging one shore—again creeping to the other—now keeping the middle, as the skippers were warned by the cries of the watchmen on the banks, or by the advice of the native boats. The channel is for ever shifting. To provide as far as possible against our running aground, the Viceroy sent up instructions six weeks ago to have the course of the river closely observed; and ever since, day and night, the people have been watching and waiting for us. Groups of horsemen, here—men in boats, there—voices sounding from bank to bank, exchange the words of council with our captain and the Arab reis at every turn.

The character of the scenery has a certain monotony, of which we do not tire. There are the Pyramids of Lisht; there is the False Pyramid. There a mass of rock as like a Pyramid as if Nature were trying to emulate the grand freaks of these great builders. There are groups of women, by the water's edge, with their heads covered, in dark blue robes, and legs naked to the knee, filling the huge jars, which they bear gracefully on their heads, or crouching down to plash their limbs—along the banks men riding

—villages—date trees—gliding sails—the railway and the telegraph posts.



The river is covered with boats, the crews of each a study for a painter ; their cargoes a wonder ; their ability to float at all—not to mention their speed—

something to be surprised at, for they need a luteing of mud and chopped straw round the hatchway to keep out the water. After a run of three hours, the Prince's steamer stopped—at first voluntarily—to get breakfast from the kitchen boat, and next involuntarily on a sand-bank. Our boat went on ahead. We passed an ancient Coptic convent—Dehra Mahmed; a deserted Christian village; the lone tomb of a holy man, solitary on the sand, guarded by a few palm trees; another tomb of a sainted lady, whose memory is held in veneration by devout Mahometans, who come in pilgrimage to the shrine—another of her daughter, who is also of blessed memory. Small dust storms whirl round and round on shore. The steamer shoots by El Mazabyeah-o-Bitashar, observed of many detached gatherings of men apart and women apart on the banks. We look for crocodiles with the eye of credulity, but Hamed says there are none to be seen now much below Assouan, and that as long as the wind is cold they stay in the river, and do not visit the banks. The hippopotamus is not met with below Berbeh, which is north of Khartoum. Hamed says a thousand years ago it was found as low—as far north—as we are now; I believe Hamed in any matter relating to

hippopotami, even to the extent of a thousand years. The district hereabouts has a sad story of its own. A short time ago a man rose up and gathered the fellahs to his standard, which was that of a new religion. His following increased rapidly, and he refused to disband at the summons of the Viceroy's officers. A body of regular troops was sent against them, and not far from Benisoueff the advance guard, with six guns, came on the rebel or fanatic leader. Ignorant of the nature of cannon, he at once led his band to the attack. The guns opened on them with grape, and mowed down lanes in the multitude. Among the slain, killed by the first discharge, lay the leader of the men, whom he had comforted with the assurance that he was invulnerable. So far Ali Bey told us; but he did not add what Lady Duff Gordon asserts, that there was a wholesale desolating war of extermination—if war it could be called—carried on against the wretches who fled, and that thousands were hunted down and put to death.

We went so slowly that the fear grew on us lest Cook's tourists should overhaul the flotilla. But at 3 o'clock we arrived off Benisoueff, a large town with a population varying from 45,000 (according to a cavass translated by Hamed) to 15,000,

according to another native authority, and to 5,000, according to Ali Bey and Colonel Stanton. There was a line of troops on the bank to act as a guard of honour. A great number of sheiks in white turbans were in attendance, and a crowd of 400 or 500 people, men and boys, turned out to sit on the bank, which was as good a place to sit on as anywhere else. There was a Palace of the Viceroy at our disposal, if needed. Where has the Viceroy not got a Palace? And where is there not a Palace of the Viceroy? There was a pleasant Governor or Deputy-Governor in waiting, and a great heap of cavasses with scimitars and belts full of pistols. Hamed—excellent Hippopotamus Johnny, ever willing, always showing his white teeth in a smile when he is asked a question or desired to make himself useful—led a detachment up the plank on shore, and took his way along the bank of the river towards the town. He was joined by a cavass, who was a thing of terror to the small boys and other backsheesh hunters. Capital fellow, indeed, is Hamed, but a bad fellow to go astern of in fine sand with the wind strong ahead. His red shoes are lovely to look at, but they are spiked at the top as if meant to shovel up the dust; and, if that be

the object, the designer must be congratulated on rare success. The dust *was* blinding. Our way lay through a ragged parade-ground extending from the Pasha's house near the landing-place to the mud-walled enclosure around the garden of the Governor, inside which were visible the jalousied windows of a neat residence. The town looked like a village surrounded by a wall. We entered the main street, which was about twelve feet wide, and wound right and left through lines of



buildings, two storeys in height, of which the outer wall facing the street was often only a brown bank of mud, pierced by an opening for the closed portals. On and on, meeting no one save frightened children or timid women, who bolted into doorways like rabbits in a warren at the approach of the fowler. Such a chattering of voices as they made when

safe inside! From the suburb we turned into the Bazaar. I strongly advise any one who may read these notes not to halt at Benisoueff without doing the same. The street rambles at will, bordered by shops, to which the arts of the Frank are unknown. It is covered in at the top, and the rays of light fall through the chinks of the matting and boards in pillar-like shafts, producing wonderful effects of light and shade. The sellers were more interesting than their wares, not but what there were strange things in confectionery and utensils and clothing of various kinds, to be seen mixed up with Austrian cutlery and Manchester cottons. The owners scarcely moved their eyes as the strangers passed. Young and old, all apathetic, indifferent to commercial enterprise, thinking it ungentlemanly, perchance, to solicit custom. There were no crowds such as may be seen at Cairo or Stamboul, but each shop had a wee clientelle of its own, who, if they bought nothing, kept the keeper in conversation. There were barbers in active employ; scribes writing letters which have to undergo the various vicissitudes to which the "Poste Regie Egiziane" will expose them; tin-plate workers, where Egyptians of six or seven years of age were assiduously tinkering

and soldering pots and pans ; butchers, fly infested ; kibob makers, whose shops sent forth the odour of savoury meats ; khans and cafés, and the omnipresent tobacco merchant, the various traders keeping well together, as if to promote wholesome competition, or distract the intending buyer. In and out, right and left, the street wound in its shady course, the cavass shoving or thumping a way for us through the crowd till once more we threaded a lane, silent save when a dog uttered its yelp of alarm, or the bully turkey-cock, sunning himself on a flat roof, gobbled defiance to the noisy intruding infidels. Now we passed a sombre mosque, and could see the scattered worshippers, and hear the hum of their low prayer. Stopping to investigate the cause of a tremendous Babel, we discovered a school of little ones packed as close as could be in a dark cave-like room, who were following the master in chorus as he read out a lesson from a large slate. The master, a young man of twenty or twenty-five years of age, seated on his hams, once turned to look at us, and then, as though to set his flock a good example, like him in the “ Ancient Mariner,” “ turned no more his head.” Beside him, in the place of honour, was a swell scholar, a big-wig’s son, splendid in embroidered jacket ; but the

most of the forty or fifty boys and girls belonged, one might guess, to the lower stratum of the middle classes,—bright-eyed, white-teethed, they stared at us with all their might, and gave glances of great meaning to where the cavass, sword and all, darkened the entrance, whilst they kept shouting out their lessons. And there were bad boys among them, I am sorry to say—Egyptian Jack Horners who had no pie to eat, but sat right doleful in corners, with faces turned to the wall, gazing at large sums set forth on cruel slates. An infant truant who toddled in with a make-believe face that “it was all right,” was pounced on by a boy-usher, armed with a rod, and at once provided with a calculation which it would puzzle the eminent Bidder to solve.

Having exhausted the sights of Benisoueff we returned to the steamer, which was making up supplies of coal. Strings of children were carrying loads in baskets on their heads, whilst the men looked on, or now and then quickened them up with a stick. A gang of girls arrived with cakes for the crew, but they were not allowed or would not come on board. At the shore end of the gangway they put down their baskets, and the master of the flock and some boys carried the

cakes to the steamer. There was a striking proof of the force of example. An infant Egyptian, quite naked, was condemning himself to voluntary slavery on the bank under our eyes. He could not have been more than three years old, but he was assiduously piling lumps of coal on a cabbage-leaf on the top of his head, and resolutely picking them up when they fell from his little pate, as though he meant to earn his pay, and not shirk his self-appointed task. It was a glorious sunset. The wind fell, and with it the dusk, but the sun dipped into a warm bath of crimson, and threw up splashes of orange and gold into the sky ere he sank. It was dark before the Prince came up and moored close to us. The Consul's dragoman caught, on a night-line, a huge siluroid, which Professor Owen carried off to the Prince with the hook in its mouth. There was the usual stroll on the bank before dinner, and in the evening most of the party on board the Duke's steamer were invited to join the Royal circle.

February 8th.—Cold night, windy morning, clouds of dust, all windows and ports closed. There was less trouble concerning the tubing arrangements, as a screen has been fitted up on deck which permits the natives on shore to view the eccentric

proceedings of the stranger, but hides him from the crew. Grievous things have occurred. The net which was intended to ensnare the solitary crocodile turned out yesterday to be adapted rather for the capture of the multitudinous herring. It is too much to expect that the crocodile will prove obliging, and, out of pure civility, believe he is a herring. Then, again, the night-line, from which a good deal was expected, came to nought. The hook was baited with the entrails of a fowl, which proved very tempting to some monster of the deep. But he was strong and tyrannous : in a contest of "pull monster, pull dragoman," the line broke, and we saw not the conqueror.

Benisoueff was probably wide awake when the flotilla cast off from the banks at dawn, but the world on board, save Reis, captain, and crew, was fast asleep. The Duke's steamer led. For the first time in ten years, it is said, a shower of rain fell this morning; and why it fell it is hard to conceive, inasmuch as a wind strong enough to blow it into mist rushed down the stream, and raised clouds of sand along the shore, which rendered it impossible to see the banks at times. A learned man prognosticated a fine day from the sunset last night. Alas, how wrong he was!

When the pattering of the rain ceased, the dust rose. No effort could keep that fine torment from going where it listed, and it liked to settle in the cabins, and on beards, and up nostrils, and in eyes. Of course this is an exceptional day; but we are in for abnormal weather it seems.

The wind, cold enough as long as the boats were under the bank, was exceedingly fierce when we got out into the stream. Hour by hour it waxed in power, cresting the dun-coloured waves with white foam, till the sun was shrouded in clouds. These grew denser, and produced the effect of a fog. The palm-trees, moved into life by the blast, with stems hidden by the lower and heavier strata of the volatile sand-banks, threw their feathery leaves like "knighthly plumes" in their play. A yellowish screen shut out the Nile, yielding occasionally, so as to show through the rifts the low-lying shores—here covered with sugar-cane in patches, there bare and desert-like—lined with high banks, or barred by mounds of limestone.

Pumping-machines for irrigation, and tall chimneys, denoted the existence of the rich sugar districts which we heard of but could not see.

The fellah men and women, with garments streaming in the blast, seemed as much annoyed

by the unusual storm as we were. A valetudinarian sent from England by a doctor, and encountering such an afternoon, would, if he were an irritable and unjust-minded person, not disposed to be charitable in respect to climatic irregularities, wish that his medical adviser were out in his place. We thought of the Suez Canal when we saw the dun and yellow clouds, which seemed able to fill up whole seas.

As the Prince's boat was not visible when we got as far as Feshn, a village with two mosques, our boat was put in to shore and secured. Sumner took his gun, carried off "Hippopotamus Johnny," and, accompanied by Colonel Marshall and myself, walked across the fields towards a small village shrouded in palm-trees, and distinguished by a mosque and minaret, and a tomb-like structure ; but there was nothing to be met with except natives, domestic pigeons, hawks, and larks. A pigeon fell first, but as if in revenge at his undeserved and illegitimate fate, dropped into a patch of long grass, in which two amateur beaters sought in vain to discover it ; a buzzard was also unlucky, and finally some sort of wild beast—fox, jackal, or wolf—*les trois se disent*—was rolled over, but got up again and escaped in the growing crops. Outside the village is a railway station, and at it were

waiting one turkey-cock, two hens, ten dogs, and two natives. As the Royal flotilla was coming up, the party abandoned any attempt to improve their minds by investigating the village, and got on board. Then we all set off together, and, for ever pelted by wind and sand, got into a wider Nile which opened out at times like a lake.

Arrived at Aboo Girgeh at 4 p.m., passing Shekh Embarak, a lofty mountain ridge which comes close down to the water's edge. The Royal steamer did not come up for nearly an hour later. The Prince went off in the punt with Webster, and made a good shot, getting seven spoonbills and two black storks; then netted the river, and had two hauls, one a blank, the other bringing in some small fish, which were cooked for dinner. There were plenty of wild geese, but they were very much alive to danger, and kept circling high in air, uttering a prolonged trumpet-like cry to warn their brethren.

Towards sundown the steamers sidled in to the left bank at Sheik Fodl, 122 miles from Cairo, to make fast for the night.

It would be slow work if all the places mentioned by Murray were to be inspected, for the Nile becomes a water way, with landing-places for the antiquary at every mile. The limestone ridges

which hedge the Desert here sweep down close to the right bank, and tower above the traveller.

February 9th.—The thermometer 58°. Soon after our departure from the mooring stakes at Sheik Fodl, what should come on but a dense fog! It is very seldom indeed such an unpleasant hindrance to navigation occurs on the Nile; but it so happened that as we had wind and rain yesterday, there was a fog this morning; not one of your dense choking yellow mediums, in which the lungs contend with an enemy of potency, but a soft white milky cloud, more like a rainless Scotch mist (if such a thing there can be) than anything else. So there was a great sounding of steam whistles, and the steamers lay to on the river, just giving a turn now and then to keep their bows to the stream.

We saw nothing of the ruins, of which Sheik Fodl boasted two, till modern science improved them away into materials for the sugar manufactory at Minieh. Nor did we visit the pits in which the fathers of village dogs, in all the comfort of embalming, are buried with the mummies of their owners or well-wishers, each of whom, like the untutored Indian, seemed to think that,—

Admitted to the equal sky,
His faithful dog should bear him company.

Nor did we see “Mary’s Well” (Bir Sitti Mariam), a cave in a rock, wherein the Nile water rises during the flood, near which the Copts still bury their dead. In an hour, as soon as the fog cleared off, the steamers headed up stream as hard as they could, passing the limestone quarries of Sheik Hassan, and its remains, Golosaneh, and the quarries of E’ Serareeh, in which Sir Gardner Wilkinson states two painted grottoes existed, belonging to the early reign of Pthahmen, son of Rameses the Great. One was destroyed by the Turks; the other still remains, thanks to Sir Gardner’s exertions with the Viceroy.

We were coming up to the famous Gebel-e-Tayr—very like Gibraltar that name—the mountain, or rather lofty ridge, where the birds of Egypt meet annually in Parliament assembled, and select a victim who is to stay on the rock for a year. He may not be a victim, indeed—he may be an honoured bird; whether he is called on to “sing” all the time I cannot say, but, any way, the bird being placed en faction, is deserted by the whole Parliament, which flies off to Greece, whence it returns in a year to liberate the sentinel, and to choose another to take his place. From an odd fortress-looking building, with low cupolas and

mud buttresses, placed on the plateau of this ridge, divers natives were rushing violently down the steep, and diving headlong into the stream ; they swam out towards the flotilla, dropping down on them in the current reckless of paddle-wheels, with black heads bobbing up and down in the water like fishermen's buoys.

"Look at those naked black fellows ! Look at them jumping into the river ! Pirates ? Oh, Reis ! Robbers, or madmen ? What do they want ?" There is a scarce concealed smile of contempt on the Mahometan's face. "No, only Christians, effendi !"

And soon they are alongside, clutching at the rudder, and striving to grasp the sides of the dahabeahs, whilst they shout out, sputtering, "Bak-sheesh, O Hawadjee ! Ana Christianne ya Hawadjee !" These are the brethren of the Coptic convent, Sitteh Mariam el Adrah (Our Lady Mary the Virgin), which is also called Dehra el Bukkar, or "Convent of the Pulley," from the means employed to raise food, and to gather in the holy fathers. They got nothing but a good swim for their pains. I think that they would give a mile in two to any Christian brotherhood in the world, and beat them in a fair swimming-match ; but our native friends did not think much of them, or of Copts in

general, and spoke of these as intolerant Christians speak of Jews in more civilized lands. The old Church of Africa seems dead in faith and in works. It has added another instance to the many which refute the dogma that persecution is a fostering power to the truth.

From what I hear, there seems but little likelihood that the ancient light will be reillumined for many a year to come in this once Christian land. It is the land in which, thousands of years ago, the Lord worked miracles, and the hearts of the people are hardened now, as was that of Pharaoh. To all preachings and warnings they have been obdurate. Saints have taught and suffered, and fathers of the Church have evangelized, and there is the Egyptian now, whatever may be said of his future, as devout an infidel as when he was the follower of strange gods, against whom Moses lifted up his voice and his rod. The march of civilization passes over his body, and leaves its impress on the outer man. Rulers, enlightened and energetic, drive their car over the quivering mass. All in vain. There does not exist the influence which led nations to change their faith at the bidding of a king. The Egyptians are not to be converted, as the Britons were, by the example of a

ruler, who, indeed, would be rash if he tried to Christianize himself.

The Copts are now reckoned at no more than 100,000 souls. Many have gone over to the Church of Rome, and so rapid were the conversions that the Government took measures to check the influences to which they were said to be due. So, in Egypt at least, human power can mar the agencies which are said to be too powerful for State interference in countries nearer home, inasmuch as the conversions were very rapidly put a stop to. It is certain that in some quarters here, Roman Catholicism is looked on as a peculiar French power, and is dreaded, or rather discouraged, on that account.

At Meghara the flotilla lay to, in order that the Prince might get a shot at the numerous flocks of birds on the banks. They are very wary at this time of year, but the Prince is patient and never loses a chance. On this occasion he managed to get twenty-eight flamingoes at one shot.

The river here becomes tortuous, with lofty limestone rocks on the right bank, cut into fantastic shapes; on the left, sand-banks and rich alluvial fields, lined with date palms. It is a peculiarity

of our navigation that no one can tell where we will pull up at night. Certainly the inquiring stranger will get no assistance from the native sailors, Reis, or captain. If you ask, "When shall we arrive?"—the answer is, "God grant you facilities." Ask "How far it is"—the answer is, "As God pleases." "Do you think we shall reach Nileville to-night?"—"It depends on God." Ali Bey was so contraried by the difficulty of getting at time or distances in his journeyings up the river, that he constructed an itinerary for himself, and I am bound to add that his mileage differs very materially from that of Mr. Murray.

Small bodies of horsemen were in attendance at various points along the banks, to give assistance and direct the course of the steamers through the sand-banks. The *Ornament of the Two Seas* steamed ahead of the Royal steamers, which waited for the Prince's punt, and at 2.30 P.M. arrived at Minieh. A Governor, or Bey, and his suite were in attendance, a gathering of the curious cavasses and sheiks grouped on the banks of the river. Two standards floated from flag-staffs at the head of a flight of wooden steps at the landing-place. Long before we reached the city—if it may be

called so — the tall chimney — not quite safe or straight, by the bye — of the Viceroy's sugar factory was in view before us, tainting the air with a column of smoke ; and when we landed and got through introductions and salutations, we were led to the factory, which fronts the river.

There is a large plant of machinery by Derosne, Cail, & Co., of Paris ; but the cane is put between the rollers by men, instead of being gathered in by the machine. The furnaces under the boilers are fed by the refuse of the cane, which is carried away and spread out to dry in the sun, after it has been crushed. The heat and glare, the swarthy figures, nearly naked, toiling, with strange cries and yells, at the never-ending work of feeding the many gaping furnace-mouths with the light fuel, which blazed away in a series of flash-like outbursts, suggested an Inferno. We had to mount the top of the boiler to inspect the crushing machinery, and then take a look at the refining pans and operations. The number of young girls and boys moving about in the smothering atmosphere did not produce an agreeable effect, and we were glad to be released from statistical researches and get into the air.

Out of doors there was one of those spectacles too common in Egypt. A procession of girls, from

five to twelve years of age, was moving up an inclined plane to the second story of a building where the masons were at work, each with a heavy basket of bricks, or heap of mortar on her head. Poor little creatures! They sang a wailing sort of song, all together, as if to give them heart for their work.

Another procession descended at the same time. It seemed as if their song was lighter and more cheerful. They had got rid of the load, and if they were going for another, at least they had not reached it yet. Some, seated in a circle on the ground, were eating from a pile of coarse, brown, ill-baked cakes of maize flour; others were mixing mortar with their hands. Boys and girls, half-naked, were sweeping up the fragments of cane which fell from the loaded camels that came in solemn file ceaselessly from the fields with their rich burthens. These were thrown on the ground of the outer yard, and formed in large heaps, whence they were removed in armfuls by the men, who took them to the crushing mills. The factory can turn out 500 kantars of 100lb. each in the day, and has produced 60,000 kantars in the year. The sugar, which fetches about $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound, is very white and exceedingly sweet. The refuse molasses is sold to the natives,

in large sealed jars, and there is also a rum or raki factory in connection with the factory. The establishment is one of the more important enterprises of the Viceroy, and is worked on his account with very profitable results. He employs 1,500 camels for transport, not to speak of steamers, barges, &c. The men get 6*d.*, the children 3*d.*, a day for their work, which is not bad considering the price of provisions. The Prince and Princess arrived in the evening, but it was too dark for them to visit the factory.

There was nothing to be seen in the town. The Governor has a pretty garden, and there is a fair market; the bazaar was shut. As we strolled along the bank of the river after dinner—a very hazardous process by the bye, if it were not for the animated lamp-posts who line it—we came on a boy sitting in the darkness gravely under a tree, with a tray full of tomatoes. It was odd to find a young tomato merchant so full of faith in customers as to stay out at night in hope of a person coming to buy. But on inquiry, the affair wore a different aspect. Ali Bey averred that the boy had been put there to watch the basket by a man who had stolen the tomatoes from the Governor's garden. He, seeing Ali Bey, fled to the outer darkness of sugar-cane, and intended to couch there till we left, in which

case he would come back for his tomatoes or his money.

On our arrival some one wanted to send a telegram to Cairo to ask after our mails; but the office was closed. It is the custom of the country to become stone dead from 12 till 3 o'clock. There was the English telegraphist, Mr. George—a very good artist, by the way—on board the Consul-General's steamer, and he was set to work to wake up the clerks along the line; but, though specially warned, and, as might be supposed, expectant of the Royal progress, these gentlemen had cleverly cut off all communication with Cairo, and for hours the needle made no sign. Very probably the clerks will hear something not at all to their advantage for the artful stratagem. We are very apt to regard the ways of those who have not our ways just as the Greeks looked on the fashions of those whom they styled Barbarians. The Egyptians, who rise with the sun, would regard our shopkeepers and clerks as lazy ne'er-do-wells for lying in bed till 7 or 8 o'clock on a summer morning. It will be some time ere they are vexed with the habits and customs of people connected with the daily press.

CHAPTER VII.

BENI HASSAN.—ALI RISA.—EGYPTIAN POOR LAWS.—
FISHING AND SHOOTING.—WATER-CARRIERS.—SIOOT.
—THE JEREED.

Wednesday, February 10th.—(Minieh.) A lovely sunrise. As the dawn grew into day long flights of geese streaked the horizon—spoonbills, cranes, and flamingoes were visible stalking about on the margin of the sand-bank just opposite our boats. It was remarkable how silent they were. They were too hungry, perhaps, to cry out, or too wary to call attention to their doings at an early hour, when they were relying on our sleepiness, and venturing almost within shot. The Prince, to try their craft, his own and Webster's, resolved to remain at Minieh, "two shots at least" from the big gun having been promised to him. The Zenet el Bahareen did not go off till 8 A.M., leaving the Royal party behind. We were anxious to visit the monuments at Beni Hassan above, though we could

not read their records of old-world history. Our course lay up a broader and more expanded Nile, the landscape only varied by the shape of the limestone formations on the right bank, by patches of palms, dates, and cultivated land, and by the changing outline of the distant horizon of the Desert. The day was warm, the sun bright, vast quantities of geese, pelicans, ducks, cormorants, herons, and cranes on the sand-banks—no crocodile. It is a wonder there is even a bird, for the shouting of pilots on land and in boats rings on all sides.

About two hours and a half paddling upwards brought us to the right bank below the caves of Beni Hassan. Before the steamer arrived at the mooring-place a polk of irregular cavalry came in view, capering along the sand. They were sheiks, who had been warned to wait with their horses for our party; and as the vessel came to the shore the horsemen, dismounting, stood by their steeds to welcome us, and the children of Hassan, young and old, formed on the top in groups to inspect the arrival. Between the slope of sand, covered with boulders, which extends from the base of the cliff, there is a patch of cultivated land overflowed by the Nile at its rise, on which there is a small

village ; southwards there are the remains of two larger villages—almost towns—which have a story. It is short. Ibrahim Pasha made an example of the inhabitants. They were as a race rather given to predatory practices, stopping boats, levying black-mail, and picking and stealing generally. So the ruler of the land made a swoop on them : such as he could catch at the first flight he slew, the others were sent to live in scattered villages ; and, to make the place a sort of awful warning, he forbade any one to reside in the two towns. Not a soul lives, nor is any one allowed to harbour, in the roofless houses, the walls of which stand erect and apparently quite fit for use. The excavated tombs, of which “Murray” gives a good account, lie inland about a mile from the present shore. They are confined to one level or stratum of the rock, and extend for about three-quarters of a mile. A short ride over the fields, few of which were under crop, brought us to the sandy ascent to the ridge on which are the grottoes and mummy depositaries.

Dismounting, we climbed in single file up to a ledge, which forms a kind of esplanade in front of the line of grottoes. Although the weight of evidence and of learned opinion is against the impression, it is scarcely possible to believe, at

first sight, that these excavations, or cut-out chambers, were not intended for human residences. The ceilings are vaulted; externally, there are few ornaments. The roof of each chamber is supported on pillars, which divide it into three parts. These pillars differ in character; some are polygons, with abacus; others represent, it is supposed, water reeds, with capitals of lotus: some are of the natural colour of the stone; others are stained red. The walls are covered with hieroglyphs, and in most of the chambers are deep mummy pits cut down in the rock, with the indents still visible by which the mummies were lowered to their resting-places. On the sides of the chambers, there is displayed for us, as in a panorama, the whole life of the people who made them. We see them engaged in war and in hunting, in manufactures and in commerce, in fishing, in playing. We see the trophies of their victories—a procession of prisoners from Asia, says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, because the men have beards and the women ankle-boots—nay, we know—our wise men say so—the name of their chief, Absha; and of his people, Mes-segur; and of the owner of the tomb, Nefoth; and the date of his being, viz. in the reign of Osirtasen I. and II.,

who reigned long ere Joseph came into Egypt. Barbers are shaving and nail-cutting ; glass-blowers are at work ; statuaries ; wrestlers contending, red and black, in pairs ; criminals undergoing punishment ; members of chess-clubs engaged at their game ; the birds and animals of forest and plain, and the fishes of sea and river. M. Victor Hugo would be horrified to hear that the comprachicos practised their trade in the time of the Pharaohs ; for the critics aver that certain curious people, depicted on the walls, are dwarfs and deformed persons in the suite of grandees ! It has been remarked that the horse does not appear in the more ancient Egyptian monuments, and that the first representations of it are found in those of the eighteenth dynasty, about 1,500 years b.c.

We wandered from chamber to chamber in wonder, not always silent, Professor Owen examining stones ; Mr. Fowler measuring ; each man interpreting, after his fashion, the scenes painted in blue, red, and black on the walls. In our train came all the Italian servants and the Turkish chibouquejees—for note that these latter are like our shadows ; sometimes they precede instead of following, and go on shore whenever we do ; generally, too, selecting, as we discovered, the

best horses, and delighting to scour the plain, with our pipe-stems, like bundles of fishing-rods, under their arms. It was worth while to notice the interest taken in the grottoes by the Europeans, and the utter indifference manifested by the Turks. The cares of the former were divided between providing us with slight animal comforts, lugged up from the steamer, and seeing the caves. The latter were intent on making coffee and preparing our pipes, exclusively.

Interesting as the excavations are, there is a grievance and an eyesore intolerable in every cave. The army of Snobland has been upon them. It is some consolation that few English names could be made out, though one "C. B. Elliott," in 1868, cut his name boldly on the rock of a temple, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson have left their marks.

There was a great terror on the fellah sheiks and their followers who were with us—a silence so unusual to those who know what it is to be persecuted for baksheesh, that it invited inquiry. Well, Ali Risa, later in the day, as we were all sitting on the ledge of rocks, enjoying the beautiful view of the Nile valley as it spread its sheet of green, like a broad riband laid down in the midst of the Desert

sand-hills, admitted that he had something to do with it. But what that something was he would not tell : it was a matter which had happened to himself years ago, when he visited the place in company with M. de Lesseps' family, and the result of which was that the sheik then and there present would like very much a chance of putting a bullet into Ali Bey's interior ; whence it may be surmised that the said sheik was rather the worse in some way for the transaction.

Whenever Ali Risa went away for a moment there was a fellah man or boy by one's side, pointing to the palm of his hand, and uttering softly that horrid dissyllable—"Baksheesh." Little boys then bore down boldly with calcareous casts of marine shells and held them aloft, with the words, "Antic ! Antic ! Baksheesh !" till the redoubtable Bey's fez came in view, when they collapsed at once. Returning a little in advance of the party towards the steamer, I had a proof of either the blindness or the cunning of the fellah. I rode towards the village, and came between it and a little girl, who was tending goats in some high grass on the sand-hill. The instant she saw me, the frightened creature abandoned her charge, and with piercing cries fled towards her home. Her wailing increased in shrillness as she

perceived I cut off her retreat. She darted past the horse as I reined up, and, sobbing still, ran into a hovel in front of me. A piece of silver could not tempt her near, and so I threw it on the sand, and pointed out the spot to the probable father and mother, who came out of the house. It was under their noses, but they could not see it. They were joined by others in the search, and all squatting down within a yard of where it lay bright and shining in the sun, either looked or made believe to look for it, poking about with their fingers, till one old fellow scraped the sand over it; and so I left them groping assiduously, and hope they got it. On arriving at the steamer, there was a little excitement going on in connection with an old fisherman, who with the aid of a couple of men was spreading a hand-net in the river: one end of it was fastened to an earthen jar, another to a buoy, and when they had payed the net out from the boat it floated upright down stream. The boat, hailed by Hamed, came alongside, and the old fellow handed up a basket of fish, which was brought to Professor Owen. He identified five species among the twelve fish—three siluroids, the bagrus and apirtes—a fish like a carp, which Hamed says attains the weight of 120 lb. in the Upper Nile—and others.

Then we had nothing to do. Even luncheon was eaten—a light one, *only* caviare and tunny fish, sardines, tongue, ham, rice, various jams, fruit, Sauterne, claret, soda-water, coffee, and pipes. Dolce far niente came on us as on the natives, who sat chattering on the banks. This is their easy time, poor fellows! Soon they will be toiling with heads in the sun, and legs in the water, for weary days and weeks and months. It is pleasant to sit under the awning on deck, and gaze on the water flashing in the hot sun—to peer into dreamland—to wander away there till we are lost, self, identity, and all! Hark! There is a trumpet-sound from the very heart of dreamland, summoning the airy hosts of its armies to battle! It is only an easy snore from the cabin. But it wakes us up. It is not to be endured thus to dawdle away our time. What is to be seen through the glass? Nothing save sails and the smoke of two sugar-factory chimneys—most odious signs of civilization in the land of the Pharaohs. Stay! There is a magnificent eagle placidly floating down the river on a carcase. He is far away; Mr. Fowler takes a rifle and tries to stalk the bird-king, but as he creeps among the sand-hills, two jackals dash out of the fields far below, and the eagle, rising slowly from his ignoble prey, alights on a sand-bank. Fowler

got a shot at a jackal, but it was a long one, and the rifle threw high. I tried my fortune with the eagle as he sat on the opposite bank, and sighting Whitworth for 300 yards, sent a bullet so straight that the on-lookers thought it broke his leg. The sand flew up over him ; but the eagle rose from the midst of his courtier crows and ravens, and circled away to some securer roosting-place. It was now 4 o'clock, and there was no sight of our Prince or his fleet. We open our mail-bags which were delivered last night.

Is it ill-natured to confess that we read of skating in London and Paris, and of snow storms, with some sort of selfish delight in our hot sun and warm wind? To-day was heavenly—a day in which to live was enough for all the outer sense, and in which the inner life was possessed by a calm serenity.

In the *Times* there was a heart-rending account of “Death by Starvation”—a woman and her infant starved to death in Christian millionaire London—*si plein d'or et de misère*. Her husband driven mad!

What a reproach to us, to hear Ali Risa, apropos of the way in which slaves run away to the Soudan, explain how, by the law of the land, every sheik is obliged to feed all comers for the night, and give

them lodging, so that no man can starve in this poor benighted heathen land. Slaves can or could thus escape to their pet Soudan. Whilst we were waiting for the Prince, a mild excitement was created by throwing small coin on shore, which led to furious and protracted controversy among sheiks, men and boys, in which an idiot took a large part, and, as is often the way of the world, got the money. Towards dusk the Royal steamers appeared. When the fleet was moored, the Prince started for a large sand-bank opposite, and we had two draws of the net, and caught one small fish, which was not a rich reward for the labour of twenty-five or thirty people—hard labour in tugging at ropes and shouting vigorously—hard for the men, who had to carry us to and from the boats over soft mud, and land the fishermen on the bank, and row them back. The Prince takes great delight in this, or would do so if the net would draw anything in the shape of fish to shore. The failure of the net is a misfortune. I believe it was left to a distinguished naval officer to see that the net was all right. Why to a naval officer? Nets are used in fresh water, nets are used in salt water; but what an admiral can know about the sort of article which is best suited to catch fish in the Nile more or better than any other man, I am at a loss to

guess or imagine, unless it be that the said admiral is very fond of fishing with nets. The result may be described in a few words : there are no fish caught. The net is rowed carefully out to a shelving sandbank ; one end is landed and given over to a party of amateurs invited from the flotilla generally and to the four sailors of the Ariadne, who “work” the fishing and the boating, and keep the shoulders of the Egyptian mariners to the wheel. One squad is landed to man the shore end of the rope, and the boat is then rowed off, making a wide sweep, and returning to shore with the other end, which is seized by party No. 2. Then with a pull all together the ropes are dragged in, the Prince working as hard as the best of them,—the sailors in the water, the amateurs shouting and slipping in the soft sand ; nearer and nearer comes what ought to be the purse. It is landed at last. It is empty. Not a fin. “Oh, deuce take Admiral Blank !”

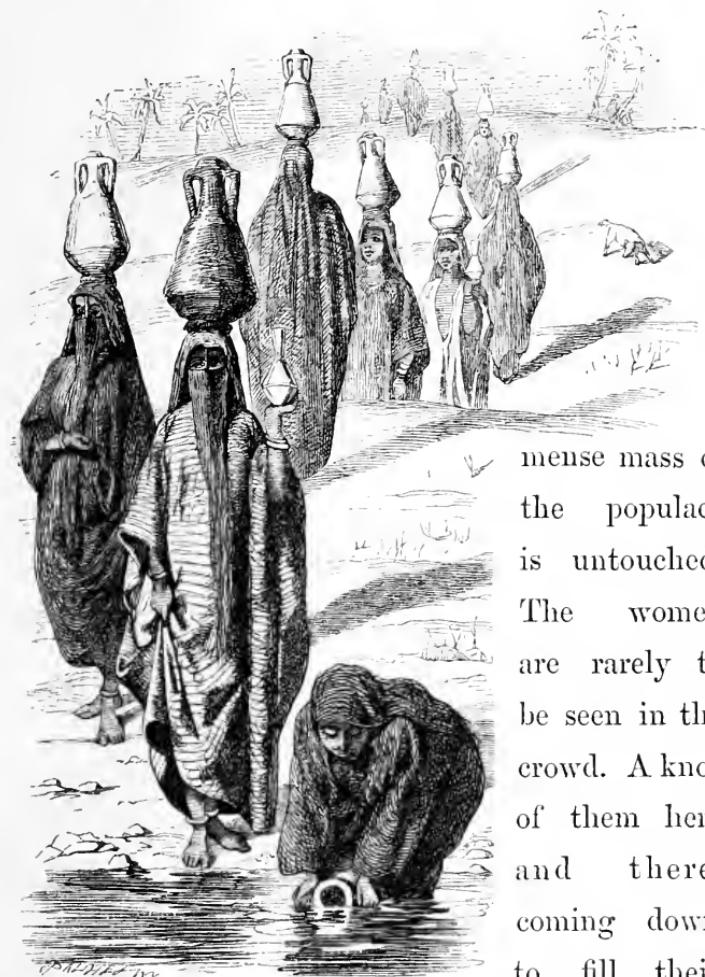
The Duke and his friends were invited to dine on board the Royal steamer ; and Achmet Hassan, the Captain, was asked to join the party, whom he entertained by his liveliness and good-humour, and by the expressiveness of his broken English, in which he managed to make hard hits. He remembered, when on a visit to

England years ago, seeing the Prince—"nice small boy," and before dinner was over he rose amid cheering and laughter, and proposed the "Health of the Queen of England," and added, "Get you all up, you know." The Prince of Wales then gave the "Health of His Highness the Viceroy," which was warmly received. The Governor of Sioot, Abdé Bey, who came down to meet the Prince and Princess after dinner, was also invited, and had pipes and coffee on board.

Thursday, February 11th.—To make up for our delay, which, if not dull, was becoming fraught with danger of being overtaken by the Tourists, the little fleet started at 4 o'clock this morning from Beni Hassan. There was a sensible shock given to our vessel soon after we left, which awoke most of the sleepers. A mass of earth detached itself from a bank of the river and fell into the water, creating a wave which splashed violently against the side, and threw the water into the windows of some of the cabins. There must be frequent changes produced by such agencies in the riverine farms, as in the Mississippi lands, where a man may find a good slice of his estate gone when he wakes in the morning.

It must not be imagined that the Royal pro-

gress makes a great sensation in the country side. The servants of the Governor, the local officers, and the cavasses, are surrounded by a crowd of the curious — water-carriers, and idlers ; but the im-



mense mass of the populace is untouched. The women are rarely to be seen in the crowd. A knot of them here and there, coming down to fill their

water-jars at the landing-places, linger a moment or two longer perhaps than usual, and peep out above the folds of their dresses at the steamers ;

but it is a languid interest after all, and they stalk back, camel-like, swaying easily under their heavy burthens, to their homes, and cast no lingering look behind. They do not care how far they expose their legs—at least, they go as far as any Highlander, and not quite so far as a ballet-girl; but they are most careful as to neck and shoulders; and I don't think of the hundreds we have seen one has permitted the eye to rest on so much of the upper section of the torso as is so kindly authorized by fashion to be a correct compromise with the nude. It may be inferred that there is no very definite idea in their minds as to who the Prince of Wales is, and that they do not know much beyond the limits of their own village and the local potentate.

The whole of the day was a marvel of loveliness, to be marked with the whitest of chalk. The Nile passes—more properly speaking, rushes—through a richer country. There are sugar plantations, which need manufactories at Rhoda, and elsewhere, to consume the produce. There are more verdant fields and broader patches of cultivation. The waterworks are more frequent, and the labours of the shadoof more constant. The stream is covered with sails, or boats impelled against the wind by rowers tug-

ging at great oars, to the rhythm of a plaintive chorus. Then we come to a high range of rock on the right bank, Gibel Aboofayda, and catch glimpses of the Desert encroaching here and there. There were heaps of birds along the shore; prodigious multitudes of blue and grey herons on the rocks spoke of plenty of fish in the river. Passing the rocks of Aboofayda, the Prince made some excellent shots at individual cormorants, swarms of which were roosting and flying about the recesses of these grand cliffs. The range of limestone on our left is bored in all directions by square apertures, leading to the chambers, in which mummies of sacred animals and possibly those of men were buried. The navigation became very difficult, and even our light steamer went once aground. The river winds and twists like a snake, and is as mischievous. A large town which we passed towards evening, Manfaloot, was half destroyed some years ago by the washing away of the bank on which it stood. Here we shot by two dahabeahs, one with the British, another with the United States flag; and farther on we overtook a very large and handsome boat flying the French tricolour, which greeted the Prince subsequently, with a royal salute from pistols, double

barrel and single barrel, very enthusiastically. Thanks to our gallant allies!



We saw Sioot for more than an hour-and-a-half, ere our steamer could reach the landing-place at dusk. There were considerable preparations to receive the Royal party. About thirty irregular cavalry were drawn up on the bank, and the Governor, Abdé Bey, and his functionaries, with horses, carriages, and any number of donkeys, were in waiting. The shore was brilliantly illuminated. Sioot has a population of 30,000 souls, and is a place of great importance in Upper Egypt. It is the starting-point and terminus of the caravans between Dongola and the province. Our party disembarked and went through the town. A bright-eyed boy, who joined in the informal procession of natives in our train, burst out into very good English,

and shook hands with every one all round. He is brother of the American Consul, who can speak no English; and he learned to speak and write at a school established by some American philanthropists in the city. There is no British Consul; but the Spaniards, of all people, have a functionary of that description.

We visited in our ramble a school maintained by the State, or, rather, passed in review a line of youths, by no means remarkable for good looks, attired in French cut frock-coats, red trousers with blue stripe, and fez cap. They might have looked tolerable in their native dress; but it would be difficult to pick out a lot of more ill-favoured lads than those fifty who were presented to us. There were a number of others caught sight of at an open door in a building in which they appeared to be packed very close, but the door was shut on the inquiring stranger as he approached. After visiting the school, the party were entertained by the irregular cavalry, a few of whom went through the exercise of the jereed. There was nothing very remarkable about the showmen, except the wonderful rapidity with which they reined up their horses, checked and turned them at full speed. But the leader, armed with a long lance, wielded it with

much expertness, and set a fine example to his troop, who might be useful as light cavalry, and who certainly were very picturesque. It was long after dark before the Prince's fleet came up at full speed—rather a perilous feat in the night. The Prince came on board the Duke's steamer after dinner.

February 12th.—(Sioot.) A cold night; thermometer 58° at 9 A.M. It was a very disagreeable day—a high wind and clouds of dust. The Duke's party started after breakfast for Sioot, attended by Hamed. The city lies about two miles from the landing-place. The donkey boys were unusually malignant and persecuting, and even Hamed had to rouse himself to use strong language, which on some occasions was rendered into muscular English by the Chelebees. We set off, having asserted freedom of election in the matter of donkeys, and made a fine entrance into the city, which consists of the usual mud-bricked houses, built anyhow, and cavalcaded the bazaar, made a solemn purchase of tarbooshes and shot, at very fair prices, and returned just as the Royal party was setting out for the same visit. After breakfast the Prince and Princess, attended by Mrs. Grey and suite, visited the city and the American Mission School, under the charge

of the Rev. Mr. Hogg—eighty pupils. As it is very likely many an Eton man who knows all about the Po and the Tiber is ignorant of the course of the Humber or the Tweed, so the lads, who answered very creditably, were, to Sir Samuel Baker's great astonishment, found to be unacquainted with the sources of the Nile. From the school the Royal travellers went to the Mosque, and thence proceeded to the Egyptian school, but the boys were absent, as it was a Friday. The rooms, containing some twenty beds, were well ventilated and comfortable. The Princess, in mounting her horse, sustained what Dr. Minter called a luxation of the thumb, which gave her great pain for the time, and made tears come to her eyes, but she never complained of it. The Prince and Princess made purchases in the bazaar, and went back to the fleet, which started at 2.30 p.m. On returning to the vessels, natives came on board with specimens of pottery, and sold a number of jars, coloured very prettily red, black, and white, of classical and elegant shapes.

The country around Sioot is very rich, and spreads far along the banks of the river. The course of the stream is tortuous, and the channel difficult to keep. And here is a paradox: "If

the steamers get aground going up now, and the river keeps falling every day till June, how on earth are they to get back in March or April?" Thus asks Inductive Inquiry. To whom replies Experience in the shape of the Captain. And Ali Bey replies: "The river goes down, indeed, but as it does the shallows disappear, and the waters, in a more contracted channel, scoop out better marked channels." Voilà comme les choses s'expliquent! It is a NE. wind, which is a very different sort of fellow from what he is in England. On board the ship it is better than on land, but still the dust blows into our cabins, and it is too hot to shut the ports to keep it out. Whether the river be less fishy here or not I cannot say, but the absence of cormorants, compared with their great abundance lower down, was remarkable; nor were flamingos, spoonbills, or ducks very abundant. No crocodiles as yet. They are very provoking. A reward is to be given for showing one—usual fee 10 piastres—if he be slain, the reward to the first demonstrator is 40 piastres. Be sure the Arabs and fellahs are keen enough to look out for them. But our great following, and the noise of the paddles of so many steamers, not to speak of the shouting of the men employed to keep

watch and ward over our course, have given the alarm to the timid water-lizards, which, between the constant “potting” of dahabeah sportsmen, and the never-ceasing persecutions to which infant members of the family are exposed, lead a troublous life below the First Cataract.

The Prince’s stuffer, Mr. Baker, has a workshop on deck in the bow, formed of canvas and marked “private,” but is not unfrequently aggressed upon by collectors of feathers for fly-tying. Science is always exposed to the interruptions of the outer world. He has got in a forward state spoonbills, flamingos, mallard, merlin, hawk-owl, herons, cranes, cormorants, hoopoes, doves, but of land game birds little or none. I doubt if ever any one visited the Nile under more favourable circumstances, so far as the means of enjoying it are concerned; but the Prince is not acting in accordance with the advice given to travellers of seeing everything while he can, and not putting it off till he returns, as every one hopes he will.

At an hour before sunset the fleet turned bows in-shore, and the mooring stakes were driven into the bank near a village called Isbah. The Prince and a few friends went out shooting, and got some pigeons, a small owl, a hoopoe, &c. They were attended by

a crowd, who were highly pleased when the Prince ordered money to be given for the pigeons he had killed. It is said that the natives do not like one to come after the pigeons close to the villages, as they are apt to fly away to other districts when persecuted by small shot, but that they do not care if the sportsmen go out into the fields. The villages swarm with pigeons, which are lodged far more comfortably than their owners, and the young ones are a very valuable addition to the limited resources of the poor fellah. There was a glorious sunset, the finest we have yet seen, over a distant line of Desert hills which closes the wide expanse of bearded wheat, dotted with dates and acacias, and here and there blurred by the brown heap which constitutes a fellah village, crouching under groves of palms.

CHAPTER VIII.

GEBEL HAREEDI.—SONHADJ.—GIRGEH.—KENEH.—DENDERA.—COPTOS.

February 13th.—(Isbah.) One week to-day since we left Cairo. The voyage seems to have proved of service to the Princess, who looks better than she did on arriving in Egypt. The fleet moved off at 5.30 A.M., and went at a steady pace up the river. A steamer was discerned following us far off. “The tourists are coming!” was the universal cry. Every glass was directed to the ship. At last she was pronounced to be a trading steamer from Cairo, and a feeling of relief was at once experienced. At 9 o’clock, the immense cliffs of Gebel Hareedi, towering perpendicularly upwards from the sloping base of débris marked by the most enormous boulders, presented a fine appearance. There was some discussion as to their height. I estimated them at 300 feet from the base of the débris. Mr. Fowler put them at 700, which was surely too much. At 11 o’clock A.M. the steamers ran in and made fast to a

high bank, and after breakfast all hands went on board the Royal steamer to hear Mr. Fowler read his report on the Suez Canal. Mr. Fowler dealt tenderly with Mr. Stephenson's dicta, and was lenient to Mr. Hawkshaw's cautious, yet compromising, report on the Canal. His own opinion was that the Canal would not pay unless a good deal of the Indian and Chinese Cape traffic were diverted into it. Lord Palmerston declared the Canal ought not to be made. Mr. Stephenson said it could not be made. Mr. Hawkshaw averred it could not be finished in the estimated time, and at the estimated cost. Mr. Fowler declares it can be made at the estimated time and cost; that Lord Palmerston's objections have been met by recent changes in the relations of the Company to the Egyptian Government; that Mr. Stephenson's opinion is to be regretted; that Mr. Hawkshaw's is erroneous; but that the Canal will not pay, unless there is something more than mail and passenger traffic to go through it, in addition to the trade which it may create for itself.

At 1 o'clock we halted at Sonhadj, where the vessels coaled, and the Prince went out shooting, but got no sport. There was a very small dahabeah here flying the United States flag, and apparently laden with "notions" of various kinds; and some

distance farther on, we met a Britisher, going down the river, which left Cairo two months ago. The inhabitants were drawn up in rows at the landing-place, where the officials were in waiting, with a staff of cavasses in line to keep the little boys in order; and at 2.30 p.m. the flotilla was off again. At 4.20 p.m. passed Misneah, and, hugging the right bank, made way against the strong current which sweeps at the base of the great crags, rising in well defined strata to a height of 300 or 400 feet above us. At one spot a body of dromedary cavalry came down to serve as escort in case of need—some fifteen or eighteen men—very wild and picturesque-looking fellows, with long guns and pistols in their belts; but they were headed off by a projecting cliff, dived into a cleft in the mountain chain, and we saw them no more. The course of the stream is carefully marked out by boughs of palms and long feathery waving reeds stuck on the shallows; boats, with shouting crews, moored at difficult places; and watchmen who hail us from the sand-banks and isolated shores of little islands.

At Girgeh, 341 miles from Cairo, which we reached at 6.30 p.m., the fleet was put in shorewards and lay to for the night. The Governor is one of the richest men in these parts, of an

ancient family, possessing a splendid house at Man-faloot, which is open to all travellers. A line of fifty lanterns, suspended from a line of posts, lighted up the landing-place. There was the usual establishment of animated beacons, with their blazing torches of pine-wood in iron hoops at the end of long poles. Tents were pitched on an open space by the river-banks, outside the town, at which there was to have been an entertainment of music and dancing-girls ; but they were sent away, as it was not possible to endure either the singing or the dancing. Hundreds of men and boys assembled round the fires and the blazing beacons, and sat on the banks far into the late evening ; but it is observable that, whether from fear of the cavasses, or natural good manners, they did not crowd round the Prince's ship, and stare into the windows, which were ablaze with wax-candles and gilded mirrors. What a contrast to that crowd at Wimbledon, which no force of arms, or threats, or prayers, could restrain from mobbing the Sultan ! When the Prince went on shore for a few moments, there was a considerable gathering of the people, but they did not press upon or inconvenience him, and many of those who came nearest belonged to the flotilla itself. Our ever-joyous captain, Achmet Hassan, came on board to dinner, and

was as quick and entertaining as ever. Fourteen years at sea, poor man ! ere he had a little taste of shore life. Yet he prefers the sea to Nile navigation. “I never go down all day now — paddle-box, always paddle-box,—shouting Fulley speed ! Halfey speed ! Turney-stern ! At sea, give my course to officer—lie down, go sleep. Sea much better.” Ali Risa pointed out a passage in Lady Duff Gordon’s Letters which he was reading, as a proof of bad taste. It related to the Prince of Wales’s marriage. Omar, her servant, was represented to have asked when the Prince “would see his wife’s face,” which Ali Risa regarded as indelicate. So the Captain to-night, in giving a general invitation to his house at Cairo, on our return, said, “I will show you everything —everything—only” (he smiled with all his white teeth) “not my wife.”

“But,” said the Duke, “when you come to me in Scotland, you will see the Duchess.”

“Each country has its customs. If I take my wife to Scotland, I let you see her face.”

The Captain says he has only one wife ; and then he taps his breast and laughs, and adds, “I am Englishman—one wife—one wife.”

There has been a difficulty between our vessel and Colonel Stanton’s ever since we started ; and a

want of good faith in the matter of milk, meat, and provisions generally, is reciprocally attributed to the Commissariat department. When the two steamers come alongside, the cackle of the poultry in the pens, and the gobbling of the turkeys on the paddle-boxes, is quite overpowered by the animated outburst of speech in which Virgilio, Giovanni, Attilio, Giacomo talk all together to Guiseppe and Filippo, Geronimo and Baptiste, over the side. One of our waiters, going on board the Consular boat to indulge in the charming gabble so dear to Italian servitori, was ejected by the Captain. Great wailing, and a complaint to Ali Bey. An explanation is called for. The Captain makes it clear that the Italian was in undress, and could not be identified as a person entitled to come on board, but recalls the expulsion and manual application. Honour is satisfied, and peace is restored between Captain and man by an affectionate salute on the cheek. A case of champagne was opened last night sine permissu superiorum, and three bottles were abstracted. Our Captain infers that it must be Christians who did so, “because,” observes he, logically, “my crew all Mussulmen—Mussulmen only drink water.” Perhaps so.

February 14th.—Left Girgeh at sunrise—such a sunrise!—a cloudless sky, still studded with

twinkling stars in the deep blue of the far west, while the east was glowing with orange and amber. The sunrise in Egypt, at this time of year, is rather colourless—too white, owing to a want of watery clouds in the sky. A very fine morning, nevertheless; wind firm, NE., fresh, but not keen or chest-searching; and a sun which gained in power every hour. There is a sharp look-out for crocodiles; but the Reis says it is in vain, for the water is too cold and the air is not warm enough; yet Sir S. Baker holds, that when the water is cold and the sun is as bright as it is now, crocodiles come out—or should do so. But they do not. The Governor of Girgeh, if rightly interpreted, declared that a crocodile had not visited the neighbourhood for the last sixty years! But we have passed the place where Lord H. Scott shot a beast, according to Hamed, and where the Prince saw many when he was last here.

After breakfast lay to off the right bank below Farshoot for a time, having passed all that remains of a large town, the rest of which will soon, in all likelihood, follow into the bed of the Nile. The tenacity with which the people cling to the banks of the river, in spite of awful warnings and constant depositions, is curious.

As we lay to the dahabeah Feodalinda, with British colours, swept down with the stream, firing a little salute from all her armoury, with three Britishers standing, with heads uncovered, on deck. To us it was a day of rest and thankfulness. To the poor fellahs who were toiling by the river banks, only to be distinguished from it in colour by the cloths round their loins, and their head-pieces of felt, the shadoof gives no rest from sunrise to sunset. Friday—their Sabbath—brings them no repose. It is said that there is a great scarcity to be feared from the want of water in the Nile, and that the Viceroy is making preparations to meet it by extensive purchases of corn—for he is not a political economist. He does not understand the principles of free trade as they were applied to a certain country in 1846. The approach to Keneh is indicated by the rafts of water-jars—some many thousands in number—floating down the river. On the right great fields of water-jars lay on the beach; and, on nearing the town, a group of six white cylindrical windmills, with extinguisher-shaped tops, mark the hill, or irregular plateau, beneath which the town is situated. In the present state of the Nile it lies some two miles away from the high bluff covered with palm trees, and occupied by a native village,

by which the vessels were drawn up. There was a crowd of turbaned sheiks waiting to do the Royal party honour — the British Consular Agent, the Deputy Governor of Esn , and many individuals of repute in their way, with retinues of men, horses, and asses—but it was too late to go to the town. The Prince, however, accepted an invitation to the Consular Agent's for the evening to see a dance.

There might have been a serious accident on our arrival here. The Mudir had caused a landing-place to be erected on a platform of wood, which was covered with turf and earth, so that the visitors might walk from the deck of the vessels on shore. Getting on shore is one of the events of the day, and there is a rapid movement from the steamers as soon as the planks are laid. Fortunately, there are always adventurous young men ready to take the first step. Some said that the steamer, on coming to, gave the platform a shake; others averred there was an original defect of weakness in its constitution. Any way, as Lord Carington was bounding towards the bank, a crash was heard, and he and the platform tumbled down together, involving Mr. Montagu and Prince Louis in part of the ruin. Lord Carington fell into the Nile, but he soon scrambled up the bank, dripping like a Newfoundland, and not a bit

the worse for his little immersion. It might have been a very awkward fall for the Princess, and for a time the Mudir was in great disfavour. But all's well that ends well.

There is bad news for the sportsmen. The Prince's dogs roam about in vain, and never have need to stiffen tail or arrest their course over the fields. There are no quails, and one gets tired of shooting pigeons, hawks, and weeny owls. When it was dark, Colonel Marshall and I went on shore, intending to see the fantasia at the Consular Agent's, and were immediately beset by an irresistible crowd of donkey boys. He is not quite a feather weight, and except a French giant at a station on the Suez Canal, and an awful negro who encountered us at one of our halts, the like of him in stature was not seen in Egypt. But what will not donkey boys dare? They seized on him as if he were a baby, and by sheer force and united efforts put him first on one donkey and then on another, according to the temporary success of opposing factions. In vain he frustrated their efforts by the simple expedient of putting his feet on the ground, and letting the delighted donkey walk away from between his legs. They returned to the charge again and again. The night was hot, and the climate exhausting, and the

donkey boys were legion. I succumbed after a brief struggle, and sat watching from my saddle a crowd revolving in the dust, amidst which F. M. now upreared his huge bulk in spite of himself, now descending to the earth, striking out like a steam hammer, till, worn out and defeated, he called for help I could not give, and was led off in triumph towards Keneh. I followed, and as soon as we were fairly disposed of, the crowd melted away, and left us to some six or seven of the victors, who goaded the animals into a gallop through the village, rousing up all the dogs to madness by their cries. Suddenly there darted out of a grove the most prodigious-looking ruffian we had ever seen—Frenchman, negro, British cuirassier, all were dwarfs to him—and as he rushed down, whirling a six-foot staff shod with iron, I instinctively clapped my hand on my revolver, and F. M. exclaimed, “Did you ever see such a scoundrel in your life?” My revolver was of course in its case in the cabin, but the apparition meant no harm. It turned out afterwards he was only the village watchman. But, *quis custodiem custodiet?* Watching an opportunity, I plucked his staff out of his hand, and, to make assurance doubly sure, handed it to F. M., who held it with iron grip, and gave it an occasional flourish over the owner’s head, whose

feelings were not too deep for words, for he yelled hideously. With him in our train, we pricked over the plain in the dusk, crossed the dry bed of a branch of the Nile, and entered the town, which was like any other town in Egypt. We were guided to the scene of a fantasia by the dub-a-dub of the drums, and the noise of voices, and dismounted at a door surrounded by a crowd of people. The court inside was crammed with turbans, and the heat was smothering. The stairs leading up from the court to the first floor of the Consular mansion were equally thronged. As we entered, a black servitor made us understand he wanted to announce us, and a great fear fell on us too. We had not been invited ! Nor had we been introduced to the Egyptian gentleman who was good enough to take on himself to represent the power of Great Britain and Ireland at Keneh. Moreover, we had seen and heard enough, for some of the dancers were visible at the doorway, and the music beat full on our ear. And so we mounted and fled, just as Ali Risa came charging down to bear us to the presence. Fled, but not far or long. Flop ! down came F. M. and his donkey in the dust, and, once there, the latter refused to rise, and my quadruped evinced a strong tendency to follow his example. The donkey boys were not in

the least put out. Making for the first house at hand, one opened a door, and in a moment emerged, leading forth a hapless ass, which had fondly believed its work was over for the night. But out came the owner too! And then such a clamour of words arose! In the midst of the controversy we cantered off, just as the principal inhabitants were coming out to engage in the dispute, and steering our course through the intricate channels of the narrow lanes, reached the plain at last, and had a most delightful ride in the moonlight, which was asserting its supremacy, back to our steamer. The watchman was quite happy at the restoration of his staff, and at the receipt of a small gratuity; and in order to assert his office and compensate himself for his temporary loss of dignity and power, he hit a donkey boy, who was doing nothing whatever, a smart tap on the skull with the iron end. The Almeahs, or dancing-girls of Keneh, are celebrated for their beauty—by the natives. They are exceedingly like British gipsy women of an ordinary type, but they do not bear such a good reputation. Here is a portrait of the fairest of them, who was not, however, so famous a dancer as a stumpy little woman, who had acquired the art of vibrating her person from the breast to the hips, whilst the rest of her body was motionless,

to a degree which is considered perfection. There is one mistake in the sketch. The dancer should not have shoes.



February 15th.—(Keneh.) In the morning the Princess made her first acquaintance with an Egyptian Temple. True, it is 1,800 years old—quite a modern affair. True, it is so highly ornate that real antiquaries do not think much of it; but surely it is something to gaze on the portrait of Cleopatra, and to see the name of her son by Julius Caesar carved in solid rock while they were still alive, as fresh as though it were done yesterday. It is something to wander through courts where Roman legionaries

came from afar to worship the Egyptian Venus. To the Royal party, at all events, the ancient Temple and the neighbouring ruins were full of deep interest. The Temple was cleared some years ago by order of Mahomet Bey, but the sand appears to be accumulating once more.

After breakfast, the steamers crossed over to the other side of the river, and we set out to visit Dendera, which, in the present state of the Nile, is about two miles from the shore. The Prince mounted a horse belonging to the Viceroy's son, and the Princess rode her own milk-white and noisy donkey.

The critics may talk as they please. They may call the figures "graceless," and abuse the "over-charged capitals;" they may style the columns "barbarous," an they list, but I am ignorant enough to agree with Belzoni, and to confess my admiration of this grand ruin—the most perfect, it is said, of any in Egypt. "But," say the Egyptologues, "that very perfection is a defect! The long dead wall outside is hideous. When rifted and broken, the beauty of a temple is really seen." Here is a building of massive masonry, finished exquisitely, 220 paces long, by 50 paces broad, with a grand portico on twenty-four giant columns, 25 feet round and 40 feet high,

opening on columned chambers and halls engraved like a watch, older than any Christian temple in the world. The capitals are ornamented with women's heads with the ears of a cow. And it is too rich, and too new, and too perfect for the antiquaries ! These Ptolemies were mere mushroom nobodies. It is nothing that this Temple was built on the site of an edifice erected by Cheops himself. There was an offensive zodiac on the ceiling of the portico, which is enough to damn the whole place, for it is not Egyptian at all ! It is now safe in Paris. Then there are Greek inscriptions ! And Aulus Avilius Flaccus, as prefect of the time, Aulus Fulvius Crispus, Commander-in-Chief, and Sarapion Trychambus, Commandant of the district, have had the audacity to record their names as the dedicators of the Temple to the very great goddess Aphroditè, whom the Egyptians called Athor, in the reign of Tiberius, when he was ordering the whole world to be taxed ! The portraits of Cleopatra, I admit, are disappointing ; but who has seen a satisfactory likeness of Mary Queen of Scots ? And this was cut in hard stone. The face and figure are marred by time, and so are those of Cæsarion, her son by the great Julius ; who certainly ought to have

made a mark in the world, had he lived, and possessed any hereditary favours. Near the Temple of Athor there is another, very small, containing three chambers only. On the wall is cut the semblance of the Sacred Cow; and it is related that when the Sepoys who came to Egypt with our Expedition from India, which landed on the shores of the Red Sea, and marched by the old route to Keneh, visited the place, they all fell on their faces and worshipped the emblem. The whole building is full of interesting details.

Another building still remains, and I shall leave it to antiquarians to decide whether it is a “lying-in” place or not—the building where Athor was confined, or a temple in honour of her child. Then there is a wide waste of ruins—walls, columns in various stages of decay, blocks of stone; slabs, all covered with hieroglyphs, portraits, emblems—the hawk, which is the Sun, with the Beginning and the End, Iris, and Nephthys, by its side; myriads of figures and signs in stone; a propylon of the grandest character, to which the Arch of Triumph, not to speak of Temple Bar, must yield—and its fellow in fragments. And Tentyris is a heap of rubbish—all that is left some heaps of brick and rubble; and its

courtier chiefs, who worshipped the divine Tiberius, son of god Augustus, have left but their monumental flatteries behind them. In addition to the sand and time, there have been two agencies at work to deface these magnificent temples. With labour villainously laborious, the brutalized Mahometan has worked at the destruction of every face and likeness on the walls, too often successfully, and always leaving his indelible mark. Then myriads of rascally bees, which make no honey, but appear to be able to perforate solid stone, have constructed cities which look as hard as the very rock, on the outer walls of the Temple, covering over inscriptions and images with an armour which no one dare pierce. Professor Owen took rather an interest in them, but his researches were terminated by a disposition on their part to take an interest in him. It was the prettiest picture possible to see the Princess wandering about the ruins—to watch her tracing out the features, with the aid of a cane, of stony Cleopatra on the wall. What a contrast between our fair mistress and the Serpent of Old Nile! For hours the party wandered here and there, and the hum of voices aroused up the bats and hawks in the recesses of the ruins. A fire was kindled, and the repast was

spread in the shade of the portico ; and the chibouquejeses appeared with diamond-studded pipes and jewelled coffee-cups, when lunch was over ; and we reposed for a time out of the heat, in the cool of the Temple. The thermometer marked 73° even there.

Then, after a grateful rest, the word was “To horse” (read donkey *passim* please), and returning to the steamers, sated with the wonders of Tentyris, Prince and Princess and their following embarked, and were on their way towards Thebes ere the sun had sunk behind the solemn ruins. The flotilla passed the site of Coptos, destroyed by Diocletian. This was, says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the mart of Indian commerce. There were once temples here, attributed to Thotmes and to kings of the eleventh dynasty. The early Christians pulled down these temples to build them a church. That church has now disappeared.

Then darkness menaced our timid captains. The Soudan—Fezegoloo—for them if mishap comes to Prince or Princess ! So they draw up to the shore and make fast at no place in particular. There is a village some way off—Hamed says its name is El Arabat. The El Arabatites were rather astonished when the party landed from the steamers

and commenced a brisk fusillade against all volatile creatures till it was too dark to see. The Prince seems to be the best shot of the “société,” for no amount of loyalty will induce a man to go on missing for ever. In compliment to the genius loci of Tentyris, who had a great enmity to the sacred crocodile, eager search was made along the river banks for the interesting reptile, but he might as well have been looked for between Putney and Richmond.

CHAPTER IX.

HAMED.—LUXOR.—KARNAK.—THE LEARNED LEPSIUS.

—NIGHT AT LUXOR.—BAB-EL-MOLOOK.—A NIGHT SURPRISE.

“WE shall be at Thebes in the morning!” Our last word at night. And Hamed, who has just said his prayers in the moonlight—why I know not, for we thought three times a day was the proper and complete complement of devotion required of the most devout of Moslem—says, “Taybe a very nice place; all old ruin about made by King Solomon, de say.” I have forgotten to tell you who Hamed is, though he has been mentioned more than once. When the Duke was waiting at Cairo for Prince and Princess, he was assailed by people who wished to be engaged as dragoman for his party on the Nile. One, highly recommended, a Syrian gentleman in spectacles, very nearly established himself. He would leave remuneration to our noble selves. It would do when we all returned. Whatever we gave would be enough. But he was asked to préciser

himself, and to do it in writing. So he sent in an estimate. At first it was supposed he was under the idea that he was to provide food and drink for all the party, and he was told we were the Viceroy's guests, and that everything was paid for on board the steamer. But he held fast to his figures, and merely remarked that he "would like to pay de donkey boy very handsome—just for the noble Duke sake." When he was derided and rejected, he came down some hundred per cent., but was still soaring high in regions of the impossible. Finally rejected, he did not despair of his prey, but came out on us in the form of an antiquarian—"De most lubly dings in Egypt. No one else hab them. Je vous jure, altesse! Cléopadre's neglace! I find her myself!" How he haunted our doorsteps and sat in our halls! But one day Hamed turned up, and he was at once secured. Do you remember the stout, short, jolly person who waited on the hippopotami long ago in the Zoological Gardens, and who, from association with them, had become almost hippopotamic in expression—dark-skinned, dark-eyed, sleek, and round? This was "*Hippopotamus Johnny.*" He came to England with the first little river-horse—"all de same as my leetle child"—leaving his old mother somewhere up in Nubia, in the parts near

Khartoum ; and he has since been dragoman for “de long Desert caravan jerney.” A devout man is Hamed, and very honest, I think, and very slow. He forgives even the hippopotamus all the wrong it did him. “When I go wid de leetle calf he boder me very troublesome. He go into him wash baat in ship ; den him come out all wet—smell about for Hamed, and roll me about wid him damp big nose. I get no sleep—so says captain, ‘I make you sleep in hammick ;’ and he sling one in de house where me and de calf wor. De first night I get in de hammick when de calf in him water, and I hear him come back, and smell—smell—all over for me : round he go, and grunt, and grunt, and sniff. Then I laugh to myself. Not long I laugh ! Helo ! my face is grinded up agen de cabin top, and my eye flash de fire and my nose he bleed. De leetle rascal calf, he got up on him hind leg, and give me a great dig wid him big snout, and knock hammick and all agen de roof, and near kill me. I wor very fond of him, to be sure !” And Hamed was engaged as dragoman, and found us more troublesome, I fear, even than his fat friend.

The whole party were awake early. We saw the Princess and Mrs. Grey were on the deck of their boat, and the Prince soon came up and joined

them. But the river is not very interesting just here, for the valley is wide and low; though on our right the hills of the Desert rise abruptly to a considerable height over the plain in which lie perdu from us the Memnonium and the Colossi. On our left is Karnak, and there, beyond, is Luxor, to which we are tending—the Thebes in general of the tourist. Alas! that one must speak or write of what we saw! Words! words! words! How that grandeur mocks you! But here we are at Luxor. The flotilla arrived at 9 o'clock.

It was intensely hot. The travellers' boats moored below the ruins were covered in with sun-shades. Nor did many of the English, Russians, and Americans — whose nationality was indicated by standards flying—venture out to see the arrival of the Royal party. But they kept up volleys of fowling-pieces from their boats in sign of welcome, and a small gun on shore gave deeper volume to the sound at irregular intervals.

From the summit of the ancient Temple, in which Mustapha Aga, the British Consular agent, has his dwelling, floated the flags of the United States and of Great Britain, and the Austrian, French, and Russian banners were displayed from various points, in company with the Ottoman

standard. The boats were hung with palm-branches, lemons, and oranges, and on the bank of the river the principal people of the place were assembled to receive the Royal party. By-and-by I shall try to say a word of Luxor itself, but now I must take the order of events as it came.

Mustapha Aga—who, next to the ruins, is perhaps the best-known “object” about Thebes—went on board to pay his respects. His feelings during the Mason and Slidell controversy must have been of a distracting character, for he is Consul for Great Britain and Consul for the United States, and hoists the flag of the one, and over his door is the escutcheon of the arms of the other. The Prince landed, and proceeded to his house to see the collection of curiosities, and a wonderful mummy, which looks as fresh as if Mustapha Aga and his family had just given it the last coat of paint and gilding.

I wish no harm to Mustapha, but I should like very much to pull his house down, not about his ears, but from between the ruins in which it stands. It is planted up there like a swallow’s nest against the eave of a Greek temple. There was a haie of twenty or thirty Europeans between the river bank and Mustapha’s porch, and a screen of reeds and festoons was erected outside for the little procession

which the Princess with Mrs. Grey headed from the steamers. Pipes and coffee were of course brought in, when mummy and scarabæus had been examined; and outside there was congregated a mass of donkey boys, and some good horses, led by syces. As we saw afterwards, there was a large gathering of natives not two hundred yards away—market-day at Luxor. But indolence, ignorance, or indifference—what you will—its influence was so great, not one ever stirred to inquire into the cause of the firings and general tomasha.

About midday the Prince and Princess started for Karnak, magnâ comitante catervâ. And a very pretty procession it was—the Princess on her milk-white ass, caparisoned in red velvet and gold, and the Prince on an animal of the same kind, of darker hue. The donkey is the favourite beast of the saddle. The horse is generally fidgety, head-tossing, much neighing, given to ground and lofty tumbling, which in a hot sun and on broiling sand is not conducive to comfort. There were Mrs. Grey, the Duke of Sutherland, Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Marquis of Stafford, Lord Albert Gower, Lord Carington, Colonel Marshall, Mr. Montagu, Professor Owen, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Sumner, Sir H. Pelly, Colonel Stanton, Sir S. Baker, Dr.

Minter, Major Alison, Mourad Pasha, Abd-el-Kader Bey, Ali Risa, Mr. Brierly, Mr. George, and myself, with a preceding and surrounding of chibouquejes, syces, guides, cavasses, dragomans—conspicuous among them the gorgeous Hadji Ali, Colonel Stanton's dragoman, and Hamed—a gay crowd on horses and asses, cantering, in clouds of dust—all bright with fantastic dresses, turbaned, and loose-robed—in a long stream, over irrigated land and sandy desert; now spreading out like a fan of many colours, again condensed in an undulating cord-like file over the plain. And so, chatting and laughing, out from Luxor to the waste where once trod many myriad feet—Mustapha Abd-el-Kader and Sir S. Baker wheeling and whirling, according to their skill, in the wild pleasures of jereed play, which, considering that the sun was excessively powerful and burning, did not commend itself largely to our party. Our Italian and French domestics and the Turkish chibouqueaille always attend on these occasions, and the brawny sailors of the Ariadne career gloriously on steed or ass, and emulate the hippodamic chibouquejes. And wherever the Prince goes the faithful Downie is sure to be; nor is Peter Robertson far off, nor the guardian of the Prince's gun. Alister, of course, is ever with the Duke. We are

going all wrong, of course. We should visit the ruins on the left bank of the Nile first, and finish with Luxor. I do not think it matters much. Certainly it did not affect any of the party around the Royal travellers, and never were more joyous, light-hearted people en route to Karnak. Some two hundred people, perhaps, all in full cry, and merry as the morn. And the solemn grandeur of the ruined Temples came on us at last!

Well! It is in the idea of “what must have been” that much of the impression produced by these ruins is based. They are the only works of human hands I know of which produce the effect of awe. The immense antiquity of what we see affects us only in relation to that fact. Any stone at our feet is older by countless ages. But our fellow-men hewed these blocks and built them up, and drew those figures and cut those emblems in the nonage of the world. There is a god-like grandeur in the labours of these poor, nameless multitudes. Time has cast over them the shadow of eternity. What lies before us seems superhuman, but only because no human creature now can wield the power to which these owe their erection. “What this must have been!” That is the thought which fills the breast with something like veneration as we walk down

what was once the Avenue of Sphinxes, now a rough broad path in the Desert sand, covered with stones, sand, fragments of slabs, flints, and lined formerly by a border of gigantic Sphinxes at short distances, of which not one remains complete. These Sphinxes had the heads of rams, the neck and busts of women, and the arms and claws of a lion. So much can be gathered from an inspection of the colossal fragments of the hundreds which cover the ground. They were sedulous destroyers who did so much work here. The avenue formed by these Sphinxes led to a gateway or Pylon which is still erect, and rises to the height of 140 feet, its massive blocks recording that it is the work of Ptolemy Euergetes, and Berenice his wife, who are, according to our guide-book, represented making offerings to their predecessors and parents. Ptolemy is said to be shown somewhere in a Greek costume, but I could not make him out.

The Royal party, in irregular procession, approached the ruins by this Avenue of Sphinxes, which is at the south-west entrance, and passing through the Ptolemaic Pylon, made an examination of the sculptured stones, most of them dismounting and handing over the animals to the syces. Thence they proceeded down a second avenue of mutilated Sphinxes, by far older than the first, and passed

through a Pylon, 80 feet high, into a court, in which one perfect column alone remains to show how grand must have been the stupendous rows of its fellows, the fragments of which are lying all around. It is said to be near 90 feet high, and the remains of twenty-five, of similar size, can be counted in this court, which belongs to a Temple built by Rameses III. and his successors, dating about 1200 B.C. A Pharaoh who preceded Shishak, the contemporary of Solomon, also had a hand in it.

I do freely avow how ignorant I am of the manner in which learned men work out their interpretations, but, I believe. I remember long ago being called on to accept it as a fact that the Latin word “*sylva*,” a grove, was derived from the Greek *ἱλη*, and I did so. But what is to be thought of a dispute concerning a hieroglyph which, if I understand aright, is translated by some as “Amyrtæus” and by others as “Nectanebo”? M. Marriette avers that if an inscription be sent to half a dozen eminent scholars, they will agree in rendering it as readily as if it were Greek or Latin, and with very slight discrepancies. And see! there is Mr. Smith translating passages for the Princess as fast as he can talk—and that is pretty well. A thorough New Englander—somewhere from Boston, I guess—pattering away

about Rameses and Osiris. It is well for the Smiths that the Pharaohs are no more, for republican manners might have led to unpleasant results. The Prince and Princess were then conducted into the great roofless Hall of the Palace built, according to Lepsius, by Rameses II., the Pharaoh who lived in the time of Moses, and dating, according to that authority, 1380 years before Christ.

The Lepsius in question is not the learned person mentioned by Mr. Shandy, who composed a work the day he was born, but he is a recent travelled and learned German, rather unjustly attacked for outrages on the monuments of Egypt. Let all who visit Luxor ask to see his very amusing and instructive "*Livre des Voyageurs.*" It begins with a hieroglyphic title-page, in which it is recorded, in characters taken from the monuments, with some modern adaptations, how Lepsius came out to Egypt under the patronage of the King of Prussia. Then there is a very learned, and yet light dissertation, on Egyptian history and antiquities, and an exposé of the purpose of the book, which is, that travellers may record observations in it—a very useful purpose—making in time the volume a valuable record. And the suggestion has been treated with marked neglect. Some recommend their dragoman; others try to express, in

various languages, poetical inflations about Thebes and Karnak. One Britisher has discovered a curious cartouch, which he commends to Dr. Lepsius. It is copied in the book, and looks very like a “donkey eating thistles !”

To return to the Hall—the grandest work in the world. It stands in the centre of a court, 278 feet long by 329 broad, which is bordered by covered corridors, with a double row of columns in the centre leading to the Hall. There are advanced towers or propyla to this enclosure, and our guide-book states that the lintel-stones of the doorway want only two inches of 41 feet in length. The stones of the ceiling are of equal size, every one covered with sculptures or paintings. In the centre there are twelve columns of incomparable grandeur, 70 feet high, with plinth and abacus, and $33\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference ; and in rows parallel to these are no less than 126 columns, $42\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and 28 feet round, in seven rows of nine columns each. One column in this hall was presented in almost a miraculous condition. Shaken by an earthquake, or undermined by the overflow of the Nile, it had fallen against its neighbour, so that the entablature rested against the side, and thus the whole mass was upheld at an acute angle, although it is composed of a num-

ber of great stones, which seem held together by magic. The doorways are stupendous. There are towers before each.

Passing out of this court, we came upon two obelisks, one of which has been overthrown, and broken into several pieces, and then upon another court, with two obelisks, one in a similar condition, the other still erect, and measuring 94 feet in height. The party was now lost in labyrinths of ruin—enormous blocks of stone, broken columns, shattered pillars, granite, limestone, and sandstone, alike in pieces. The Sanctuary—a building of red granite, erected by a Pharaoh, destroyed by Cambyses, and rebuilt by Philip—the pillars and columns of a Temple erected by Thotmes III.—Alexander's Hawk—and ruins again fill up the remainder of the vast area, which is, measured, one and a half English miles. Persians and Greeks, Cambyses and Ptolemy, have done their worst, and man built up that man might destroy. The Nile aids time in completing the work. The base of the columns and pillars is covered with nitrous salts, left by the waters of inundation, and I scraped off some which burnt in paper like salt-petre. As to the sculptures on the walls, nothing but an immense series of photographs can give the least idea of them. War is the chief subject—the vic-

tories of Osiris. There is a bridge over the Nile to be remarked, but the works of peace are few. One compartment is interpreted as the representation of the conquests of Shishak, in his expedition against Jerusalem. In another place there are traces of early Christians, who selected the ruins as abiding refuges.

The Prince and Princess explored recesses and chambers, and wandered about the ruins at will, the party breaking up into little knots of independent explorers. They had the advantage of being accompanied by Mr. Smith, who had his own explanations to offer of the sculptures. The sun was very hot, and the thermometer stood at 104° inside the ruins—at least so a Celsius, which a philosophical lady brought with her, was made to read. But a shady place was found for lunch, in the vast colonnade of the Great Hall. Carpets were spread, and the resources of the providore were displayed in the feast, to which the Prince invited a Russian officer—Count Gerbel—and his wife. The effect of the streaks of sunshine which fell through the rifted walls and colossal columns on groups of Egyptians, Arabs, Turks, Arnaouts, and guides, gathered about the horses and donkeys in the Great Hall, and on the various coated, booted, hatted, and knickerbockered Europeans, was very picturesque.

The latter certainly must astonish the natives at times by their costumes. Peter Robertson, the Highland piper, has invented a particularly ingenious adaptation of his kilted attire to the latitude in which he is travelling.

We not unwillingly rested in the grateful shade, whilst the servants laid out the banquet, which would have astonished even Rameses in all his glory. Then there were pipes and coffee and conversation, and a brief repose; and when every one was refreshed we proceeded in the Royal train to the southern gate of the open court, at the side of which is an inscription (said to be) concerning an eclipse of the sun ; visited the temple dedicated by Alexander to his father Philip ; thence, past the well which supplied the defenders of the fortifications, to the palace of Thotmes III., and to another court, in which lie many mutilated statues.

Remounting, the Prince and Princess and their following returned to Luxor as they came, and went over the Temples, which are close to the Nile, and form part of the town. They carefully examined the monuments, in spite of the heat and dust.

We were sated with ruin, and the works of Amunoph and Rameses began to pall. But how stately and how vast they are ! What would it not be worth

to behold, at one coup d'œil, the surpassing grandeur of the scene which must have been presented here when the Temples and Palaces were perfect, and when from Luxor the priest-kings in all their glory proceeded along the sphinx-guarded avenues, right away to glorious Karnak, to celebrate feast, or rite, or victory? Here are temples built by Amunoph III., 1450 b. c. — a mass of columns and sculptured stones — sanctuaries and chambers. They are plastered and bewattled to turn them into dwelling-places for the Arabs, and we disturbed families of goats, children and old women in their homes as we trod the halls of the Pharaohs. Hovels of the vilest, and huts of mud crowd the bases of the walls and pillars. There is another grand work—a Temple and gateway—with a façade 200 feet long and 60 feet high, on the side of which are sculptured the exploits of Rameses II. the Great, son of Sesostris. What are we to say of the Abyssinian Expedition, when we look at the records of this monarch's victories in Asia and India, in the fourteenth century before Christ? Two prodigious statues of red granite still guard the gateway, all defaced and buried in sand and rubbish. One of the servants of the ship chipped off a piece of his nose as a souvenir! The granite has yielded to time, and falls away in flakes at a slight touch.

Can nothing be done by the civilized nations of the world together to preserve Karnak and Luxor? All nations have a common interest in the preservation of these magnificent monuments. They are in great danger. The Nile menaces them every year, and it would need very little to cause the fall of many a glorious pillar which a very little outlay could render safe. And as to man. He ruins what he cannot remove very often, and what he removes is placed in museums, which may be rifled and ransacked by conquest in time to come.

At the Prince's desire, preparations were made to dig down to the base of the Great Obelisk, companion to that in the Place de la Concorde, which was presented to Great Britain. Mr. Smith stated, there were two gigantic asses at the base of the obelisk, but it was not found that they were in the place he indicated. It is vain to express a wish for the removal of what belongs to us, I suppose. The non-user of our right has led to doubts of its existence; and Colonel Stanton had a sharp controversy with Mourad Pasha, who denied that the Obelisk belonged to us at all.

It was 5 o'clock when we returned to the shade of the awnings of the steamers, and of all the party the Princess, who had seen most, seemed the least fatigued. At night the flotilla was illuminated, the

dahabeahs were hung with lanterns, and the river glittered with the reflection of hundreds of fires. Blue lights were burnt, and there was a rivalry between Woolwich and Egypt in the flights of rockets which flew hissing into the serene, bright-starred sky. The avenue of palm-branches and the façade of Mustapha's house were illuminated also, and blazing beacons bordered the bank of the river. Native boats floated down to the music of wild choruses, and vanished in the darkness.

The day and night were equally worthy of remembrance. On board the Prince's ship there was a dinner of more than usual state, and Mr. Smith was invited to the Royal table, in addition to the Russian Count and others.

February 17th.—To-day was devoted to a visit to the “Valley of the Kings,” on the left (or west) bank of the river, one of the most interesting excursions in the world. Sixty or seventy horses and donkeys were collected for the party, which was transported at 10 o'clock to the other side, lower down the Nile. The news of the coming had gone abroad, and, in addition to the usual gathering of syces, servants, and retainers, there was an assemblage of natives, who seemed to have come out of the Desert. Crowds of Arab children, boys and girls, kept up with us the





IN THE FORESTS OF THE KINNA

whole way to the Valley, carrying pitchers of water, and others presented “antiques” for sale at all points of the route—timid persistent creatures, full of desire to please and to secure baksheesh. The kindness of the Prince and Princess to these little people on the way soon made them favourites, and secured for them rather too much attention. His Royal Highness has taken a fancy to a little soft-eyed, white-toothed lad, named Yousouf, who follows his donkey, and wants to take him to England. Yousouf is in great perplexity of mind on the subject. The long hot ride to the Valley terminated only that the exploration of the Tombs of the Kings might begin ; and Prince and Princess dismounted in a blazing sun, and set to work under the guidance of Mr. Smith, who is in grand “concurrence” with Mustapha Aga. It was a very trying day.

Deep into the earth the Prince and Princess dived, among broken slabs and rough stones, examining the chambers of the dead, where painted records and engraved stones preserve the memory of the deeds of the departed tenants to those who can decipher them. Belzoni’s tomb, Bruce’s tomb, and two others were explored. The Princess bore the heat and the rough ascents and descents with indefatigable good-will and enterprise.

This was a day of lamentation for me. Some way or other, the note-book I had been sedulously filling all the way dropped out of my pocket in clambering about the tombs. When the loss was made known, although a great reward was offered to the finder, the knowing ones shook their heads. Colonel Stanton, and Mr. Smith, and Mustapha Ali Risa agreed that the chances were much against me. The reason was this,—“If an Arab found it, he would keep it and hide it, lest he should be accused of stealing it!” What a commentary on the treatment of the people! They have no faith in the European, because he is of the race, they think, which governs them, and thus they act so as to deserve their old traditional character, and cause every man’s hand to be against them. “Years hence,” said Ali Risa, and with him agreed all the dragomanry, “that pocket-book will be offered to some traveller as an antica found in the Tombs, and then the Arab will be horrified at getting a kick, or a stick, or being laughed at for his pains.” And they were right. The sum I offered set every one pretending to look for the book, but no one found it. An Arab must have pounced on it at once, as it fell.

One sees too much in a day to remember all distinctly. The head becomes filled with pylons and propylons, sphinxes, columns, obelisks, hieroglyphs, as confused and broken up and jumbled as are the things themselves which have left the impressions. But I recollect well enough that it seemed the most interesting sight possible to watch the young travellers, on whose future there are such vast interests depending, moving about among the poor Arabs in the gloom of these terrible mortuary chambers, and trying to decipher the records left thousands of years ago of their lives and exploits by other Royal personages, on the walls. Bab-el-Molook is a wonderful place indeed. Desolate, exceedingly; an arid valley of stone, rock, and mountain, burnt by the sun, without tree, or blade of grass, or green thing. Such it could not have been when the kings of Thebes chose it as the site of the subterranean City of the Dead; for the approaches, at least, were like the barren plain on which the Memnonium and the Colossi are placed; then, doubtless, cultivated —covered with trees and residences.

It would be wrong to say no living thing is to be found in this valley. The rocks swarm with scorpions, many of which were captured and bottled

off. What form of insect life the horrors feed upon I cannot say. These, and a few outcast sand-martens flitting about at the entrance to the Valley, were all I could see outside the Tombs. Inside there were bats, which shows that there must be insects about at night; and once, as Alison and I were groping down the shaft-like entrance to one of the tomb galleries, candle in hand, something dark flew with a clatter over the loose stones and vanished—jackal, fox, or hyena. Deep in the solid rock, more than 3,200 years ago, Osiri, father of Sesostris, prepared the home for the alabaster sarcophagus in which his mummy was to rest; now, I think, installed in the British Museum. Belzoni, the fame of whose tremendous size and strength still lives among the Arab guides, was the modern discoverer of this gallery, which now bears his name. It is 180 feet below the surface, and to get at it you must first descend a rough flight of broken steps cut in the rock some thirty feet, which takes you to the first landing from the top, and then go down a similar flight which conducts you to the ground floor. Here there is a passage which leads to a square chamber—a sham—for the kernel of the nut lay inside. Belzoni was not deceived, for he burst through the wall, came upon a chamber with pillars,

descended from it to a chamber with two pillars, went along two passages, entered another chamber, found one still further on, and at last found himself where we were standing, in a vaulted room, 20 feet long and 30 feet wide, in which lay the plundered sarcophagus described then as lying at the mouth of a shaft cut at a slope into the rock for 150 feet, with a flight of steps at either side. Amid these chambers are smaller rooms and recesses in the rock. We were now 320 feet from the entrance, and there was, it may fairly be said, not a foot of the walls or ceilings in all that course of gallery or chamber which was not covered with paintings or hieroglyphs on a sort of smooth plastered surface. To give an account of these would be to write a book, and a large one, which after all would be but a dry catalogue. "Bruce's Tomb," as it is called, which was prepared by Rameses III. for himself and friends, is 405 feet long, and the walls are a perfect history and record of life in Egypt. These kings afforded constant employment to their subjects, though I suspect it was not highly remunerated; and they certainly must have been a trouble to their neighbours. For centuries the Tombs have been visited by the curious, and it is much to be regretted that instead of recording their feelings about the objects they visited,

they did not tell us something about the people of the time in the land in which they were travelling. Thus we might have learned how the Egyptians fared, and how they became what they are. Possibly one of these visitors expressed the sentiments towards the close of the day of some of our own party. As Sir Gardner Wilkinson records, he wrote as follows, in Tomb No. 9—that of Rameses V.: *'Επιφανιος ιστορησα ουδεν δε εθαυμασα η μη τον λιθον,* “Epiphanius saw nothing wonderful but the stone.”

Mr. Epiphany has a large sect of philosophers of his sort at the present time. The other tomb we inspected was that of Pthamen-se-ptah. To visit all would need a week; and there are more than twenty of these tombs, if historians be correct, which remain unopened to this day.

Her Royal Highness astonished the party by indomitable spirit and resolution, in the full blaze of an Egyptian sun, and by capacity to endure fatigue. Those who looked far more able to go through a long day's work, exploring mummy-caves, and investigating dark catacombs, admitted the Princess was much stronger. Her interest in what she saw, and the delight which she manifested, animated the Royal party.

The illumination of the Tombs by magnesium

wire torches produced the most beautiful effects, though they were transient. One disagreeable result was the excitement produced in the bat-world, the citizens of which came swarming from dark corners about the ears of the Royal party. Candles were far more useful, as they enabled individuals to study details at their leisure. At last we emerged finally into the open day. And, lo! there was a tent pitched at the mouth of a tomb; and there was a strange sound heard outside, where the French domestics of the Viceroy and the Prince's men are preparing the feast. It was the churning of the machine for making ice. The Turks were busy making coffee. Hampers were unpacked, and camels eased of their loads, and the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings resounded with voices. Lunch was laid in the shade of the entrance to a tomb, No. 9, Rameses within not objecting. Indeed, judging from the subjects depicted on the walls of the catacomb, it would seem that the Pharaoh of 3,000 years ago was not indifferent to creature comforts, though soda-water and ice-making machines and French wines were not known to him.

The sun had lost some of its power when we started to return, but the heat in the Valley was excessive; and one wondered if it were true that

Ibrahim Pasha led an army up through it on an expedition against some Arab troublesomes. It was even averred that a part of our Indian force proceeded some way in the uninviting road when they were in Egypt. Several of the gentlemen took the short way over the mountain crags at the side on foot, with Arab guides, and from the account they gave of the view of the Nile valley, and of Luxor on the opposite bank, and of the plain below, I was sorry I did not follow their example. It is a short cut to the river, which we reached and crossed half an hour ere sunset. The evening was so warm and calm that the Prince, with Lord Carington, Mr. Montagu, and Lord Stafford, took a boat across and bathed at the other side. Mustapha Aga gave a dance, which the Prince and suite and the Duke of Sutherland's friends attended ; but the performance was not remarkable, and only one of the women, and she neither young nor good-looking, seemed inspired with the spirit of the ancient mystic dance of Egypt. They were all animated, however, by the modern Egyptian spirit as to baksheesh.

February 18th.—The two parties started early in boats across the river, and, taking horses and donkeys at the other side, rode to the end of the Assasecf, and to Deayr Bachree, where they examined

the beautiful frescoes, passing through and by numerous mummy catacombs, with the bodies and bones, lying exposed in all directions. When I say that the Royal party to-day visited the ruins at Assaseef, Koorneoh, Medeenet Haboo, Dayr-el-Medeeneh, and the Memnonium, returning by the two Colossi and the Vocal Memnon, those who are acquainted with the ruins will admit that it was good work, performed as it was in a sun only little less scorching than that of yesterday. One of the least agreeable incidents of our wanderings to-day, was the visit to the mummy pits; or rather the evidences of destruction and disregard for the dead which lay around us on every side. The contents of the pits have been dragged out, and skulls, with the hair still clinging to the waxed cloth, legs, arms, jaws, ribs, were scattered over acres of rock. Sometimes there was a sickening odour, as though a slow decomposition was still going on in the remains laid to rest thousands of years ago. The Arab children offered us mummies of the Ibis and Scarabæi, objects taken from the Tombs, and now and then pieces of bone or earthen vessels full of parched corn.

It is impossible to convey an idea of them; but every well-educated person has a conception of what most of these ruins are like. Who has not seen the

Colossi and the Memnonium in sketch or engraving? Whole books, very large and very learned, have been devoted to the Thebaid and its remains; and for many centuries in the old days of the ancient world, ere the black night of barbarism put out the lamp of learning, then flickering and feeble—for long generations, and ever since travel was practicable in the present ages of the world, the antiquarian and illuminati had visited, to theorize, to wonder, and sometimes to despoil. Stolid utilitarians regard these awful ruins as evidences of the ignorance of those who reared the records of their vanity and their faith, which have defied the rage of man, and the tooth of time, and the strife of the elemental forces—they are all so many illustrations of “unproductive labour,” exhausting capital and devouring a nation’s strength. Others measure the stones and calculate the weight of the blocks, and start notions respecting the means by which they were transported. Some are content to see, admire, and deplore. The only way to get a full idea of these remains is to live among them for weeks, to pitch a tent and reside on the spot day after day, with a few chosen companions, and to explore at leisure site after site.

It is a thousand pities that in all the modern world, with its wealth and resources, no organization

can be formed to clear away and explore the ruins, guard and preserve what is left, and investigate what yet remains hid. The Viceroy is animated with the best spirit. But he has to deal with the living and not with the dead. He has to regenerate and resuscitate Modern Egypt. True there are guardians now to the Temples, but they are ignorant and accessible to influences. It is a vain hope that some united action of the European Powers, in the interests of history, may be brought to bear on Egypt. No one who is acquainted with what has yet been done, can hesitate to admit that enormous results might yet be achieved in clearing away the clouds which hang over the history of early civilization, by systematic application of subsidized investigation.

I was very much struck, on my return to Cairo, by the appearance of certain emissaries from the Prince of Tigré in Abyssinia, who had come to the Viceroy with presents. In one of the catacombs of Koornet there is a representation of black officers, said to be of Cush or Ethiopia, offering gold rings, fans, and cattle to Ammon Thun, a stranger king, who is identified with Amunoph III. The men who came to the Pharaoh of 1869 were like the ambassadors of the land of Cush in face and dress, and they offered to him gold rings and fans and ivory !

We got back to the steamer at 5.30 p.m. Abd el Sultan Bey, Inspector General of the Upper Province, joined the party on board the Royal steamer, and in the evening there took place the great event which marked the visit to Thebes. After dinner the Prince and Princess and party landed, and, attended by a great crowd with lanterns and torches, set out on donkeys and horses for the ruins of the Temples of Karnak. The moon was only a few days old, but still capable of casting strong shadow, marking the outlines of the mounds of deserted towns which lie outside Luxor. The more enterprising spirits dashed on ahead, and woke up the night owls with imitations, for the most part rather meritorious, of native war-cries. At last, the dim outlines of the Great Ruin commanded silence. Cantering on down the Avenue of Sphinxes, the horsemen plunged into darkness, among the columns of the Temple. Dim shapes became visible, and presently a voice sang out, "This isn't the way in. Put your head about, if you please." Colonel Stanton, Sir S. Baker, with the men of the Ariadne, and a band of Egyptian sailors, were before us, preparing a surprise for the Princess. The horsemen turned and headed back the Royal procession, which, seen afar over the plain, seemed like a

street full of lights taking a walk by itself, lamps and all. They all turned down the Avenue of Sphinxes, and the peasants in the village skirted on their way must have felt a strange fear as they heard the tramp of many feet, and saw the torch-light which flashed through the chinks of their humble dwellings. The party, dismounting outside the Ruins, entered the solemn pile, and were left to the light of the pale moon and of the watchful stars which had so looked down on the priest-kings—the Pharaohs—who built it thirty centuries ago. Suddenly there came on us a blinding gleam of intense whiteness from a recess in the ruin. It grew in splendour and in power. The towering columns of the portico, the plinths and obelisks, grandiose blocks of carved stone, with all their strange language in bird and beast, emblems, secret histories, were revealed as if the sun had burst on us out of the wall of hewn rock. What a mass of pale faces there, shimmering ghostlike, screening their eyes from the dazzling wonder! What a hum of voices, swelling into a chorus of admiration! As the Prince and Princess slowly made their way up to the colonnade, the brilliant wire, from column to column, casting the blackest shadows, threw its rays like fixed lightning. They

reached the end of the Great Hall. Then blue, red, and green lights burned, and blazing torches, from broken pillar and heaped-up ruins, were held by men, motionless as statues. Colonel Stanton and Sir S. Baker, and other aspiring persons, magnesium wire in hand, were visible perched up on various “coigns of ‘vantage.’” Then flew rockets on high, crossing the Obelisks in their flight, and throwing down on broken towers and walls showers of many-coloured stars. For a time, when this died out, the Temple was left to darkness. But once more, when the party turned into another of the Great Halls, the illumination was renewed. No idea can be given of the effect of the whole device. The Prince and Princess, accustomed to displays of pyroteconic art, expressed as much pleasure as the other spectators. The moon was at last left to assert its mild supremacy. Seats were placed and carpets spread in one of the Great Halls. We sat there for nearly an hour, amid the twinkle of many small lights, till the Prince and Princess set out to return to the ships. Mrs. Grey mounted a ship of the Desert, and enjoyed a ride on a dromedary; and the Princess, amid a crowd of syces with lanterns, went full canter on her white donkey, at a pace which began to tell on her suite at the last half mile.

Her Royal Highness was so charmed with her ride, that she went back to pick up the part of the cortége in which the Prince was coming at his leisure; and when they arrived at Luxor, they were greeted with ringing cheers, as if to testify the general satisfaction at the brilliant and curious spectacle just witnessed.

CHAPTER X.

LEAVE THEBES.—ESNÉ.—EDFOU.—ASSOUAN.—PHILÆ.

February 19th.—The fleet left Luxor at 5.30, in the light of a lovely dawn. Professor Owen and Mr. Fowler parted company for England last night. It is almost a comfort to hear that the ruins of Erment, which we pass presently, are very ruinous indeed. The temple built by Cleopatra, who is represented on the wall of the chambers, which are all that now remain, has been so much dilapidated that one of our party who visited it, said “it was only little wine cellars, all over hieroglyphics.” In a rapid visit, limited in lateral excursions, it is impossible to do justice to Egypt, *i.e.*, to oneself. It is gratifying to find that even Sir Gardner Wilkinson was not able to visit all the places which tradition or ancient remains render worthy of inspection. The fleet arrived at Esnē at 12 o’clock. Excellent Mudir of Esnē! How great are

the uncertainties of life! The preparations made to do honour to the Prince and Princess by this worthy Governor deserved a better fate than a hasty visit, while the steamers were coaling and taking in provisions.

Esné was swept, garnished, and whitewashed. There was a landing-place, with steps, cut from the river in the soft earth, to an avenue of palm-tree branches, decorated with standards which scarcely flew out in the faint breeze. There was a haie formed from the end of this shady lane by much be-pistolled Arnaouts and be-scimitared cavasses to the esplanade, where, in grave ordered line, stood the white-turbaned sheiks and the masses of the people in their blue robes, who had strayed beyond the reach of the muezzin's voice to see the Royal guests of the Viceroy. Not so much as a "hush" broke the silence. A better regulated crowd, in treble line of well-dressed "citizens," could not well be met in Europe on a similar occasion. Behind this line of turbaned heads rose the irregular outlines of the town, with a background of mosque domes, minarets, and date palms. There was a clear space of three or four yards spontaneously kept between the spectators and the banks of the Nile. The Mudir and his officials were in readiness at the end

of the platform ; but, on the receipt of a message from the yacht, they returned to the Governor's house and awaited the Prince's coming in the porch.

I recommend travellers not to neglect paying a visit to the beautiful Temple at Esn , which is worthy of far more notice than Murray gives to it in his admirable Handbook. The wonderful "efflorescence" of the work may, indeed, indicate the advent of the period of decay which came upon Egyptian art and architecture when the C  sars established their rule in the land, but the richness of the decoration of the vast columns, and the comparatively perfect condition of the remains of this gorgeous Temple of Knuph, entitle it to special attention.

We left Esn  soon after 1 o'clock, and maintained a fair speed against the stream. At 4.30 we passed El Kab, where in old times Lucina was worshipped. The Viceroy would not be at all displeased if there were more frequent invocations to the goddess now-a-days, for the population is not increasing, and the great want of the country is people.

Every care was taken to mark our course by flags on the sand-banks, and poles and date branches

in the shallows ; the Mudir had men on the look-out for crocodiles, and did all he could to promote the success of the voyage. But there were



doubts and head-shakings in the land as men looked on the Nile and thought of the great steamers, which would have to find their way back.

The heat (78°) was rather trying in the cabins, but on deck, under the awning, it was still fresh.

At dusk we reached Edfou, sixty-two miles above Thebes. Here a party of Ababdeh Arabs, woolly-headed savages, performed a sort of war-dance, and gave an exhibition of sword-play, which was grotesque and ludicrous rather than inspiring or interesting. They embellished it with shrieks and howls like those which, according to poor Aytoun, accompanied the assault of the chief of the clan McTavish on the gallant and lamented Pherson. Hopping on one leg, cutting with a claymore at the adversaries' enormous shield, with crouching to the ground, or leaping in galvanic jumps, was also a feature in this exhibition, for all of which baksheesh was expected.

The woodcut on the preceding page will give a good idea of the Ababdehs.

This evening there occurred the only contretemps —a slight one—of the journey. Shortly before 10 o'clock the Prince of Wales, who was on board the steamer, on deck, observed a light reflected on the side of the dahabeah alongside. He at once gave an alarm. The Princess of Wales and Mrs. Grey were hurried on shore, but the fire was speedily extinguished. The Duke of Sutherland, seizing up a rug, dashed into the cabin, whence the

flames were issuing, and, assisted almost immediately by the Prince and others, beat them down. A lighted candle in Prince Louis of Battenberg's cabin had caught one of the curtains. The boat, with all its muslin and wooden panels and paint, scorched by an Egyptian sun, not to speak of cartridges and powder in cases, would have been consumed in a few minutes, and the explosion might have inflicted considerable damage, and delayed the expedition, had not the quick eye of the Prince discovered the danger.

February 20th.—(Edfou.) The party landed at 10.30 A.M. and rode over sand and dusty roads to the Temple, about a mile and a quarter distant. The Temple, thanks to M. Marriette, is cleared out, and, thanks to the rubbish which so long saved it from the destroyer, is in a fair state of preservation. But the work of destruction is now going on. It is almost incredible that men can take delight in chipping away the faces and emblems of the magnificent work we saw to-day; but those among us who visited the Temple last year, pointed out the marks of chisels or stones on the hieroglyphs and figures which would, if uninjured, make each massive block an historical record, and render the Temple a vast volume of knowledge.

Couches and seats were placed in the shade of

the Central Hall, and after the Prince and Princess had walked through the building, and examined the emblems which embellish every inch of the walls, they rested, and the gentlemen had coffee and pipes. The Royal party returned through the neat, well-swept, crooked-streeted town. The quiet population hung carpets out of the windows to do them honour, and offered curious studies almost from the nude in real life. At 12.30 the steam-whistle sounded, the mooring stakes were lifted, and the flotilla proceeded on its way in all the glory of a July sun. “What will they say in England”—the farmers at any rate—when they hear that the corn is laden with creamy ears, which will be cut in less than two months, stacked, and garnered, and that before the Nile rises in June, another crop—one of maize—will be lifted from the ground?

All went well with us till we came near the Quarries of Silsilis, about 4.15 o’clock. There the surface of the stream gave token of the coming trouble. Soon the Royal yacht stuck hard and fast. In courtier-like sequence, boat after boat went soft aground. There was a great deal of “Turn a heady,” “Stop,” “Fully speed,” “Halfey speed.” Red-fezzed captains danced about emphatically on the paddle-boxes, and much strong Arabic went

abroad ; but the Nile bed would not move, nor would the ships. The Prince and Princess and all the company landed on an island sand-bank, as the sun set behind the Desert ridge. The sailors set to work to lighten the vessels by carrying the baggage on shore. It needed an hour's hard work and more—blowing off the water from the boiler, shifting cargo—to float the steamer. When the vessel forged ahead, there was a general cheer from all hands. It was near 10 o'clock at night before the ships were off the bank, and secured to the mooring-place above Silsilis. The Prince and Princess, Mrs. Grey, Lord Carington, Sir S. Baker, Prince Louis of Battenberg, came to dinner on board the Duke of Sutherland's steamer. The banquet was prepared with great gusto by the Italian stewards. The Spanish cook gave his most strenuous efforts to the task, and a masterpiece of confectionery in burnt almonds, with a flag on the top inscribed with "Ich Dien," crowned his triumph. The wind blew strongly, unfortunately, for the table was laid on the upper deck, and the candles flared in spite of the awning, and of artful contrivances of canvas at the sides. It was the birthday of one of the little Princesses, and the Duke proposed her health in a neat speech,

and due honour was done to the toast. After dinner, a huge long-legged black sheep, with an enormous pendulous tail, which on the morrow would have been converted into mutton, in a happy moment of inspiration strayed on deck in the way of Lord Stafford, who brought it aft and introduced it to the notice of the Princess. As if it had been accustomed to the best society all its life, the creature, with a tact worthy of a ram-headed “Gentleman in waiting” of the time of the Pharaohs, immediately made itself at home, ate from the Princess’s hand, and rose at once to such a height of favour at Court, that its life was spared, by Royal command, and the creature is destined to grow fat and be glad in the pastures of Sandringham. It was decked with a garland of riband when its good future was known, and received many marks of attention in the shape of cabbages and the like from the crew. And now it is “Her Royal Highness’s Sheep.”

February 21st.—At dawn the flotilla was on its way before the cares of the day had summoned the party to arise. The Nile is so pent in here by the Desert, that the belt of cultivated land can be seen with the naked eye right across on each side; in parts it does not seem to be three miles over. Our great excitement was running aground and getting off again

all day, but there is a permanent, never-failing pleasure in the consciousness of being alive in such a climate. Pyramids and ruins have defiled before us like a panorama, on which we gazed with a dreamy blissful tranquillity. Nil admirari can be best understood in Egypt, where there is more to wonder at than in any land of the earth. Still it is getting hot—very hot. There is no denying it; and it will have been seen, too, that our weather was not always to be enjoyed.

At 11 o'clock the Prince read prayers in the saloon. Shortly before 1 o'clock to-day the Royal flotilla arrived at Assouan, 581 miles south of Cairo. The reception was very pretty. A considerable number of dahabeahs were moored by the left bank, on which the town is situated, and the owners kept up a brisk fusillade in honour of the occasion, and displayed all their bunting—British, French, and American. At the landing-place there was a stage with coloured lanterns, lighted up at dusk, and on the flat sandy beach left by the receding river, was stretched out an array of caparisoned dromedaries, with horses and saddled asses, which with their attendants—a crowd of armed Arnaouts and cavasses—formed an animated foreground to the picture, enclosed by the

fringe of date-palms, and the rocky ridge of the Desert range beyond. A group of Arabs armed with shields and long swords, whose hair was dressed in a fashion that would set the whole craft of London and Paris at defiance, went through their exercises, and from a distance was heard the long wailing cry of welcome which greeted the passage of the flotilla from all the villages on the banks as we approached Assouan. An Egyptian officer in full uniform—French infantry in all but the fez and sleeve lace—the Mudir, and principal people of the district, were in waiting; but the day was hot, and it was arranged that the visit to Philæ, above the First Cataract, should be deferred till to-morrow, time being needed to transfer the baggage and stores to the smaller vessels above. Sir S. Baker refreshed himself and revived memories of former travel by a lively tournée or two on a fast dromedary, but did not induce many of the suite to embark on the ships of the Desert. The Prince and Princess, however, made a short excursion on them, and paid a visit to the village, which is interesting to those who care to see where Syene once was.

The news of a little tragedy reached us on shore. At Edfou we had been told that an Englishman had shot himself on board his boat, and had been buried

in the Coptic Church. It was not an Englishman, however, but a young Hungarian noble, Count Christophe Almàsy. There was only one European on board with him when the accident occurred, an Hungarian, whom he picked up at Assouan, and he avers that the dying man's last words were, "It was my own fault." He discharged his dragoman at Assouan five days before. The latter says that the deceased was very careless with his firearms. Then there are rumours — an actress of Vienna or Pesth ; but the poor lad lies at rest in a strange land. He was found lying dead in his cabin, shot through the body below the breast, and the direction of the ball in a straight line, and the situation of the wound, afforded grounds for suspicion that other hands than his held the fatal weapon. So dragoman and crew are on their way to Cairo in irons, to await inquiry.

If Juvenal had spent years composed of such days as these, he could, perhaps, have borne his banishment when he thought of *sævæ incendia urbis* and the *poetæ recitantes in mense Augusto*. But what could he have done in inundation times, or in the terrible months from June to the end of September, when the earth is all water and the sky all fire ? To some of us Assouan was a spot scarcely

less unwelcome than it must have been to the banished satirist. The Prince and Princess were good enough to express a wish that the Duke and his party should go on with them to the Second Cataract, but the difficulties—want of boats, of time, and deficiency of towing power—were not to be overcome; and it was with great regret we felt that the desire of our hearts could not be gratified. Many were the councils and the suggestions which were held over the matter. Her Royal Highness would not hear of any obstacle, and announced, “That it is decided—you are to come on with us.” But, alas! there was the First Cataract—noisy, and ungentle, and resolute — above us. Our progress from Thebes to Assouan, interrupted though it had been by sand-banks, was delightful; but the description of a river flowing through a strip of cultivated land, which is bounded on both sides by ridges of limestone mountains, and is inhabited by the same sort of people, for ever engaged in the same work, and living in villages as like each other as two peas, is not apt to prove very attractive to general readers, even though a Prince and Princess be en voyage. One date-palm is like another, each water-wheel is very much the same as its neighbour, and the shadoofs vary only in the

number of lifts and of the men who work them ; and as to the men — well, unless we go very close, they are all uncommonly similar in hue and dress, or want of it, though their rich brown is now and then diversified by the intense blackness of the Nubian's epidermis. The halt at sundown, which allowed every one to go on shore—*i. e.*, the next field on the bank—was looked for with pleasure, the crowning joy of the day—if it be not a bull to say so—being the soft cool hours when the stars twinkled and the moon shone aloft. Then we were invited to the hospitable saloon of the Royal yacht, where a gracious welcome awaited us, and a durbar was held till it was time to walk the plank, and seek each one his ship by the blazing torchlights, and sink to sleep, unmolested of mosquito, or nightly predator. But if any one could have been transported to a reach of the grand old stream, and could have seen the Royal flotilla, he would have beheld a spectacle of no ordinary interest. The procession of steamers winding in and out, ribandwise, and twining along the bends in the river, with the sun flashing from the white sides and gilt mouldings of the ships, and reflected back from the burnished garniture of the saloons, was one of the prettiest sights possible. The Prince might be

seen standing beneath the awning, on the look-out for birds, with rifle and smooth-bore near at hand, his suite reading or lounging in the easy chairs on deck, and further aft, in a kind of boudoir, all bright with mirrors and golden-backed fauteuils and sofas, one could catch a glimpse of two ladies engaged in reading or sketching. And now all was to end!

February 22nd.—A day of small misadventures for Prince and Princess, and of sorrow pour nous autres. The Nile above Assouan breaks into several streams and meanders through rocky barren islands. It was arranged that Her Royal Highness should proceed by water to the foot of the First Cataract, three miles above Assouan, where donkeys were to be in waiting in charge of Abd-el-Kader, while the Prince went to pay a visit to Lady Duff Gordon, whose dahabeah lay a couple of miles above us. The Princess, attended by the Duke of Sutherland, the Hon. Mrs. Grey, Dr. Minter, Lord Carington, Captain Ellis, and Colonel Marshall, started in a heavy native boat, took a wrong branch of the river, and came to a bank of loose deep sand, on a bed of craggy rocks, under a glaring sun. The Prince, after paying his visit, proceeded to another point below the Cataract, and landed on a place exactly similar, some miles away. Abd-el-

Kader, who had posted far-seeing Arabs on the rocks, was in despair at the news that the Princess's boat was ascending the wrong channel. He dashed round with his corps of donkey-boys, to meet the Princess at the place to which the boat appeared to be going; but when the asses arrived, the Princess was not visible. By some lucky accident, two very wretched donkeys were near the spot where the Princess landed. They had neither saddle nor bridle. On the back of each was a pad without girths, and on these pads the Princess and Mrs. Grey had to poise themselves, and plod towards Philæ. The Princess laughed at her novel situation, and appeared to enjoy the newly-found property of balancing herself on a pad, without any girths. The gentlemen of the party were obliged to trudge on foot for three miles over sand into which the foot sank over the ankle at every step, alternating with rocky ridges and scattered stones and boulders. In an hour or so they came up with the Prince and Sir S. Baker, who had waited an hour and a half for their donkeys. The party halted to look at the performance of the Arabs, who swim down the boiling current of the First Cataract in the hope of baksheesh. It has been often described, but it must be seen by those who want to form

an idea of savage man as he battles with a mountain torrent, before civilization has washed the energy of his native force out of him. The spectators stand on rocks at the end of the fall, and distance lends decency to the black fellows, who leap in from a ledge one after the other, and in a moment are seen bobbing like the buoys of a fisherman's net, and then, with arms raised aloft alternately, are borne for a quarter of a mile whirling through the whitish foam to the feet of the spectators, and scramble up in their waistcloths to fight for baksheesh. An Arab is never drowned in the rush of waters. Several Englishmen have tried it, and have perished. While the Prince and Princess were continuing their ride towards Philæ, others, who had ridden over direct from Assouan—a route seven miles long over a most trying country, in a sun which would almost have cooked a beef-steak — arrived at the little village below the Island. It does not sound much, but the seven miles were, under the peculiar circumstances, the longest I ever travelled. At the foot, but not under the shade, of two castle-like crags of rock, we found pitched by the bank of the Nile a large tent in three compartments, handsomely carpeted, a dinner-tent capable of receiving forty guests, and

a couple of tents for the accommodation of the servants. Close at hand were the vessels to which the Royal party were to be transferred, and long strings of camels were coming over the Desert with stores, furniture, and baggage for the voyage to the Second Cataract. Refreshments had already been sent to the Island of Philæ, and thither, heated and thirsty, repaired the weary riders of stirrupless donkeys from Assouan. A rude bark ferried us over, and alongside our boat revelled Naiads, who floated on logs of wood, which they propelled by foot or hand with great ease, brown as the wood on which they lay in happy security. Here is a sketch of one of the water-nymphs of the Upper Nile and her companion.



We landed on the Sacred Island, which has employed so many pens and pencils in vain. In the blazing sun we wandered about the ruins and prostrate slabs and columns of the Temples. No wonder that visitors came here and ate the priests out of house and home, so that they petitioned Ptolemy to exempt them from the charge of providing them, and had their prayer allowed, as is duly recorded on the walls in Greek—an in terrorem to beggarly travellers. We had no priests to prey upon, and had our own provisions. There are two other inscriptions, which will explain themselves. The first is,—

“L'an VI de la République, le 13 messidor, une armée française, commandée par Bonaparte, est descendue à Alexandrie. L'armée ayant mis, vingt jours après, les Mamelouks en fuite aux Pyramides, Desaix, commandant la première division, les a poursuivis au delà des cataractes, où il est arrivé le 13 ventôse de l'an VII : les généraux de brigade, Davoust, Friant et Belliard ; Donzelot, chef de l'état-major ; Latournerie, commandant l'artillerie ; Eppler, chef de la 21^e légère ; le 13 ventôse, an VII de la République, 3 mars, an de J. C. 1799.”

The next is,—“R. F. An VII. Balzac, Coquebert, Corabœuf, Costaz, Coutelle, Lacipilère, Ripeault, Lepère, Méchain, Nouet, Lenoir, Nectoux, Saint-

Génis, Vincent, Dutertre, Savigny.—Long. depuis Paris, 30, 34, 16. Lat. boréale, 24, 1, 34.”

The Royal party came not, and hour after hour passed away, amid increasing uneasiness, till just as we had taken boat again, and were returning to the opposite bank, the shrill cry of joy of the Nubian women was heard, and a group, among whom the Prince and Princess, and Mrs. Grey, were discernible, came in sight, making their way towards the landing-place, in the rays of the declining sun. On their return from Philæ, dinner was served in the large tent, in which a table was laid out very prettily. Our cook was in high delight at being selected to prepare the banquet, but prouder still was he of the bit of riband, which he fondly believed to have been worn by the Princess, and put on the black ram preserved from the knife on Saturday. As to the said ram, I regret to report unfavourably. It was so pampered the moment it became a favourite that it became unwell in body and evil in mind. Raisins, oranges, ratafia, candle-ends, cabbages, and bonbons are not, it appears, good diet for the sheep of the Desert. This, alas! was the farewell banquet.

After dinner, Captain Achmet Hassan proposed “The Health of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of the Duke of Sutherland,” in English peculiar

to himself, but his speech was intelligible, and was received as the vivacious officer intended.

The Duke of Sutherland expressed the wishes of his party—"A prosperous voyage and happy return to the Prince and Princess," and proposed, "The Health of the Viceroy," for which Mourad Pasha returned thanks in an excellent speech, in French, giving "The Health of the Queen of England," which was drunk with great enthusiasm by the party upstanding, and with many cheers. By the light of the moon the guests, broken into groups, sat by the river bank, listening to the songs of the Arabs and to the "music" of native performers, till it was time to go, some to the boats, others across the Desert to Assouan, whilst a few resolved to gratify their taste for camping out, by sleeping on the ground, in one of the tents.

February 23rd.—The exertions and fatigues of the previous day infused a certain amount of languor into the movements of the tourists.

The Duke of Sutherland, Lord Stafford, Lord A. L. Gower, and myself, who composed the party designed expressly for the purpose of getting up to see the sun rise, were not so fortunate as we deserved to be, for the sun would insist on rising before we did, and the result was, that only one of the

hardy persons who slept in the tent, roused by the tremendous war-cry of the Princess's donkey, awoke ; and he, patriarch like, gazed out in solitary silence on the sand-hills and rocks, warming into life under the touch of the golden rays which struck the Desert from the top of the crags beneath which the tents were pitched.

A wonderful breakfast was spread in the large marquee—fresh fish from the Nile, of strange scale, said to be good by those who tasted them, and a succession of dishes very good for the latitude and longitude. The human vultures came slowly dropping in from Assouan on asses' and camels' backs to the feast. After breakfast the Princess, notwithstanding the heat, which the absence of any breeze rendered very trying, was rowed round the Island of Philæ.

There was much to be done in shifting and arranging on board the dahabeahs and the steamer ; and there was a good deal of quiet "looking on" as the natives conducted the operations.

The Viceroy's French servants and the horses meanwhile were sent on shore, and the baggage reduced to the smallest compass. But still the Royal boats were full enough, and Arabs, Egyptian sailors, boxes of provisions, coops of fowl and turkeys, and live-stock, lumbered the decks.

In the dahabeah with the Prince and Princess were Mrs. Grey and Prince Louis of Battenberg; in the second boat Colonel Teesdale, Lord Carington, Sir S. Baker, Mourad Pasha, Mr. Montagu, Captain Ellis, Dr. Minter, and Mr. Brierly; and beds for two were laid on deck under an awning, as the accommodation was limited. A third boat, laden with coal and provisions, was towed by the small steamer in which the Royal domestics and attendants were embarked, and in which the cooking was carried on. It was past 3 o'clock before all the preparations for the upward voyage were complete.

Long time loth to depart, we halted on the bank; but at last the hour came for the Royal party, in diminished state, to start on their course to the Second Cataract. The Prince and Princess received the Duke of Sutherland and his friends, and Colonel Stanton, Major Alison, and Sir H. Pelly, who were returning to Thebes, on board, and with many sincere expressions of respect, and hearty wishes for their prosperous journey and happiness, we bade their Royal Highnesses good-bye, and returned to Assouan, in order to descend the Nile to Cairo. To use the words of a little diary I have seen, “We were all very sorry to part company.”

CHAPTER XI.

A DILEMMA.—LADY DUFF GORDON.—DOWN THE RIVER.
— JUDGMENT AND EXECUTION. — AN ORDER FOR
TURKEYS.

“I do perceive here a divided duty.” I am in what would in familiar speech be termed “a fix.” The Prince and Princess have, to our infinite regret, separated from the party with which I am travelling, and are bound up the river, which we are about to descend. The Duke and his friends are setting out for home in a few days after their arrival in the Egyptian capital. It is plain that I can no longer write from my own knowledge of what occurs as the Royal travellers stem the stream. They are in the hands, so to speak, of Sir Samuel Baker, who does not pretend to any acquaintance with this Lower Nile, and whose Arabic, as he approaches the regions in which he learned his pronunciation of the language, comes into play. Whilst they are away, I must pass the time as best I can, for the Prince was good enough to desire, as I had no

pressing engagements compelling me to return to England with my party, that I would meet or await him at Cairo. Assouan has no abiding place. At Thebes, indeed, I might halt for a while, as Colonel Stanton is to stay at Luxor, on his way down, in order to dig for antiquarian treasures in hallowed ground assigned to the Prince.* But success is doubtful, and as it is, his steamer does not contain much extra accommodation. Then how hard it would be to part with those who have been my companions for many miles and hours, and who have made them pass so pleasantly away! I am compelled to ask my readers to leave the Royal party for a while, and to come with us down the Nile, share an excursion to Jerusalem, revisit the Suez Canal, and so return to Cairo, where they will find the Prince and Princess, with whom we will travel together till their wanderings in the East are brought to a close.

On our way back from Philæ to Assouan, the Duke and some of his party paid a visit to Lady Duff Gordon, whose “Letters” on Egypt had proved so interesting on our voyage. The Prince’s visit

* It is a way the Viceroy has of according favours to his friends. Thus Lord Dufferin has a digging of which he granted the usufruct to the Duke in case he was inclined to prosecute researches.

caused her very great pleasure and cheered her exceedingly. Her son had been down to the flotilla several times, and gave but sorry accounts of her health—the sad cause of her exile for so many years from home and family. At any moment her life, hanging on a slender thread, might cease. The warmth of her nature has been touched by the apparent degradation of the Egyptian people, and in her letters she has written of the Government, and especially of Ismail Pasha, with great severity. Her physical weakness rendered her dependent on others, and there is no doubt that, perceiving the direction of her mind and the tendency of her inquiries, those around her were disposed to exaggerate any acts which seemed repressive or harsh, and to find out causes of complaint. Some time ago Lady Gordon resided in rickety rooms, constructed of very frail materials, in a story of a ruined temple at Luxor; but now she lives in a dahabeah, which is at present moored above the town of Assouan, in a sort of pool a couple of miles below the Falls or Cataract. Most travellers call on the invalid, and find it worth their while, if they are received, for her conversation is spirituel and animated, and she has a great deal of information, rather about the people, however, than the country. We found our Mr. Duff Gordon on board the boat, which was in

the full blaze of the sun, but was covered in on deck; a modest but not uncomfortable dahabeah, with a group of natives on deck, among whom we recognized Lady Gordon's often-quoted dragoman without the need of any description.

The lady was reclining on a sofa in the cabin, which was cool and airy. Her face, notwithstanding traces of severe illness, presented in its fine outlines a type of distinction and refinement, and her clear deep eyes looked out on the world with an expression full of sincerity and enthusiasm. But her features were worn, and the hectic on her cheek, the colour of her lips, and her wasted hands and frame, prepared one for the difficulty with which she spoke, and for the cough and catching of the breath which interrupted her conversation. She wore a long, loose, oriental robe, and a fez cap, beneath which appeared her hair, fast turning white, cut short all round. At this time there is an unusual trouble upon the poor lady. A French newspaper, seizing on a passage in one of her letters written long ago, in which she described the misery of the fellahs and rated the Viceroy very sharply, has a bitter article on the reported engagements of Mdlle. Schneider and other expensive artists for the Cairo Theatre. Ismail Pasha has been made aware of the attack, and is said to be much incensed against the

writer. Indeed, Lady Duff Gordon believes that she is scarcely safe, poor lady, and is sure that Omar, her dragoman, will fall on evil days when she is no more. I find that the most—as they seem to me—extravagant notions prevail respecting the Government at Cairo. Poisoning, strangling, drowning, are said to be common modes of getting rid of obnoxious persons. But in one case given by Lady Gordon, of a wealthy native gentleman exiled for some slight offence to certain death in Fezegoloo, it was stated to us that the man was alive and well on his estates on good English authority. Lady Gordon led the conversation to the condition of the Egyptian peasantry, and was giving an account of the apathy of the Viceroy in the presence of the famine in Upper Egypt now imminent, when Omar, who came in with pipes and coffee, interposed, and said that so many thousand measures of corn had just been sent up for the people. Perhaps this information might not have been forthcoming had we not been present. Our visit lasted only half an hour, as we were obliged to get on board our steamer and prepare for the return voyage.*

When we got back to Assouan, a telegraphic despatch from Lord Clarendon was awaiting the

* Since the above lines were written, intelligence has reached England of the death of Lady Duff Gordon.

Consul-General, to be forwarded to the Prince, which was sent off by dromedary about 5 o'clock, and which the Prince received next day.

The telegraph wires are stretched (with the exception of one break in the Desert) away to distant Dongola. The posts are visible as we follow the course of the river, on the banks of which plod the reluctant camel and the patient peasantry. Pharaoh is bent on swift intercourse with all parts of his far-reaching viceroyalty. The water-wheel in use thousands of years ago works creakingly by the side of the stream, along which stretch the silent wires. Before the smoke of the little fleet has been lost to the view of the half-scared labourers who stare at the pageant, Cairo knows how the guests of the Viceroy are speeding and faring on their way, as his steamers stem the current towards that mystic South, where, hid in the mountains of an unknown continent, lie the sources of the great river which has been a wonder through all the centuries that man can count in his history.

Cook's tourists have also arrived! Their steamers are just below us in the stream. The tourists are all over the place. Some are bathing off the banks; others, with eccentric head-dresses, are toiling through the deep sand, after an abortive attempt to reach Philæ.

They are just beaten by a head in the race ! Another day, and the Prince and Princess would have been at their mercy. It is whispered that various unexpected causes of delay occurred down the river—that coal was short ; that supplies of provisions failed at certain places ; that the steamers went aground very often. At all events, the tourists were just too late, and they return to-morrow, disconsolate.

Wednesday, February 24th.—When we got up this morning, our steamer was many miles north of Assouan, which we left at daybreak. She floundered, now aground, now afloat, over the shoals at Silsilis—the narrowest part of the river, by the bye—followed by the Consul's steamer ; and in the evening she reached Esn , ninety-two miles, and moored for the night. There was nothing to be done all day but take long shots at birds on the banks with rifles. Once a deadly tube was levelled at what was pronounced to be a crocodile. In another instant, who knows what would have happened ?—for just as the finger was tightening on the trigger, a man made out with a glass the object to be an Arab rolled up in his cloak asleep on the sand ! Every one says we ought to have stopped for an hour at Silsilis, where there are most interesting remains, and very ancient and

renowned quarries. Every one asks why we did not stop, and no one answers the question.

February 25th.—A hot wind. Ran down from Esn^e rapidly, and reached Thebes (Luxor) at breakfast-time (thirty-two miles). Went on shore; called on Mustapha Aga, who made presents of scarabs all round. Wandered over the place all day, and made a most delightful excursion, in the bright moonlight, to Karnak, where we mounted up to the top of a gigantic pylon, and sat watching the stars, and talking mild philosophy, far into the night. I am not sure that the ruins were not more impressive in their silent vastness, with the moonbeams resting on the broken walls, and casting mysterious shadows across the mighty halls, than they were when touched up with red, blue, and green—nay, I am sure they were. Perched up here, one can almost agree with Hekekyan Bey, that the eye of the ancient priest was a better astronomical instrument than a six-foot achromatic, that is, under the conditions he specified. “With his senses purified by fasting, and his mind cleared by vigil, the Pharaohonic astronomer, coming out of a dark chamber in the heart of the pyramid and taking his lonely stand on the level ledge, could observe the motions of the heavenly bodies, and detect

their actions, at least as well as the modern philosopher, who has been eating rich meats and drinking wines, although he may have fine optical instruments to aid him." The quantity of wine would certainly have something to do with the matter.

February 26th.—It was after 6 o'clock when our steamer, towing a felucca, in which the Princess's sheep was a forecastle passenger, left Luxor, lighted equally by sun and moon. Colonel Stanton remained at Thebes, with Sir Henry Pelly and Major Alison to assist in his explorations. Mustapha Aga was not visible, but Said, his son, bound on occult errands, took a passage with us. We reached Keneh at 11 o'clock. The Consular Agent's son came on board, and invited us to a banquet in the town. It would be interesting to ascertain what idea our Consular person at Keneh has of the empire he represents. The representative of Said Hamed Omazeen received the translation of the Duke's speech refusing the invitation, and explaining that we were making for Cairo with all speed, with obvious disappointment.

As some consolation, the Duke and party wrote their names on a sheet of note-paper, which gave him every satisfaction. There was at all events no need of imitating the caution of Talleyrand on a

similar occasion. Here Said of Luxor left us, and was seen glorious on a donkey, vanishing like a shadow, desertwards, followed by another animal of the same kind laden with his bed. Oh! Said, where is my —— No! perhaps you forget all about it, and I will not jog your memory. Whilst the steamer was coaling, great excitement was extracted out of the accidental appearance of an empty bottle in the river. At the sight some mud-coloured Egyptians, who had been sitting in a boat near at hand, silent and motionless as so many Sphinges, bounded into life, threw off their simple garments, and dashed into the flood. They are strong swimmers, these Arabs. They swim edgeways, throwing aloft their arms alternately, and dragging them through the water so that the head and shoulders rise out of the stream, as they strike powerfully down with their legs. The empty bottle bobbed up and down in the current, and one fine young fellah, running through his horses, seized it, and returned triumphantly to shore. The fun was not allowed to slacken for want of material. The Nile bristled with empty bottles, and the water was alive with black shaven heads, belonging to vigorous bodies and contending arms. One master executed a feat; caught two bottles in one hand, held a

third in the other, and pushed a fourth before him with his chest. The hand with the two bottles was held aloft, the other he used to keep his course, and thus, after performing a tour de force in the water which it would puzzle many a champion swimmer at home to accomplish in such a stream, he gained the edge of the boat from which he leaped.

Soon after leaving Keneh, the steamer alighted on a sand-bank, and Ali Captan sacrificed several of the crew to his divine rage at the water being so low, or the land being so high, and abused all the natives visible on shore in very effective Arabic. In vain the crew poled in the way in vogue in Thames steamers when they got aground about Kew, or Hampton Court. In vain boats filled with chocolate-coloured fellahs, who leaped into the water neck high, and shoved with all their force—little it must have been in such a case, as they could scarcely keep their legs—came off from shore in quick succession ; it was only by putting out an anchor, and working on it with hawsers, that we backed off the steamer, after an hour's hard work. In an hour more the vessel stuck again. Once more there came from shore a swarm of fellahs, who grunted like a marsh full of frogs, their heads alone above the flood ; muscular fellows, with square high shoulders and

narrow hips, the type of the ancient race depicted in the temples ; light and thin, but, as a rule, fairly grown and well made. They feed on the coarsest bread, pulses, and maize. Their sole drink is water. Not one had bad or discoloured teeth. When a boat alongside, which F. M. and myself strove to keep from crushing them, by fending off from the saloon windows, swerved in, they were obliged to crouch down up to their noses. Some of the shorter went quite under, and, cork-like, bobbed up again. Although the sun was hot, they shivered, with chattering teeth, as if it were mid-winter. At 6 o'clock the ship was put round, and made fast to the left bank, at Reiseah, a very poor village, surrounded as usual by date and doum trees. This grounding cost us two whole hours, and our craft gave signs of rough usage in extra creaking and shaking. It was full moon, and after dinner some of us strolled on shore, and had an opportunity of inspecting the working of the police system, which is really as perfect as that of London—in some respects, at all events. If dogs will bark at roving Englishmen, roving Englishmen will pelt dogs. A yelping of many dog power, caused by the overthrow of a huge cur by a well aimed brickbat, eliminated from some shaded retreat a native gentleman, armed with a sharp short spear,

who "invited" the truants to return to their ship in vain. He sent off a comrade, who returned with an ancient firelock, and his feelings "may be more readily imagined than described" when he saw the illustrious strangers turning their faces towards the river and yielding to timid solicitations, which indeed they did not need, as the dogs had all fled.

Having achieved this victory, the man of the spear



and the man of the firelock sat down on the bank by our watch-fire, and awaited events. It so happened

that there was a great one to wind up our night. Between the Italian intendance and the Egyptian crew, from Captain to lamp-lighter, there was a great gulf fixed, in which raged a sea of acrimony and distrust. From time to time wine had been missed on board, and suspicion, like an agitated sparrow, flew from place to place, and rested on head after head. Now, however, for an anonymous person, employed to act as an animated lighthouse on shore when the steamer moored for the night, hitherto in moderate repute, some malignant star rose. He was caught by Giovanni's brother gliding away with two bottles of our finest Sauterne. Terentio, joyous, came swift to the saloon, and advised Ali Risa of the fact. That much-besought-after officer laid aside his cigar, hastened on deck, held court, and pronounced sentence. Oh, Allah! How the silent night was rendered hideous by the edict of that righteous and not over stern judge! As Anonymous had offended on former occasions by staring at the Prince and Princess—as moreover there was reason to think he was the committer of many a previous larceny—the sentence was that he be then and there put over the side, and allowed to find his way to Cairo as well as he could. His worldly goods consisted of a piece of sackcloth, a bottle, and a ragged calico gown, and these were

handed over the gangway readily. But their owner was a stout fellow, and desperate. His shouts were fiendish; he resisted fiercely the efforts of four men to eject him, till with a shove all together he was sent bounding on shore, where the policemen and a sheik seated by the watch-fire were the only spectators of his calamity. How he screamed and yelled, and invoked the moon to hear him! How he called on the Duke to protect him, and cited a long life of unblemished reputation and the names of famous ancestors as proofs of his innocence! He danced on the beach, kicked out the watch-fire, and for more than an hour kept shouting and appealing to Ali Risa. At last the latter lost all patience, called to sheik and policemen, and the delinquent was swiftly carried away into the interior, in a tempest of outcries which was worthy of an angry menagerie. Spirits of mischief were on the wing. As we were sitting quietly in the cabin shortly after this, bang went a gun in the village. After a minute the report of a musket was heard from the opposite shore —then another; and so in a moment of enthusiasm I took out a Colt, which had been loaded the day before the first unlucky Battle of Bull Run, and discharged barrel after barrel towards the opposite shore, silencing the enemy's fire, and extorting the admira-

tion of the sheik and policemen. What the firing was about no one could divine, but more than one heard the singing of a bullet. It is probable the shots were fired by village watchmen to show they were on the alert. There are robbers on the river, and there is perturbation concerning a Greco-Italian who is missing. He was apparently of a trustful or ostentatious character, for he showed gold and silver, to be observed of men in all places. Setting out from Sioot on a mule of well-known perversity, he was entreated by the Governor not to proceed, but he was as obstinate as the animal itself. Well, the mule never pulled up till it reached a station fourteen hours from Sioot, where hunger induced the quadruped to halt the next morning. The sheik of the town begged the traveller to change mules. But he would not: he mounted once more, and he may be making straight for the Mountains of the Moon, for man or mule have not been heard of since, and anxious inquiries have been already made after him by the Government, acted on by the consul, from Cairo.

Saturday, February 27th.—We left Reiseah, the City of the Outcast, rather too long after day-break. Our captain, for an Egyptian, is not very matinal, and such a shock as he had to his nervous system last night is not easily recovered.

There is a perceptible coldness in the air when the sleeping-cabin window is opened by the early riser; he is more apt to feel a sharp wind than he was a week ago. We are running against the ever-blown north breeze, instead of going with it. Last night the air was so chilly I was glad to gather up the discarded quilted cotton bed-cover, and draw it over the blankets. In council last night it was decided to stop at Girgeh, in order to visit the temples and ruins at Abydus; but when the morning broke a change fell upon us. The day turned out to be an abominable anachronism — a dim, watery sky, a wind driving sand and dust, and not a ray of accustomed sunshine. Belianeh is the proper place to land if the traveller desires to go to Abydus; but Ali Risa stated that no donkeys could be procured there, as we had made no previous arrangements for the purpose, and that we must go on to Girgeh. So speeding on, men became vacuous as to Abydus. Murray was furtively looked at and laid aside. It could not be said he gave the least encouragement to any one desirous of shirking Abydus on the ground that it was destitute of interest. Hamed was consulted: he declared roundly that it took two hours and a half to go to Abydus on the very best donkeys, and

that a fair average was three hours—then an hour at least would be needed for the most hasty survey of the ruins, so that it would be dark ere we could get back to Girgeh, and then it would be too late to move that night. Need I say what the result was? At 10.40 A.M. The Ornament of the Two Seas swept past Girgeh in triumph. No doubt most of us flattered ourselves that in a good time coming we shall visit Abydus with a favouring wind and no dust.

The skipper relieved the monotony of the course by occasionally arranging attachments between the bottom of the ship and the bed of the Nile, and, rightly or wrongly, came in for a good deal of the censure which is like to be sent forth from travellers vexed with flies and idleness. Mem. as to flies—a veil with large net, or a piece of coarse gauze, stretched over a sheet of pasteboard, with a hole cut in it to fit the head, is a very good fly-*phylactic*—I invented it in India, and used it with marked success. You can breathe, read, and write with your head-dress on, and if you wear gloves you will be quite able to set at defiance the loathsome, fat, filthy, persecuting plagues, and enjoy their mortification even though you be laughed at for your strange guise.

At Souhadj, where the steamer halted for nearly an hour to take in coal, there was a repetition of the scenes so familiar at every town along the banks of the Nile. The same women busy drawing water, washing feet and legs, crouching on the sand, or stalking away, with water-jars on their heads, like stately animals going to their lairs—the same children along the banks—the same men, in blue gowns and white turbans, squatted in the same sized coteries. Ali Risa went on shore and took up with the same manner of sheiks as he met before. Collections of mudirs, scribes, and cavasses were at hand to welcome him, as if they had all hurried on from the last station. The same old men and boys, in tattered clothes, came on board with the same small bags full of coal, and emptied them into the bunkers; and as for houses, date-trees, and pigeon colonies and buzzards, it would be hard to say in what they differed from those seen anywhere else in our course up and down. Souhadj is a city of great importance, and promises, if not washed away by the Nile, to become greater. At the spot where the steamer was fastened, there were one doctor and two sheiks, three sheep, two donkeys, saddled, one buffalo calf, three black boys, three women with

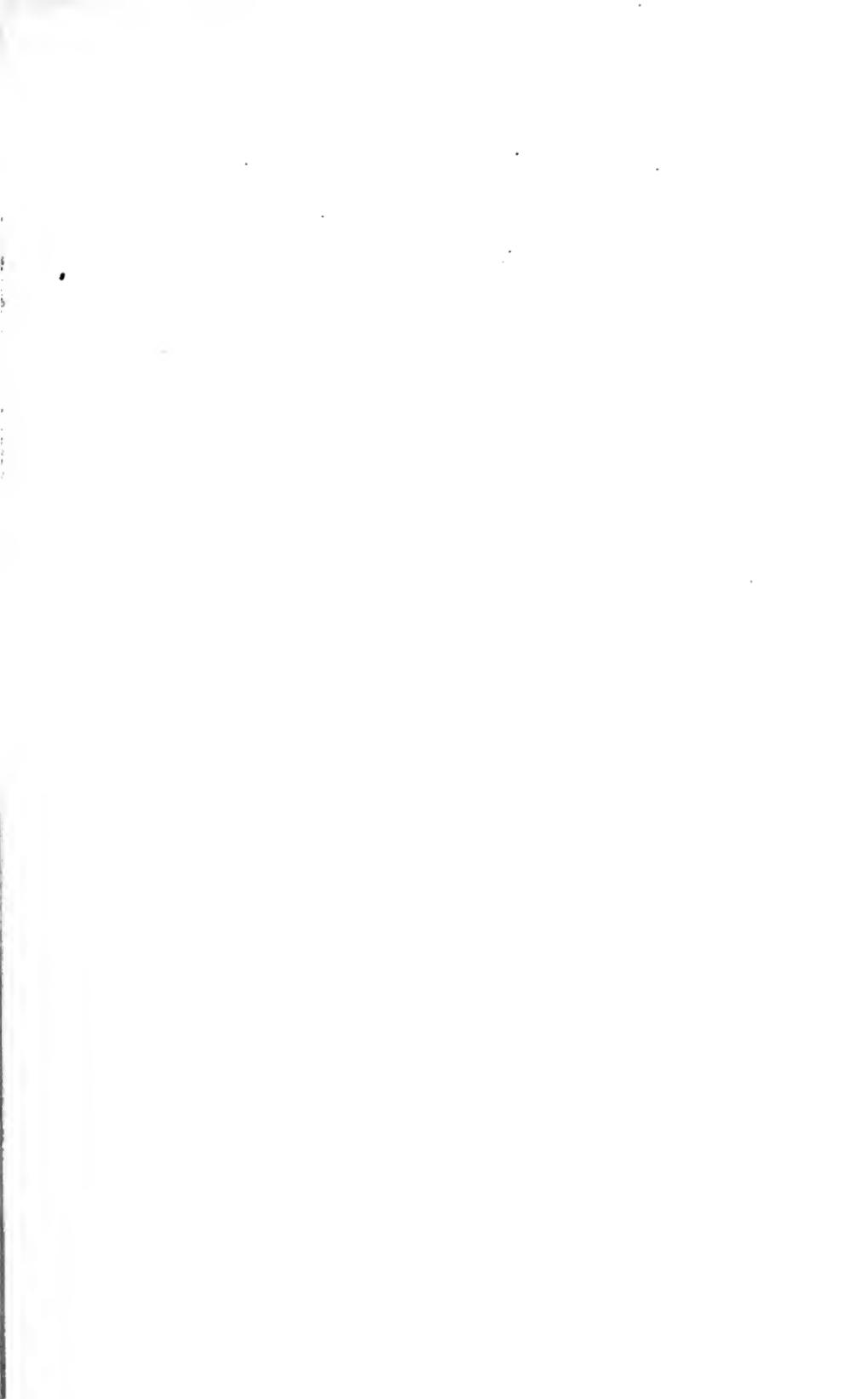
veiled heads, a dim-eyed, toothless hadjee of great size, smoking a short chibouque, and seven fellahs, all packed on top of water-jars and bags of merchandise in a small craft, sunk down to the mud-plastered gunwales. The buffalo mother, with a rope fastened round her nostrils, in charge of a lad on shore, stared, with that peculiar wild look which marks the animal, at her disconsolate calf; but she was not to be separated, for the lad swam off with the end of the rope, which was made fast to the side, and then, as the sail was loosed, the poor creature was dragged along, struggling and blowing, and half-drowning in the water, till her struggles threatened to overturn the boat, and she was cast off to return to shore, where she stood, piteously calling to her young one, till she was butted on board a larger boat to join it at the other side. Another skiff crammed full of shrouded women, turbaned men, asses, goats, sheep, a horse, general merchandise, and children was also bound to the other bank of the river, because the administration was supposed to be less severe. Migration is much in favour still in Egypt. Half a village will vanish in a night, with a celerity and completeness to be envied by the less expert practitioners in more civilized lands.

The Governor, poor man ! was in much distress at the receipt of an order to send 2,000 turkeys to Cairo for the purpose of assisting at feasts to be given on the occasion of the marriage of one of the Viceroy's daughters. But that is not all. If our interpreters were not wrong in gathering up and rendering the rumours which perplexed the councils of Souhadj, a similar order had been sent to each of the eight governors of provinces ; so that an army of 16,000 turkeys is demanded by the agents of the Viceroy. The fellahs are driven into a market which has, of course, followed the usual law of supply and demand. They pay 100 piastres for a turkey, and they get only 20 or 25 piastres from the Government.

We left Souhadj with every wish for the success of the worthy Governor in bagging his birds, and delved through the river under great crags, perforated with mummy caves, which rise above the eastern bank. When Ali Captan was minded to run in shore at sundown, for the night, the suppressed energies of certain among us were aroused, and he was forced to go on for a place marked Teme in Leake's map. It is not easy to imagine what satisfaction is caused by a little triumph of this sort over surrounding functionaries, or the proportionate prostration of the

official mind at being thwarted in the selection of time and place for the conclusion of the day. A lazy man, who wished to gain a reputation for active habits, caused some resentment by objecting to the compulsory proceeding on the ground that he would have liked to have gone on shore for half an hour to take a walk before dark; which hypothetical perambulation he insinuated he would have indulged in had the Captain been allowed to take up his quarters at an earlier hour.

At night the wind fell—it would appear to be its wont at this time of year in the evening—and the moon, after a conflict with a screen of encumbering clouds, cast them off, and sailed forth into a blue clear sea of sky; a small moon, however, neither so bright nor so large as we see her in less genial lands, nearer the cold and vaporous North.





L 006 763 769 4

DO NOT REMOVE FROM LIBRARY



AA 000 750 285 9

